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THE HALLIFORD EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK
EDITED BY H. F. B. BRETT-
SMITH & C. E. JONES

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PREFATORY NOTE

TO VOLUME VI

In this volume and its successor will be found the bulk of Peacock's verse. It is not possible, in the present edition, to keep the whole of his poetry together,* for most of his best known songs are elsewhere, scattered up and down the pages of the novels. Apart from these songs, his verse writing falls into two main bodies: the long poems, or collections of occasional verse, which were printed during his lifetime in volume form, and by which he was content to be known to his contemporaries; and those pieces, preserved in manuscript, which he withheld from the press. A strictly chronological arrangement would be open to doubt at some points, incomplete (on account of the songs in the novels) at others, and disruptive of Peacock's own collections. It has therefore seemed best to respect his choice, and to place first, in order of their first appearance in one of his verse volumes,

* An index of first lines, which will be printed at the end of Vol. VII, will, however, enable the reader to refer easily to any of Peacock's verse pieces.

such poems as he himself caused to be printed in volume form, whether under his own name or anonymously. Such poems as *Fiolfar* and *The Genius of the Thames* are therefore given the priority of their first appearance in 1806 and 1810, though the texts here reproduced are those of the author's revised versions of 1812, the variant readings of the first editions being relegated to the Textual Notes. *Palmyra*, however, presented an unusual problem; the first version (1806) contained 403 lines, of which only some 57 were utilised among the 197 lines of the second version (1812). The two versions rank, therefore, for practical purposes as distinct poems, and no apparatus of textual notes could successfully reconstruct either version from the other. Nor would it be fitting to relegate to an appendix either the text of 1806—Peacock's first considerable published poem—or his mature and restrained handling of the theme in 1812. The two pieces are therefore printed, in order of publication, as the separate poems which they really are.

Most of Peacock's little books of verse are reproduced in the present volume, one of them—*The Philosophy of Melancholy*—for the first time since 1812; the two latest, *Rhododaphne* and *Paper Money Lyrics*, remain for Volume VII, together with the poems (many of them never yet printed) and plays which he left in manuscript. It will hardly be claimed that the pieces which occupy the following pages can vie on the one hand with the

inimitable songs of the novels, or on the other with certain short poems, inspired by intense personal emotion, which were never given to the world. Yet they are not without interest to those concerned with the history of Peacock's life and writings, or indeed with the history of English poetry. The reference to Cœur de Lion and Robin Hood in *The Round Table* * reminds us that most of *Maid Marian* was written (though not published) in the following year, and Peacock's delight in Welsh scenery, and his memories of Jane Gryffydh, are recalled by more than one notable passage in *The Philosophy of Melancholy*.† The little poem to *Ellen* ‡ gives a foretaste of the author's skill in memorial verse, and on other pages the reader who finds at one moment that

> Spring has crown'd, by genial show'rs,
> The woods with verdure, and the fields with flow'rs, §

and exclaims 'Pope!', may possibly be reminded not long after of *A Shropshire Lad*,‖ and will at any rate recognise, from the subject and style of many of these pieces, that every poet is but a link in a chain.

* pp. 325-6. † pp. 194-5, 209-10. ‡ p. 69.
§ p. 37. ‖ p. 66, ll. 5-6.

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PALMYRA,

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

T. L. PEACOCK.

Μαλλον δε προσεστι τω ποιητικω, παθεσι πλειστοις χρωμενω και λεξεσι, και δη και μυθοις και πλασμασι, δι ὡν ἁρμονια κατασκευαζεται.

LONGINUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT,

FOR W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1806.

TO

THE REVIEWERS:

A CENTO,

FROM THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And now, good friends, when you shall judgment join
In censure of my seeming, I beseech you,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor aught set down in malice. Note you this:
Time has not sow'd a grizzle on my face:
The golden mark I seek to hit, is not
To look quite through the deeds of men, and shew
The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure. With a simple wreath,
Cull'd from the book and volume of my brain,
I come before you. Yet alas! methinks
I hear a voice cry: "horrible! most horrible!
Ye Gods! how vilely does this cynic rhyme!
Oh! he's as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Worse than the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag!"

TO THE REVIEWERS

Though all that I can do is little worth
With your displeasure piec'd, my good intent
May carry through itself : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold.
Under your good correction, if I speed,
And my invention thrive, then will I say,
Your love deserves my thanks : so farewell,
gentlemen.

PALMYRA

——— *ανακτα των παντων ὑπερβαλ-*
λοντα χρονον μακαρων. PIND.

PALMYRA

I.

As the mountain-torrent rages,
  Loud, impetuous, swift, and strong,
So the rapid stream of ages
  Rolls with ceaseless tide along.
Man's little day what clouds o'ercast !
How soon his longest date is past !
All-conqu'ring Death, in solemn state unfurl'd,
Comes, like the burning desert-blast,
    And sweeps him from the world.
The noblest works of human pow'r
In vain resist the fate-fraught hour ;
The marble hall, the rock-built tow'r,
    Alike submit to destiny :
Oblivion's awful storms resound ;
The massy columns fall around ;
The fabric totters to the ground,
  And darkness veils its memory !

II.

'Mid Syria's barren world of sand,
Where Thedmor's marble wastes expand,

Where Desolation, on the blasted plain,
Has fix'd his adamantine throne,
I mark, in silence and alone,
His melancholy reign.
These silent wrecks, more eloquent than speech,
Full many a tale of awful note impart ;
Truths more sublime than bard or sage can teach
This pomp of ruin presses on the heart.
Whence rose that dim, mysterious sound,
That breath'd in hollow murmurs round ?
As sweeps the gale
Along the vale,
Where many a mould'ring tomb is spread,
Awe-struck, I hear,
In fancy's ear,
The voices of th' illustrious dead :
As slow they pass along, they seem to sigh,
" Man, and the works of man, are only born to die ! "

III.

As scatter'd round, a dreary space,
Ye spirits of the wise and just !
In reverential thought I trace
The mansions of your sacred dust,
Enthusiast Fancy, rob'd in light,
Pours on the air her many-sparkling rays,
Redeeming from Oblivion's deep'ning night
The deeds of ancient days.
The mighty forms of chiefs of old,

To Virtue dear, and Patriot Truth sublime,
In feeble splendor I behold,
Discover'd dimly through the mists of Time,
As through the vapours of the mountain-stream
With pale reflection glows the sun's declining beam.

IV.

Still as twilight's mantle hoary
Spreads progressive on the sky,
See, in visionary glory,
Darkly-thron'd, they sit on high.
But whose the forms, oh Fame, declare,
That crowd majestic on the air?
Bright Goddess! come, on rapid wings,
To tell the mighty deeds of kings.
Where art thou, Fame?
Each honor'd name
From thy eternal roll unfold:
Awake the lyre,
In songs of fire,
To chiefs renown'd in days of old.
I call in vain!
The welcome strain
Of praise to them no more shall sound:
Their actions bright
Must sleep in night,
Till Time shall cease his mystic round.
The dazzling glories of their day
The stream of years has swept away;

Their names, that struck the foe with fear,
Shall ring no more on mortal ear !

V.

Yet faithful Memory's raptur'd eye
Can still the godlike form descry,
Of him, who, on Euphrates' shore,
From Sapor's brow his blood-stain'd laurels tore,
And bade the Roman banner stream unfurl'd ;
When the stern Genius of the startling waves
Beheld on Persia's host of slaves
Tumultuous ruin hurl'd !
Meek Science too, and Taste refin'd,
The grave with deathless flow'rs have dress'd,
Of him whose virtue-kindling mind
Their ev'ry charm supremely bless'd ;
Who trac'd the mazy warblings of the lyre
With all a critic's art, and all a poet's fire.

VI.

Where is the bard, in these degen'rate days,
To whom the muse the blissful meed awards,
Again the dithyrambic song to raise,
And strike the golden harp's responsive chords?
Be his alone the song to swell,
The all-transcendent praise to tell
Of yon immortal form,
That bursting through the veil of years,
In changeless majesty appears,

Bright as the sun-beams thro' the scatt'ring
storm !
What countless charms around her rise !
What dazzling splendor sparkles in her eyes !
On her radiant brow enshrin'd,
Minerva's beauty blends with Juno's grace ;
The matchless virtues of her godlike mind
Are stamp'd conspicuous on her angel-face.

VII.

Hail, sacred shade, to Nature dear !
Though sorrow clos'd thy bright career,
Though clouds obscur'd thy setting day,
Thy fame shall never pass away !
Long shall the mind's unfading gaze
Retrace thy pow'r's meridian blaze,
When o'er Arabian deserts, vast and wild,
And Egypt's land, (where Reason's wakeful
eye
First on the birth of Art and Science smil'd,
And bade the shades of mental darkness fly)
And o'er Assyria's many-peopled plains,
By Justice led, thy conqu'ring armies pour'd,
When humbled nations kiss'd thy silken chains,
Or fled dismay'd from Zabdas' victor-sword :
Yet vain the hope to share the purple robe,
Or snatch from Roman arms the empire of the
globe.

VIII.

Along the wild and wasted plain
His vet'ran bands the Roman monarch led,
And roll'd his burning wheels o'er heaps of slain :
The prowling chacal heard afar
The devastating yell of war,
And rush'd, with gloomy howl, to banquet on the dead !

IX.

For succour to Palmyra's walls
Her trembling subjects fled, confounded,
But wide amid her regal halls
The whirling fires resounded.
Onward the hostile legions pour'd :
Nor beauteous youth, nor helpless age,
Nor female charms, by savage breasts ador'd,
Could check the Roman's barb'rous rage,
Or blunt the murd'rous sword.
Loud, long, and fierce, the voice of slaughter roar'd,
The night-shades fell, the work of death was o'er,
Palmyra's sun had set, to rise no more !

X.

What mystic form, uncouth and dread,
With wither'd cheek, and hoary head,
Swift as the death-fire cleaves the sky,
Swept on sounding pinions by ?

'Twas Time : I know the Foe of Kings,
His scythe, and sand, and eagle wings :
He cast a burning look around,
And wav'd his bony hand, and frown'd.
Far from the spectre's scowl of fire
Fancy's feeble forms retire,
Her air-born phantoms melt away,
Like stars before the rising day.

XI.

Yes, all are flown !
I stand alone,
At ev'ning's calm and pensive hour,
Mid wasted domes,
And mould'ring tombs,
The wrecks of vanity and pow'r.
One shadowy tint enwraps the plain ;
No form is near, no sounds intrude,
To break the melancholy reign
Of silence and of solitude.
How oft, in scenes like these, since Time began,
With downcast eye has Contemplation trod,
Far from the haunts of Folly, Vice, and Man,
To hold sublime communion with her God !
How oft, in scenes like these, the pensive sage
Has mourn'd the hand of Fate, severely just,
War's wasteful course, and Death's unsparing rage,
And dark Oblivion, frowning in the dust !
Has mark'd the tombs, that king's o'erthrown declare,
Just wept their fall, and sunk to join them there !

XII.

In yon proud fane, majestic in decay,
How oft of old the swelling hymn arose,
In loud thanksgiving to the Lord of Day,
Or pray'r for vengeance on triumphant foes!
'Twas there, ere yet Aurelian's hand
Had kindled Ruin's smould'ring brand,
As slowly mov'd the sacred choir
Around the altar's rising fire,
The priest, with wild and glowing eye,
Bade the flow'r-bound victim die;
And while he fed the incense-flame,
With many a holy mystery,
Prophetic inspiration came
To teach th' impending destiny,
And shook his venerable frame
With most portentous augury!
In notes of anguish, deep and slow,
He told the coming hour of woe;
The youths and maids, with terror pale,
In breathless torture heard the tale,
And silence hung
On ev'ry tongue,
While thus the voice prophetic rung:

XIII.

"Whence was the hollow scream of fear,
Whose tones appall'd my shrinking ear?
Whence was the modulated cry,

That seem'd to swell, and hasten by ?
What sudden blaze illum'd the night ?
Ha ! 'twas Destruction's meteor-light !
Whence was the whirlwind's eddying breath ?
Ha ! 'twas the fiery blast of Death !

XIV.

"See ! the mighty God of Battle
Spreads abroad his crimson train !
Discord's myriad voices rattle
O'er the terror-shaken plain.
Banners stream, and helmets glare,
Show'ring arrows hiss in air ;
Echoing through the darken'd skies,
Wildly-mingling murmurs rise,
The clash of splendor-beaming steel,
The buckler ringing hollowly,
The cymbal's silver-sounding peal,
The last deep groan of agony,
The hurrying feet
Of wild retreat,
The length'ning shout of victory !

XV.

"O'er our plains the vengeful stranger
Pours, with hostile hopes elate :
Who shall check the coming danger ?
Who escape the coming fate ?
Thou ! that through the heav'ns afar,
When the shades of night retire,

Proudly roll'st thy shining car,
  Clad in sempiternal fire !
Thou ! from whose benignant light
  Fiends of darkness, strange and fell,
Urge their ebon-pinion'd flight
  To the central caves of hell !
Sun ador'd ! attend our call !
Must thy favor'd people fall ?
Must we leave our smiling plains,
To groan beneath the stranger's chains ?
Rise, supreme in heav'nly pow'r,
On our foes destruction show'r ;
Bid thy fatal arrows fly,
Till their armies sink and die ;
Through their adverse legions spread
Pale Disease, and with'ring Dread,
Wild Confusion's fev'rish glare,
Horror, Madness, and Despair !

XVI.

"Woe to thy numbers fierce and rude,
  Thou madly-rushing multitude,
Loud as the tempest that o'er ocean raves !
  Woe to the nations proud and strong,
  That rush tumultuously along,
As rolls the foaming stream its long-resounding waves !
  As the noise of mighty seas,
  As the loudly-murmuring breeze,
Shall gath'ring nations rush, a pow'rful band :

Rise, God of Light, in burning wrath severe,
And stretch, to blast their proud career,
Thy arrow-darting hand !
Then shall their ranks to certain fate be giv'n,
Then on their course Despair her fires shall cast,
Then shall they fly, to endless ruin driv'n,
As flies the thistle-down before the mountain-blast !

XVII.

" Alas ! in vain, in vain we call !
The stranger triumphs in our fall !
And Fate comes on, with ruthless frown,
To strike Palmyra's splendor down.
Urg'd by the steady breath of Time,
The desert-whirlwind sweeps sublime,
The eddying sands in mountain-columns rise :
Borne on the pinions of the gale,
In one concenter'd cloud they sail,
Along the darken'd skies.
It falls ! it falls ! on Thedmor's walls
The whelming weight of ruin falls !
Th' avenging thunder-bolt is hurl'd,
Her pride is blotted from the world,
Her name unknown in story :
The trav'ller on her scite shall stand,
And seek, amid the desert-sand,
The records of her glory !
Her palaces are crush'd, her tow'rs o'erthrown,
Oblivion follows stern, and marks her for his own ! "

XVIII.

How oft, the festal board around,
These time-worn walls among,
Has rung the full symphonious sound
Of rapture-breathing song!
Ah! little thought the wealthy proud,
When rosy pleasure laugh'd aloud,
That here, amid their ancient land,
The wand'rer of the distant days
Should mark, with sorrow-clouded gaze,
The mighty wilderness of sand;
While not a sound should meet his ear,
Save of the desert-gales that sweep,
In modulated murmurs deep,
The wasted graves above,
Of those who once had revell'd here,
In happiness and love!

XIX.

Short is the space to man assign'd
This earthly vale to tread;
He wanders, erring, weak, and blind,
By adverse passions led.
Love, the balm of ev'ry woe,
The dearest blessing man can know;
Jealousy, whose pois'nous breath
Blasts affection's op'ning bud;
Stern Despair, that laughs in death;
Black Revenge, that bathes in blood;

Fear, that his form in darkness shrouds,
  And trembles at the whisp'ring air ;
And Hope, that pictures on the clouds
  Celestial visions, false, but fair ;
    All rule by turns :
    To-day he burns
With ev'ry pang of keen distress ;
    To-morrow's sky
    Bids sorrow fly
With dreams of promis'd happiness.

XX.

From the earliest twilight-ray,
That mark'd Creation's natal day,
    Till yesterday's declining fire,
Thus still have roll'd, perplex'd by strife,
The many-clashing wheels of life,
And still shall roll, till Time's last beams expire.
And thus, in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
  While circling years shall fly,
The varying deeds that mark the present time
  Will be but shadows of the days gone by.

XXI.

Along the desolated shore,
  Where, broad and swift, Euphrates flows,
The trav'ller's anxious eye can trace no more
  The spot where once the Queen of Cities rose.

PALMYRA

Where old Persepolis sublimely tow'r'd,
In cedar-groves embow'r'd,
A rudely-splendid wreck alone remains.
The course of Fate no pomp or pow'r can shun.
Pollution tramples on thy giant-fanes,
Oh City of the Sun !
Fall'n are the Tyrian domes of wealth and joy,
The hundred gates of Thebes, the tow'rs of Troy ;
In shame and sorrow pre-ordain'd to cease,
Proud Salem met th' irrevocable doom ;
In darkness sunk the arts and arms of Greece,
And the long glories of imperial Rome.

XXII.

When the tyrant's iron hand
The mountain-piles of Memphis rais'd,
That still the storms of angry Time defy,
In self-adoring thought he gaz'd,
And bade the massive labors stand,
Till Nature's self should die !
Presumptuous fool ! the death-wind came,
And swept away thy worthless name ;
And ages, with insidious flow,
Shall lay those blood-bought fabrics low.
Then shall the stranger pause, and oft be told,
" Here stood the mighty Pyramids of old ! "
And smile, half-doubtful, when the tale he hears,
That speaks the wonders of the distant years.

XXIII.

Though Night awhile usurp the skies,
Yet soon the smiling Morn shall rise,
And light and life restore ;
Again the sun-beams gild the plain ;
The youthful day returns again,
But man returns no more.
Though Winter's frown severe
Deform the wasted year,
Spring smiles again, with renovated bloom ;
But what sweet Spring, with genial breath,
Shall chase the icy sleep of death,
The dark and cheerless winter of the tomb ?
Hark ! from the mansions of the dead,
What thrilling sounds of deepest import spread !
Sublimely mingled with the eddying gale,
Full on the desert-air these solemn accents sail :

XXIV.

"Unthinking man ! and dost thou weep,
That clouds o'ercast thy little day ?
That Death's stern hands so quickly sweep
Thy ev'ry earthly hope away ?
Thy rapid hours in darkness flow,
But well those rapid hours employ,
And they shall lead from realms of woe
To realms of everlasting joy.
For though thy Father and thy God

Wave o'er thy head his chast'ning rod,
Benignantly severe,
Yet future blessings shall repair,
In tenfold measure, ev'ry care,
That marks thy progress here.

XXV.

"*Bow then to Him*, for He is Good,
And loves the works his hands have made;
In earth, in air, in fire, in flood,
His parent-bounty shines display'd.
Bow then to Him, for He is Just,
Though mortals scan his ways in vain;
Repine not, children of the dust!
For He in mercy sends ye pain.
Bow then to Him, for He is Great,
And was, ere Nature, Time, and Fate,
Began their mystic flight;
And still shall be, when consummating flame
Shall plunge this universal frame
In everlasting night.
Bow then to Him, the Lord of All,
Whose nod bids empires rise and fall,
Earth, Heav'n, and Nature's Sire;
To Him, who, matchless and alone,
Has fix'd in boundless space his throne,
Unchang'd, unchanging still, while worlds and suns
expire!"

NOTES ON PALMYRA

PALMYRA. Palmyra is situated under a barren ridge of hills to the west, and open on its other sides to the desert. It is about six days journey from Aleppo, and as many from Damascus, and about twenty leagues west of the Euphrates, in the latitude of thirty-four degrees, according to Ptolemy. Some geographers have placed it in Syria, others in Phœnicia, and some in Arabia. Wood's *Ruins of Palmyra.*

That Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, we are told in the Old Testament ; and that this was the same city which the Greeks and Romans called afterwards Palmyra, though the Syrians retained the first name, we learn from Josephus. *Ibid.*

We departed from Aleppo on Michaelmas day, 1691, and in six easy days travel over a desert-country, came to Tadmor. . . . Having past by the ruins of a handsome mosque, we had the prospect of such magnificent ruins, that if it be lawful to frame a conjecture of the original beauty of that place by what is still remaining, I question whether any city in the world could have challenged precedence of this in its glory.—*Philosophical Transactions*, Lowthorp's Abridgement, Vol. III.

On the fourteenth of March, 1751, we arrived at the end of the plain, where the hills to our right and left seemed to meet. We found between those hills a vale, through which an aqueduct, now ruined, formerly conveyed water to Palmyra. In this vale,

to our right and left, were several square towers of a considerable height, which, upon a nearer approach, we found were the sepulchres of the ancient Palmyrenes. We had scarcely passed these venerable monuments, when the hills opening discovered to us, all at once, the greatest quantity of ruins we had ever seen, all of white marble, and beyond them, towards the Euphrates, a flat waste, as far as the eye could reach, without any object which shewed either life or motion. It is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more striking than this view: so great a number of Corinthian pillars, mixed with so little wall or solid building, afforded a most romantic variety of prospect.

Wood.

Undoubtedly the effect of such a sight is not to be communicated. The reader must represent to himself a range of erect columns, occupying an extent of more than twenty-six hundred yards, and concealing a multitude of other edifices behind them. In this space we sometimes find a palace of which nothing remains but the courts and walls; sometimes a temple whose peristyle is half thrown down; and now a portico, a gallery, or triumphal arch. Here stand groups of columns, whose symmetry is destroyed by the fall of many of them; there we see them ranged in rows of such length, that similar to rows of trees, they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of continued walls. If from this striking scene we cast our eyes upon the ground, another, almost as varied, presents itself; on all sides we behold nothing but subverted shafts, some entire, others shattered to pieces, or dislocated in their joints; and on which side soever we look, the earth is strewed with vast stones half buried, with broken entablatures, damaged capitals, mutilated frizes, disfigured reliefs, effaced sculptures, violated tombs, and altars defiled by dust.

Volney's *Travels in Syria.*

Stanza 2. Line 2. *Thedmor's marble wastes.*

> Or, at the purple dawn of day,
> Tadmor's marble wastes survey. Grainger.

Of several ancient ways of writing this name, the θεδμορ of the Alexandrian copy comes nearest to the pronunciation of the present Arabs. Wood.

I have adopted this pronunciation, as more poetical than Tedmor or Tadmor.

St. 5. L. 2. *Can still the godlike form descry.*

At the time when the East trembled at the name of Sapor, he received a present not unworthy of the greatest kings; a long train of camels, laden with the most rare and valuable merchandises. The rich offering was accompanied by an epistle, respectful but not servile, from Odenathus, one of the noblest and most opulent senators of Palmyra. "Who is this Odenathus" (said the haughty victor, and he commanded that the presents should be cast into the Euphrates), "that he thus insolently presumes to write to his lord? If he entertain a hope of mitigating his punishment, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Should he hesitate, swift destruction shall be poured on his head, on his whole race, and on his country." The desperate extremity to which the Palmyrenian was reduced, called into action all the latent powers of his soul. He met Sapor; but he met him in arms. Infusing his own spirit into a little army, collected from the villages of Syria, and the tents of the desert, he hovered round the Persian host, harassed their retreat, carried off part of the treasure, and, what was dearer than any treasure, several of the women of the Great King, who was at last obliged to repass the Euphrates, with some marks of haste and confusion. By this exploit, Odenathus laid the foundation of his future fame and fortunes. The majesty of Rome,

oppressed by a Persian, was protected by a Syrian or Arab of Palmyra. Gibbon.

St. 5. L. 11. *Of him whose virtue-kindling mind.*
Longinus.

St. 6. L. 11. *What countless charms around her rise !*

Aurelian had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire, nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But Zenobia is perhaps the only female, whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

Gibbon.

If we add to this her uncommon strength, and consider her excessive military fatigues, for she used no carriage, generally rode, and often marched on foot three or four miles with her army ; and if we at the

same time suppose her haranguing her soldiers, which she used to do in a helmet, and often with her arms bare, it will give us an idea of that severe character of masculine beauty, which puts one more in mind of Minerva than Venus. Wood.

St. 7. L. 14. *Zabdas.*

Zenobia's general.

St. 7. L. 15. *Yet vain the hope to share the purple robe.*

From the time of Adrian to that of Aurelian, for about 140 years, this city continued to flourish, and increase in wealth and power, to that degree, that when the Emperor Valerian was taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, Odenathus, one of the Lords of this town, was able, whilst Gallienus neglected his duty both to his father and his country, to bring a powerful army into the field, and to recover Mesopotamia from the Persians, and to penetrate as far as their capital city Ctesiphon. Thereby rendering so considerable a service to the Roman state, that Gallienus thought himself obliged to give him a share in the empire: of which action Trebellius Pollio, in the Life of Gallienus, has these words: *Laudatur ejus* (Gallieni) *optimum factum, qui Odenatum participato imperio Augustum vocavit, ejusque monetam, quæ Persas captos traheret, cudi jussit; quod et Senatus et Urbs et omnis ætas gratanter accepit.* The same, in many places, speaks of this Odenathus with great respect; and mentioning his death, he says: *Iratum fuisse Deum Reipublicæ credo, qui interfecto Valeriano noluit Odenatum reservare.* But by a strange reverse of fortune, this honor and respect to Odenathus occasioned the sudden ruin and subversion of the city. For he and his son Herodes being murdered by Mæonius, their kinsman, and dying with the title of Augustus, his wife Zenobia, in right of her son Vaballathus then a minor, pretended to take upon her the government of the

east, and did administer it to admiration: and when, soon after, Gallienus was murdered by his soldiers, she grasped the government of Egypt, and held it during the short reign of the Emperor Claudius Gothicus. But Aurelian, coming to the imperial dignity, would not suffer the title of Augustus in this family, though he was contented that they should hold under him as *vice Cæsaris*, as plainly appears by the Latin coins, of Aurelian on the one side, and Vaballathus on the other, with these letters, V. C. R. IM. OR; which P. Harduin has most judiciously interpreted, VICE CÆSARIS RECTOR IMPERII ORIENTIS, without the title of Cæsar or Augustus, and with a laurel instead of a diadem. But both Vaballathus and Zenobia are styled ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΙ in the Greek coins, made, it is probable, within their own jurisdiction.

But nothing less than a participation of the empire contenting Zenobia, and Aurelian persisting not to have it dismembered, he marched against her; and having in two battles routed her forces, he shut her up and besieged her in Palmyra, and the besieged finding that the great resistance they made availed not against that resolute emperor, they yielded the town; and Zenobia flying with her son was pursued and taken; with which Aurelian being contented spared the city, and marched for Rome with this captive lady; but the inhabitants, believing he would not return, set up again for themselves, and, as Vopiscus has it, slew the garrison he had left in the place. Which Aurelian understanding, though by this time he was gotten into Europe, with his usual fierceness, speedily returned, and collecting a sufficient army by the way, he again took the city without any great opposition, and put it to the sword with uncommon cruelty (as he himself confesses in a letter extant in Vopiscus), and delivered it to the pillage of his soldiers.

Philosophical Transactions.

St. 9. L. 6. *Nor beauteous youth nor helpless age.*

The following is the letter of Aurelian above alluded to : . . . . . Aurelianus Augustus Ceionio Basso : Non oportet ulterius progredi militum gladios, jam satis Palmyrenorum cæsum atque occisum est. *Mulieribus non pepercimus, infantes occidimus, senes jugulavimus,* rusticos interemimus, cui terras, cui urbem, deinceps relinquemus ? Parcendum est iis qui remanserunt. Credimus enim paucos tam multorum suppliciis esse correctos. Templum sanè solis, quod apud Palmyram aquilifer legionis tertiæ cum vexilliferis et draconario cornicinibus atque liticinibus diripuerunt, ad eam formam volo, quæ fuit, reddi. Habes trecentas auri libras Zenobiæ capsulis : habes argenti mille octingenta pondo e Palmyrenorum bonis : habes gemmas regias. Ex his omnibus fac cohonestari templum : mihi et diis immortalibus gratissimum feceris. Ego ad Senatum scribam, petens ut mittet pontificem, qui dedicet templum.

St. 12. L. 1. *In yon proud fane.*

Architecture more especially lavished her ornaments, and displayed her magnificence, in the temple of the sun, the tutelar deity of Palmyra. The square court which enclosed it was six hundred and seventy-nine feet each way, and a double range of columns extended all round the inside. In the middle of the vacant space, the temple presents another front of forty-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-four in depth, and around it runs a peristyle of one hundred and forty columns.

Volney.

St. 16. L. 1. *Woe to thy numbers fierce and rude.*

Woe to the multitude of many people, that make a noise like the noise of the seas, and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters ! The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters ; but God shall rebuke them,

and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind. Isaiah, c. xvii.

St. 21. L. 4. *The queen of cities.*

Babylon.

St. 21. L. 10. *Oh City of the Sun !*

Balbec, the Heliopolis of the Greeks and Romans.

St. 23. L. 4. *Again the sun-beams gild the plain.*

Let clouds rest on the hills, spirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams, and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly ; rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or enclose her head in clouds ; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. *Night flies before the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.*

Where are our chiefs of old ? Where our kings of mighty name ? The fields of their battles are silent ; scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgotten. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, " Where stood the walls of our fathers ? "—See the beautiful little poem of *The Bards* in the notes on Ossian's *Croma.*

Raise, ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills ; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sun-beams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls : the voice of the people was heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely

head : the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, oh bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us : for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day ; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes ; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Ossian.

THE VISIONS OF LOVE

Senza l'amabile
  Dio di Citera,
I di non tornano
  Di primavera ;
Non spira un zeffiro,
  Non spunta un fior.

METASTASIO.

THE VISIONS OF LOVE

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart ;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.

At Eden's gate, as ancient legends say,
The flaming sword for ever bars the way ;
Not ours to taste the joys our parents shar'd,
But pitying Nature half our loss repair'd,
Our wounds to heal, our murmurs to remove,
She left mankind the Paradise of Love.

All-conqu'ring Love ! thy pow'rful reign surrounds
Man's wildest haunts, and earth's remotest bounds :
Alike for thee th' untainted bosom glows
'Mid eastern sands and hyperborean snows :
Thy darts unerring fly with strong controul,
Tame the most stern, and nerve the softest soul,
Check the swift savage of the sultry zone,
And bend the monarch on his glitt'ring throne.

THE VISIONS OF LOVE

When wakeful Memory bids the mind explore
The half-hid deeds of years that are no more,
How few the scenes her hand can picture there
Of heart-felt bliss untroubled by a care !
Yet many a charm can pow'rful Fancy raise,
To point the smiling path of future days ;
There too will Hope her genial influence blend,
Faithless, but kind ; a flatt'rer, but a friend.

But most to cheer the lover's lonely hours,
Creative Fancy wakes her magic pow'rs ;
Most strongly pours, by ardent love refin'd,
Her brightest visions on the youthful mind.
Hence, when at eve with lonely steps I rove
The flow'r-enamell'd plain or dusky grove,
Or press the bank with grassy tufts o'erspread,
Where the brook murmurs o'er its pebbly bed ;
Then steals thy form, Rosalia, on my sight,
In artless charms pre-eminently bright :
By Hope inspir'd, my raptur'd thoughts engage
To trace the lines of Fate's mysterious page ;
At once in air, the past, the present, fade ;
In fairy-tints the future stands display'd ;
No clouds arise, no shadows intervene,
To veil or dim the visionary scene.

Within the sacred altar's mystic shade,
I see thee stand, in spotless white array'd ;
I hear thee there thy home, thy name resign,
I hear the awful vow that seals thee mine.
Not on my birth propitious Fortune smil'd,

Nor proud Ambition mark'd me for her child ;
For me no dome with festal splendor shines ;
No pamper'd lacquies spread their length'ning lines ;
No venal crowds my nod obsequious wait ;
No summer-friends besiege my narrow gate ;
Joys such as these, if joys indeed they be,
Indulgent Nature ne'er design'd for me :
I ask them not : she play'd a kinder part :
She gave a nobler gift, Rosalia's heart.
  The simple dwelling, by affection rear'd ;
The smiling plains, by calm content endear'd ;
The classic book-case, deck'd with learning's store,
Rich in historic truth, and bardic lore ;
The garden-walks, in Nature's liv'ry dress'd ;
Will these suffice to make Rosalia bless'd ?
And will she never feel a wish to roam
Beyond the limits of our rural home ?

  How sweet, when Spring has crown'd, by genial show'rs,
The woods with verdure, and the fields with flow'rs,
When fleeting Summer holds his burning reign,
Or fruitful Autumn nods with golden grain,
With thee, dear girl, each well-known path to tread,
Where blooming shrubs their richest odors shed,
With thee to mark the seasons' bright career,
The varied blessings of the rip'ning year.

  When frost-crown'd Winter binds the earth in chains,
And pours his snow-storms on the whit'ning plains,

Then shall the pow'r of constant Love be found,
To chase the deep'ning gloom that low'rs around.
Beside the cheerful fire's familiar blaze,
Shall Memory trace the deeds of long-past days ;
Of those propitious hours when first I strove
To win thy gentle ear with tales of love,
When, while thy angel-blushes half-conceal'd
The kind consent thy bashful smiles reveal'd,
From those bright eyes a soft expression stole,
That spoke the silent language of the soul.

Or haply then the poet's song may cheer
The dark death-season of th' accomplish'd year :
Together then we'll roam the sacred plain,
Where the bright Nine in ceaseless glory reign ;
By Homer led, through Trojan battles sweep ;
With Virgil cleave the tempest-beaten deep ;
Trace the bold flights of Shakespear's muse of fire ;
Strike the wild chords of Gray's enraptur'd lyre ;
From Milton learn with holy zeal to glow ;
Or weep with Ossian o'er a tale of woe.
Nor less shall Music charm : her pow'r sublime
Shall oft beguile the ling'ring steps of Time :
Then, as I watch, while my Rosalia sings,
Her seraph fingers sweep the sounding strings,
In soft response to sorrow's melting lay,
Or joy's loud swell, that steals our cares away,
My heart shall vibrate to the heav'nly sound,
And bless the stars our mutual fates that bound.

And oft, when darkness veils the stormy skies,
Beneath our roof shall Friendship's voice arise ;
On ev'ry breast her sacred influence pour'd,
Shall crown with gen'rous mirth our social board ;
The chosen few, to Taste and Virtue dear,
Shall meet a welcome, simple, but sincere.

Not from our door, his humble pray'r denied,
The friendless man shall wander unsupplied ;
Ne'er shall the wretch, whom fortune's ills assail,
Tell there in vain his melancholy tale :
Thy heart, where Nature's noblest feelings glow,
Will throb to heal the bending stranger's woe ;
On mercy's errand wilt thou oft explore
The crazy dwellings of the neighb'ring poor,
To blunt the stings of want's unsparing rage,
To smooth the short and painful path of age,
The childless widow's drooping head to raise,
And cheer her soul with hopes of better days :
For thee the pray'r affliction's child shall frame,
And lisping orphans bless Rosalia's name.

Soon shall new objects thy affection share,
New hopes, new duties claim Rosalia's care.
How will thy anxious eye exulting trace
The charms and virtues of thy infant-race !
Thy tender hand with sense and taste refin'd
Shall stamp each impulse of the rip'ning mind,
And early teach their little steps to stray
Through Virtue's paths, and Wisdom's flow'ry
way.

Thus may our lives in one smooth tenor flow ;
Possess'd of thee, I ask no more below.
That constant love, which bless'd with genial rays
The bright and happy spring-time of our days,
Shall still dispel the clouds of woe and strife
From the full summer of progressive life.
The hand of Time may quench the ardent fire
Of rising passion, and of young desire ;
But that pure flame esteem first taught to burn
Can only perish in the silent urn.
And when the last, the solemn hour draws near,
That bids us part from all that charm'd us here,
Then on our thoughts the heav'nly hope shall rise,
To meet in higher bliss, in better skies,
In those bright mansions of the just above,
Where all is Rapture, Innocence, and Love.

MARIA'S RETURN
TO
HER NATIVE COTTAGE

Si perda la vita,
Finisca il martire;
È meglio morire,
Che viver così.

METASTASIO.

MARIA'S RETURN

The whit'ning ground
In frost is bound;
The snow is swiftly falling;
While coldly blows the northern breeze,
And whistles through the leafless trees,
In hollow sounds appalling.

On this cold plain,
Now reach'd with pain,
Once stood my father's dwelling:
Where smiling pleasure once was found,
Now desolation frowns around,
And wintry blasts are yelling.

Hope's visions wild
My thoughts beguil'd,
My earliest days delighting,
Till unsuspected treach'ry came,
Beneath affection's specious name,
The lovely prospect blighting.

With many a wile
Of blackest guile
Did Henry first deceive me:

What winning words to him were giv'n !
He swore, by all the pow'rs of Heav'n,
  That he would never leave me.

    With fondest truth
    I lov'd the youth :
  My soul, to guilt a stranger,
Knew not, in those too simple hours,
That oft beneath the sweetest flow'rs
  Is couch'd the deadliest danger.

    With him to roam
    I fled my home ;
  I burst the bonds of duty ;
I thought my days in joy would roll ;
But Henry hid a demon's soul
  Beneath an angel's beauty !

    Shall this poor heart
    E'er cease to smart ?
  Oh never ! never ! never !
Did av'rice whisper thee, or pride,
False Henry ! for a wealthier bride
  To cast me off for ever ?

    My sire was poor :
    No golden store
  Had he, no earthly treasure :
I only could his griefs assuage,
The only pillar of his age,
  His only source of pleasure.

With anguish wild,
He miss'd his child,
And long in vain he sought her :
The fiercest thunder-bolts of heav'n
Shall on thy guilty head be driv'n,
Thou Disobedient Daughter !

I feel his fears,
I see his tears,
I hear his groans of sadness :
My cruel falsehood seal'd his doom :
He seems to curse me from the tomb,
And fire my brain to madness !

Oh ! keenly blow,
While drifts the snow,
The cold nocturnal breezes ;
On me the gath'ring snow-flakes rest,
And colder grows my friendless breast ;
My very heart-blood freezes !

'Tis midnight deep,
And thousands sleep,
Unknown to guilt and sorrow ;
They think not of a wretch like me,
Who cannot, dare not, hope to see
The rising light to-morrow !

An outcast hurl'd
From all the world,
Whom none would love or cherish,

What now remains to end my woes,
But here, amid the deep'ning snows,
  To lay me down and perish ?

    Death's icy dart
    Invades my heart :
  Just Heav'n ! all-good ! all-seeing !
Thy matchless mercy I implore,
When I must wake, to sleep no more,
  In realms of endless being !

FIOLFAR,
KING OF NORWAY

A che temer nembi e procelle,
E l'usata costanza in oblio porre ?
Vedrai l'aurette alla tua vela ancelle
Spirar dolci e seguaci.

MENZINI.

TERMS OF NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY

DALINGER,—day.

HRIMFAX,—the steed of the evening twilight.

NIORD,—the god of the sea and wind.

NORVER,—night.

LOK,—the evil principle.

VALFANDER,—a name of Odin.

VALHALLA,—the hall of Odin.

THOR,—the Gothic Mars.

HILDA and MISTA,—two of the Valkyræ, or fatal sisters.

NILFLHIL,—the frozen hell of the north.

HELA,—the goddess of death.

DUERGI,—dwarfs.

ASGARD,—the city of Odin. The passage from this city to the earth is over the bridge Bifrost (the rainbow), on the end of which, nearest Asgard, is stationed the centinel-god Heimdaller, to watch the approach of Surtur, and his attendant genii and giants, from the fiery regions of the south, by whom, in the *twilight of the gods*, the world is to be consumed.

FIOLFAR

I.

In the dark-rolling waves at the verge of the west
The steeds of Dalinger had hastened to rest,
While Hrimfax advanced through the star-spangled plain,
And shook the thick dews from his grey-flowing mane;
The moon's silver crescent shone feebly on high,
And meteors shot red down the paths of the sky.
By the shore of the ocean Fiolfar reclined,
Where through the rock-fissures loud murmured the wind,
For sweet to his ear was the deep-dashing flow
Of the wide-foaming breakers that thundered below.
—"Alas!" he exclaimed, "were the hopes of my youth,
Though raised by affection, unfounded on truth?
Ye are flown, ye sweet prospects, deceitfully fair,
As the light-rolling gossamer melts into air;
As the wild-beating ocean, with turbulent roar,
Effaces my steps on the sands of the shore!
Thy waters, oh Niord! tumultuously roll,
And such are the passions that war in my soul:

Thy meteors, oh Norver! malignantly dart,
And such are the death-flames that burn in my heart.
Nitalpha! my love! on the hill and the plain,
In the vale and the wood, have I sought thee in vain;
Through the nations for thee have I carried afar
The sun-shine of peace and the tempests of war;
Through danger and toil I my heroes have led,
Till hope's latest spark in my bosom was dead!
Cold, silent, and dark, are the halls of thy sires,
And hushed are the harps, and extinguished the fires;
The wild autumn-blast in the lofty hall roars,
And the yellow leaves roll through the half-open doors.
Nitalpha! when rapture invited thy stay,
Did force or inconstancy bear thee away?
Ah, no! though in vain I thy footsteps pursue,
I will not, I cannot, believe thee untrue:
Perchance thou art doomed in confinement to moan,
To dwell in the rock's dreary caverns alone,
And Lok's cruel mandates, while fast thy tears flow,
Forbid thy Fiolfar to solace thy woe,
Condemn thee unvarying anguish to bear,
And leave me a prey to the pangs of despair."—
Ha! whence were those accents, portentous and dread,
Like the mystical tones of the ghosts of the dead,
In echoes redoubling that rung through the gloom,
As the thunder resounds in the vaults of the tomb?
—"Fiolfar!"—He started, and wondering descried,

That a sable-clad stranger stood tall by his side :
Majestic he stood, on the surf-beaten steep,
Like a spirit of storms by the roar of the deep :
His soul-piercing eyes as the eagle's were bright,
And his raven-hair flowed on the breezes of night.
—" Fiolfar ! " he cried, " thy affliction forsake :
To hope and revenge let thy bosom awake ;
For he, that Nitalpha from liberty tore,
Is Lochlin's proud monarch, the bold Yrrodore.
Still constant to thee, she the traitor abhorred ;
Haste ! haste ! let thy valor her virtue reward :
For her let the battle empurple the plain :
In the moment of conquest I meet thee again."—
He ceased, and Fiolfar beheld him no more ;
Nor long paused the youth on the dark-frowning shore :
—" Whate'er be thy nature, oh stranger ! " he said,
" Thou hast called down the tempest on Yrrodore's head :
The broad-beaming buckler and keen-biting glaive
Shall ring and resound on the fields of the brave,
And vengeance shall burst, in a death-rolling flood,
And deluge thy altars, Valfander, with blood ! "—

II.

To Loda's dark circle and mystical stone,
With the grey-gathered moss of long ages o'er-grown,
While the black car of Norver was central in air,
Did the harp-bearing bards of Fiolfar repair ;

The wild-breathing chords, as they solemnly sung,
In deep modulations responsively rung ;
To the hall of Valhalla, where monarchs repose,
The full-swelling war-song symphoniously rose :
—" From the throne of Skialfa, Valfander, look down,
And marshal thy sons in the paths of renown :
Be thou too propitious, invincible Thor !
And lend thy strong aid to our banners of war.
As the torrent, in eddies tumultuously tost,
That lately has slumbered in fetters of frost,
Descends from the mountain all turbid with snow,
Shall Norway rush down on the fields of the foe.
Ye spirits of chieftains tremendous in fight,
That dwell with Valfander in halls of delight !
Awhile from your cloud-circled mansions descend ;
On the steps of your sons through the conflict attend,
When Lochlin shall glow with the beacon's wide beams,
And the battle-blast mix with the roar of her streams,
And the gaunt raven hover, on dark-flapping wing,
To scent his red feast on the foes of our king ! "—
As full to the wind rose the soul-thrilling tones,
Strange murmurs rung wild from the moss-covered stones :
The ghosts of the mighty, rejoicing, came forth,
And rolled their thin forms on the blasts of the north.

On light-flying meteors triumphantly driven,
They scattered their signs from the centre of heaven.
The skies were all glowing, portentously bright,
With strong coruscations of vibrating light :
In shadowy forms, on the long-streaming glare,
The insignia of battle shot swift through the air ;
In lines and in circles successively whirled,
Fantastical arrows and javelins were hurled,
That, flashing and falling in mimic affray,
In the distant horizon died darkly away,
Where a blood-dropping banner seemed slowly to sail,
And expand its red folds to the death-breathing gale.
Fiolfar looked forth from his time-honored halls,
Where the trophies of battle emblazoned the walls :
He heard the faint song, as at distance it swelled,
And the blazing of ether with triumph beheld ;
He saw the white flames inexhaustibly stream,
And he knew that his fathers rode bright on the beam,
That the spirits of warriors of ages long past
Were flying sublime on the wings of the blast.
—" Ye heroes ! " he cried, " that in danger arose,
The bulwark of friends, and the terror of foes ;
By Odin with glory eternally crowned ;
By valor and virtue for ever renowned :
Like yours may my arm in the conflict be strong,
Like yours may my name be recorded in song,
And when Hilda and Mista my spirit shall bear
The joys of Valhalla with Odin to share,

Oh then may you smile on the deeds I have done,
And bend forward with joy to acknowledge your son ! "—

III.

The falchion resounded on helm and on shield,
For Norway and Lochlin had met in the field ;
The long lances shivered, the swift arrows flew,
The string shrilly twanged on the flexible yew ;
Rejoicing, the Valkyræ strode through the plain,
And guided the death-blow, and singled the slain.
Long, long did the virgins of Lochlin deplore
The youths whom their arms should encircle no more,
For Norway rushed onward, to vengeance awake,
With the roar of the ocean, when thunder-clouds break ;
With the strength of the whirlwind, that shatters the wood,
And roots up the oak that for ages has stood ;
With the storm-swollen torrent's precipitous shock,
That hurls from the mountain the frost-loosened rock.
Fiolfar through danger triumphantly trod,
And scattered confusion and terror abroad :
Majestic as Balder, tremendous as Thor,
He plunged in the red-foaming torrent of war ;
Till he mowed his strong course through the ranks of the brave,
Where deepened the tumult round Yrrodore's glaive.

—"Turn, traitor!" he cried, "thy destruction to prove,
Despiser of justice, profaner of love!
Already the shades of the guilty await
Thy spirit at Hela's implacable gate,
Their vigils of winter and darkness to share
In Nilflhil's nine worlds of eternal despair."—
Indignantly Yrrodore turned on the foe,
And reared his strong arm for a death-dealing blow.
He stood, vast in stature, collected in might,
As the tower of the hill meets the tempest of night:
But the sword of Fiolfar descended to whelm
The seven-plated buckler, and plume-waving helm,
As the brand of the storm irresistibly falls,
And scatters in fragments the rock-founded walls.
Swift flowed the black blood, and in anguish he breathed,
Yet he muttered these words as expiring he writhed:
—"And deemest thou, Fiolfar, the conquest is thine?
No! victory, glory, and vengeance, are mine!
In triumph I die: thou shalt languish in pain:
For ne'er shall Nitalpha delight thee again!
The wakeful Duergi the caverns surround,
Where in magical slumbers the maiden is bound:
Those magical slumbers shall last till the day,
When Odin shall summon thy spirit away:
Then, then shall she wake to remembrance and pain,
To seek her Fiolfar, and seek him in vain,
Long years of unvarying sorrow to prove,
And weep and lament on the grave of her love!"—

He said, and his guilt-blackened spirit went forth,
And rushed to the caves of the uttermost north ;
Still destined to roam through the frost-covered plain,
Where Hela has fixed her inflexible reign,
Till the tempest of fate shall o'er Asgard be driven
In the last lurid gleam of the twilight of heaven,
And the trump of Heimdaller tremendously rear
The deep-thrilling death-note all nature must hear,
And genii and gods, by one ruin enfurled,
Contend, and expire, in the flames of the world.

IV.

Now shone the broad moon on the field of the dead,
Where Norway had conquered, and Lochlin had fled :
The hoarse raven croaked from the blood-streaming ground :
The dead and the dying lay mingled around :
The warriors of Norway were sunk in repose,
And rushed, in wild visions, again on their foes :
Yet lonely and sad did Fiolfar remain
Where the monarch of Lochlin had fall'n on the plain ;
In the silence of sorrow he leaned on his spear,
For Yrrodore's words echoed still in his ear :
When, with hope-breathing wonder, again he descried
That the sable-clad stranger stood tall by his side :

—" Behold me, Fiolfar : my promise I keep :
Nitalpha is fettered in magical sleep :
Yet I to thy arms can the maiden restore,
And passion and vengeance shall harm her no more."—
—" Strange being ! what art thou ? thy nature declare."—
—" The name of Nerimnher from mortals I bear :
Mid desolate rocks, in a time-hollowed cell,
At distance from man and his vices I dwell ;
But, obedient to Odin, I haste from the shade,
When virtue afflicted solicits my aid :
For the mystical art to my knowledge is given,
That can check the pale moon as she rolls through the heaven,
Can strike the dark dwellers of Nilflhil with dread,
And breathe the wild verse that awakens the dead.
My voice can the spells of thy rival destroy,
And recal thy loved maid to existence and joy."—
Long, rugged, and steep, was their desolate way,
By the precipice-rock, and the cataract's spray,
Where the wild eagle screamed through night's luminous noon,
And the storm-shattered cedar spread black to the moon.
The dark-tufted pine topped the frost-mantled height :
The larch's long tresses waved lonely and light :
No vestige of man was impressed on the heath,
And the torrent roared deep in its caverns beneath.

From the verge of the glen, from the dash of the flood,
They pierced the recesses of Deuranil's wood.
Through shades, where the yew and the cypress entwined,
Their branches funereal, unmoved by the wind,
Slow-toiling they passed, till before them arose
The caves of Nitalpha's unbreathing repose.
A blue-burning vapor shone dim through the gloom,
And rolled its thin curls round a rude-fashioned tomb,
Where the weary Duergi, by magic constrained,
With eyes never closing, their station maintained.
Loud shouting they rose when the strangers advanced,
But fear chilled their veins, and they paused as entranced,
While the mighty Nerimnher, in fate-favored hour,
Thus breathed the strong spell that extinguished their power :
—" By the hall of Valhalla, where heroes repose,
And drink beer and mead from the skulls of their foes ;
By the virtues of Freyer, and valor of Thor ;
By the twelve giant sisters, the rulers of war ;
By the unrevealed accents, in secret expressed,
Of old by Valfander to Balder addressed ;
By the ghosts, in the frost-worlds of Nilflhil that weep ;
By the mystical serpent, that circles the deep ;

By the banner of Asgard, now beaming on high,
Hence, children of evil ! hear, tremble, and fly ! "—
Loud yelled the Duergi, and sunk from his sight
To their caverns of toil in the regions of night :
The vapor rolled backward its tremulous wave,
And a star-like effulgence illumined the cave,
As the tomb burst asunder, and scattered the shade,
Where, in death-like entrancement, Nitalpha was laid.
Fiolfar sprang forward, and clasped to his breast
The maid, cold and pale as the marble she pressed :
The kiss of her love broke the spell of the tomb,
And bade life and rapture her beauty relume.
From the silent embrace, that no tongue may declare,
They turned : but Nerimnher no longer was there :
The tomb, and the cave, and the forest, were gone :
And fresh o'er their cheeks blew the breeze of the dawn,
That waved the proud standard, in victory's pride,
On the red field of Lochlin where Yrrodore died.

MISCELLANIES

HENRIETTE

Loud and long the church-bells ringing
  Spread their signals on the air ;
Tow'rds his Ellen lightly springing,
  Faithless Edward hastens there.
Can he dare to wed another ?
  Can he all his vows forget ?
Can he truth and conscience smother,
  And desert his Henriette ?

Pale remorse my steps attending,
  Whither can I hope to fly ?
When shall all my woes have ending ?
  Never, never, till I die !
Can the youth who once ador'd me,
  Can he hear without regret,
Death has that repose restor'd me,
  He has stol'n from Henriette ?

Brightly smiles the summer-morning
  On my Edward's nuptial day ;
While the bells, with joyous warning,
  Call to love and mirth away.
How this wretched heart is throbbing !
  Ere the ev'ning sun shall set,
Death shall ease my bosom's sobbing,
  Death shall comfort Henriette.

HENRIETTE

Cruel youth, farewell for ever !
  False as thou hast been to me,
Ne'er, till Fate my thread shall sever,
  Can I turn my thoughts from thee.
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,
  Thou mayest weep and tremble yet,
When thou seest the willow waving
  O'er the grave of Henriette !

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT

On Eternity's confines I stand,
  And look back on the paths I have trod :
I pant for the summoning hand,
  That shall call me away to my God !

My temples are sprinkled with snow ;
  The sands of existence decline ;
The dwelling is cheerless and low,
  The dwelling that soon must be mine.

No longer beside me are found
  The forms that of old were so dear ;
No longer the voices resound,
  That once were so sweet to mine ear.

The wife of my bosom is lost ;
  Long, long, has she sunk into sleep :
My boy on the ocean was toss'd,
  He rests in the caves of the deep.

A villain my daughter betray'd ;
  Her home and her father she fled :
But Heav'n has in justice repaid
  The tears he has caus'd me to shed.

Her peace and her honor he stole ;
  Abandon'd, despairing, she died :
Remorse quickly seiz'd on his soul,
  And he rests in the grave by her side.

Oh ! where are the friends of my youth,
  The lovely, the good, and the brave ?
All flown to the mansions of Truth !
  All pass'd through the gates of the grave !

On parents, and children, and friends,
  Have mortality's arrows been driv'n ;
But swiftly the darkness descends,
  And my spirit shall join them in Heav'n !

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES PEMBROKE, ESQ.

WHERE yon green tombs their heads promiscuous raise,
With tearful eyes let Friendship mark the spot
Where Pembroke slumbers. Upright and sincere,
For public worth esteem'd, for private lov'd,
Approving Virtue smil'd upon his life,
And soft eyed sorrow consecrates his urn.
Above that spot where rests his honour'd dust,
The sportive child may spend his idle hours,
Unthinking that the silent form below
Was once like him, like him was wont to play,
Unknown to care. Thrice happy innocent!
Thou too shalt fall, and on thy humble grave
Another child, unthinking as thyself,
Light as the lark, and rosy as the morn,
Shall frolic in his turn. Thus 'tis with man:
Like Autumn's leaves the present race decays,
Another race succeeds. But after death
Shall Virtue live, and live to die no more,
In better climes, from mortal eyes retir'd.
There, Pembroke, there thy sainted spirit dwells,
In everlasting rest; there, far remov'd
From all the troubles of the world, enjoys
The sure reward of goodness here below,
Eternal, boundless happiness above.

THE RAIN-BOW

The day has pass'd in storms, though not unmix'd
With transitory calm. The western clouds,
Dissolving slow, unveil the glorious sun,
Majestic in decline. The wat'ry east
Glows with the many-tinted arch of Heav'n.
We hail it as a pledge that brighter skies
Shall bless the coming morn. Thus rolls the day,
The short dark day of life ; with tempests thus,
And fleeting sun-shine chequer'd. At its close,
When the dread hour draws near, that bursts all ties,
All commerce with the world, Religion pours
Hope's fairy-colors on the virtuous mind,
And, like the rain-bow on the ev'ning clouds,
Gives the bright promise that a happier dawn
Shall chase the night and silence of the grave.

ELLEN

The marble tomb, in sculptur'd state display'd,
Decks the vile earth where wealthy vice is laid ;
But no vain pomp its hollow splendor throws,
Where Beauty, Virtue, Innocence, repose.
The cypress tow'rs, the waving willows weep,
Where Ellen sleeps the everlasting sleep,
Where with a sigh the passing stranger sees
The long rank grave-grass bending in the breeze.

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

PARAPHRASED

A. Æ. 16

FATHER of all! who dwell'st above!
Thy praises we proclaim:
To thee be endless fear and love;
All-hallow'd be thy name.

Thy kingdom come: thy will be done
On earth, as 'tis in Heav'n:
In ev'ry realm beneath the sun,
To thee be glory giv'n.

Grant us, oh thou who cloth'st the field!
This day our daily bread:
As we to others mercy yield,
On us thy mercy shed.

Permit not in temptation's road
Our heedless steps to stray;
Free us from evil's dire abode,
And guide us on our way.

For ever above all to tow'r,
For ever bright to shine,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,
And endless glory thine.

FAREWELL TO MATILDA

> Oui, pour jamais
> Chassons l'image
> De la volage
> Que j'adorais. PARNY.

MATILDA, farewell! Fate has doom'd us to part,
But the prospect occasions no pang to my heart;
No longer is love with my reason at strife,
Though once thou wert dearer, far dearer than life.

As together we roam'd, I the passion confess'd,
Which thy beauty and virtue had rais'd in my breast;
That the passion was mutual thou mad'st me believe,
And I thought *my* Matilda could never deceive.

My Matilda! no, false one! my claims I resign:
Thou canst not, thou must not, thou shalt not be mine:
I now scorn thee as much as I lov'd thee before,
Nor sigh when I think I shall meet thee no more.

Though fair be thy form, thou no lovers wilt find,
While folly and falsehood inhabit thy mind,

FAREWELL TO MATILDA

Though coxcombs may flatter, though ideots may
prize,
Thou art shunn'd by the good, and contemn'd by
the wise.

Than mine what affection more fervent could be,
When I thought ev'ry virtue was center'd in thee ?
Of the vows thou hast broken I will not complain,
For I mourn not the loss of a heart I disdain.

Oh ! hadst thou but constant and amiable prov'd
As that *fancied perfection* I formerly lov'd,
Nor absence, nor time, though supreme their
controul,
Could have dimm'd the dear image then stamp'd
on my soul.

How bright were the pictures, untinted with shade,
By Hope's glowing pencil on Fancy pourtray'd !
Sweet visions of bliss ! which I could not retain ;
For they, like thyself, were deceitful and vain.

Some other, perhaps, to Matilda is dear,
Some other, more pleasing, though not more sincere;
May he fix thy light passions, now wav'ring as air,
Then leave thee, inconstant, to shame and despair !

Repent not, Matilda, return not to me :
Unavailing thy grief, thy repentance will be :
In vain will thy vows or thy smiles be resum'd,
For Love, once extinguish'd, is never relum'd.

MIRA

Beneath yon yew-tree's silent shade,
  Long, tufted grass the spot discloses,
Where, low in death untimely laid,
  Pale Mira's silent form reposes.

The plaintive bird, at ev'ning-close,
  Pours there her softly-mournful numbers ;
The earth its earliest sweets bestows,
  To deck the grave where Mira slumbers.

There Summer's brightest flow'rs appear ;
  There oft the hollow breeze is swelling ;
The passing stranger drops a tear
  On Mira's dark and narrow dwelling.

The moralist, with musing eyes,
  Loves there his pensive steps to measure :
" How vain is human pride ! " he cries,
  " How soon is lost each earthly treasure ! "

" To snatch the fleeting bubble, joy,
  How weak is ev'ry fond endeavour !
We rush to seize the glitt'ring toy ;
  It bursts, it vanishes for ever !

" How soon our pleasures pass away !
  How soon our bliss must yield to sorrow !
The friend, with whom we smile to-day,
  May wither in his shroud to-morrow ! "

AMARILLIS;

FROM THE PASTOR FIDO

(Dunque addio, care selve,
Care mie selve, addio.
Ricevete questi ultimi sospiri,
Fin che sciolta da ferro ingiusto, e crudo,
Torni la mia fredd' ombra
A le vostr' ombre amate.
Che nel penoso inferno
Non può gir innocente,
Nè può star tra beati
Disperata e dolente.
. . . . . .
. . . . . i' moro, e senza colpa,
E senza frutto; e senza te, cor mio:
Mi moro, oime, Mirtillo.)

Dear woods, your sacred haunts I leave:
Adieu! my parting sighs receive!
Adieu! dear native woods, adieu!
Which I no more am doom'd to view,
From ev'ry joy remov'd;
Till from the cold and cruel urn
My melancholy shade shall turn
To seek your shades belov'd.

For, free from guilt, I cannot go
To join the wailing ghosts below,
Nor can despair and bleeding love
Find refuge with the blest above.

. . . . . .

In youth and innocence I die ;
  The cold grave-stone must be my pillow ;
From life, from love, from hope I fly ;
  Adieu ! a long adieu ! Mirtillo !

CLONAR AND TLAMIN

IMITATED FROM A LITTLE POEM IN MACPHERSON'S NOTES ON OSSIAN

"The loves of Clonar and Tlamin were rendered famous in the north by a fragment of a lyric poem still preserved which is ascribed to Ossian. It is a dialogue between Clonar and Tlamin. She begins with a soliloquy, which he overhears."

TLAMIN.

Son of Conglas of Imor! thou first in the battle!
Oh Clonar, young hunter of dun-sided roes!
Where the wings of the wind through the tall branches rattle,
Oh, where does my hero on rushes repose?

By the oak of the valley, my love, have I found thee,
Where swift from the hill pour thy loud-rolling streams;
The beard of the thistle flies sportively round thee,
And dark o'er thy face pass the thoughts of thy dreams.

Thy dreams are of scenes where the war-tempest rages:
Tlamin's youthful warrior no dangers appal:
Even now, in idea, my hero engages,
On Erin's green plains, in the wars of Fingal.

Half hid, by the grove of the hill, I retire :
  Ye blue mists of Lutha ! why rise ye between ?
Why hide the young warrior whose soul is all fire,
  Oh why hide her love from the eyes of Tlamin ?

CLONAR.

As the vision that flies with the beams of the morning,
  While fix'd on the mind its bright images prove,
So fled the young sun-beam these vallies adorning ;
  Why flies my Tlamin from the sight of her love ?

TLAMIN.

Oh Clonar ! my heart will to joy be a stranger,
  Till thou on our mountains again shalt be seen ;
Then why wilt thou rush to the regions of danger,
  Far, far from the love of the mournful Tlamin ?

CLONAR.

The signals of war are from Selma resounding !
  With morning we rise on the dark-rolling wave :
Towards green-vallied Erin our vessels are bounding;
  I rush to renown, to the fields of the brave !

Yet around me when war's hottest thunders shall rattle,
  Thy form to my soul ever present shall be ;
And should death's icy hand check my progress in battle,
  The last sigh of Clonar shall rise but for thee.

FOLDATH,

IN

THE CAVERN OF MOMA

FROM THE SAME

FOLDATH,

ADDRESSING THE SPIRITS OF HIS FATHERS

In your presence dark I stand :
  Spirits of my sires ! disclose,
Shall my steps, o'er Atha's land,
  Pass to Ullin of the roes ?

ANSWER.

Thou to Ullin's plains shalt go :
  There shall rage the battle loud :
O'er the fall'n thy fame shall grow,
  Like the gath'ring thunder-cloud.

There thy blood-stain'd sword shall gleam,
  Till, around while danger roars,
Cloncath, the Reflected Beam,
  Come from Moruth's sounding shores.

DREAMS

FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER

Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus
umbris, &c.

DREAMS, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of
night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates its own. For when the chains of sleep
Have bound the weary, and the lighten'd mind
Unshackled plays, the actions of the light
Become renew'd in darkness. Then the chief,
Who shakes the world with war, who joys alone
In blazing cities, and in wasted plains,
O'erthrown battalions sees, and dying kings,
And fields o'erflow'd with blood. The lawyer
dreams
Of causes, of tribunals, judges, fees.
The trembling miser hides his ill-gain'd gold,
And oft with joy a buried treasure finds.
The eager hunter with his clam'rous dogs
Makes rocks and woods resound. The sailor
brings
His vessel safe to port, or sees it whelm'd
Beneath the foaming waves. The anxious maid

Writes to her lover, or beholds him near.
The dog in dreams pursues the tim'rous hare.
The wretch, whom Fortune's iron hand has scourg'd,
Finds in his slumbers all his woes reviv'd.

PINDAR

ON THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Ακτις αελιου πολυσκοπε, κτλ.

All-enlight'ning, all-beholding,
  All-transcending star of day!
Why, thy sacred orb enfolding,
  Why does darkness veil thy ray?

On thy life-diffusing splendor
  These portentous shades that rise,
Vain the strength of mortals render,
  Vain the labors of the wise.

Late thy wheels, through ether burning,
  Roll'd in unexampled light:
Mortals mourn thy change, returning
  In the sable garb of night.

Hear, oh Phœbus! we implore thee,
  By Olympian Jove divine;
Phœbus! Thebans kneel before thee,
  Still on Thebes propitious shine.

On thy darken'd course attending,
  Dost thou signs of sorrow bring?
Shall the Summer rains, descending,
  Blast the promise of the Spring?

Or shall War, in evil season,
  Spread unbounded ruin round?
Or the baleful hand of Treason
  Our domestic joys confound?

By the bursting torrent's power,
  Shall our rip'ning fields be lost?
Shall the air with snow-storms lower,
  Or the soil be bound in frost?

Or shall ocean's waves stupendous,
  Unresisted, unconfin'd,
Once again, with roar tremendous,
  Hurl destruction on mankind?

TO A YOUNG LADY, NETTING

While those bewitching hands combine,
With matchless grace, the silken line,
They also weave, with gentle art,
Those stronger nets that bind the heart.

But soon all earthly things decay :
That net in time must wear away :
E'en Beauty's silken meshes gay
    No lasting hold can take :

But Beauty, Virtue, Sense, combin'd,
(And all these charms in thee are join'd)
Can throw that net upon the mind,
No human art can e'er unbind,
    No human pow'r can break.

NUGÆ

LEVI MOSES

Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis
Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato ?

Juv.

Ma name'sh Levi Moshesh : I tink I vash born,
Dough I cannot exactly remember,
In Roshemary-Lane, about tree in de morn,
Shome time in de mont of November.
Ma fader cried " *clothesh*," trough de shtreetsh ash he vent,
Dough he now shleeping under de shtone ish,
He made by hish bargains two hundred per shent,
And dat vay he finger'd de monish.

Ma fader vash vise : very great vash hish shenshe :
De monish he alvaysh vash turning :
And early he taught me poundsh, shillingsh, and penshe ;
" For," shaysh he, " dat ish all dat'sh vorth learning.
Ash to Latin and Greek, 'tish all nonshenshe, I shay,
Vhich occasion to shtudy dere none ish ;
But shtick closhe to Cocker, for dat ish de vay,
To teach you to finger de monish."

To a shtock-broker den I apprentishe vash bound,
  Who hish monish lov'd very shinsherely ;
And, trough hish inshtructions, I very shoon found,
  I ma bushinesh knew pretty clearly.
Shaysh he : " cheat a little : 'tish no shuch great crime,
  Provided it cleverly done ish : "
Sho I cleverly cheated him every time
  I could manage to finger hish monish.

And den I shet up for a broker mashelf,
  And Fortune hash shmil'd on my laborsh ;
I've minded de main-chanshe, and shcrap'd up de pelf,
  And ruin'd von half of ma neighboursh.
If any von cash on goot bondsh vould obtain,
  Very shoon ready for him de loan ish ;
And about *shent per shent* ish de int'resht I gain,
  And dat vay I finger de monish.

To part vit ma monish I alvaysh vash loth ;
  For ma table no daintiesh I dish up :
I dine on two eggsh, and I shup on de broth,
  But I feasht vonsh a veek like a bishop !
Ev'ry Shaturday night, on a *grishkin of pork*
  I regale bote mashelf and ma croniesh ;
And I play on de grishkin a goot knife and fork,
  Dough dat runsh avay vit de monish !

To de presheptsh ma fader inshtill'd in ma mind
  I have ever been conshtant and shteady :

To learning or pleasure I ne'er vash inclin'd,
  For neider vould bring in de ready.
And into ma pocketsh de monish to bring
  Ma perpetual shtudy alone ish,
For de monish indeed ish a very goot ting,
  Oh, a very goot ting ish de monish!

SLENDER'S LOVE-ELEGY

Come, Polyhymnia, heav'nly maid !
Oh deign an humble bard to aid,
Whose heart in tenfold chains is laid,
In Cupid's cage :
To Anna's name I strike the string ;
Thence all my pains and pleasures spring :
Yes, I aspire thy praise to sing,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

The lustre of thy soft blue eyes,
Thy lip that with the coral vies,
Might bid love's flames the breast surprise
Of stoic sage :
And cold indeed his heart must be,
Who could thy matchless features see,
And not at once exclaim, with me,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

Wealth, pow'r, and splendor, I disown :
To them no real joys are known :
Thy unaffected charms alone
My heart engage :
Thou canst alone my bosom fire,
Thou canst alone my muse inspire,
To thee alone I tune the lyre,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

SLENDER'S LOVE-ELEGY

Against my passion's fond appeal
Should'st thou thy gentle bosom steel,
What pow'r the pangs I then should feel
Could e'er assuage ?
To woods, to mountains would I fly ;
Thy dear lov'd name unceasing sigh,
Till thousand echoes should reply :
Oh sweet Anne Page !

I cannot boast the art sublime,
Like some great poets of the time,
To sing, in lofty-sounding rhyme,
Of amorous rage :
But Love has taught me to complain ;
Love has inspir'd this humble strain ;
Then let me not still sigh in vain,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

A FRAGMENT

Nay, deem me not insensible, Cesario,
To female charms ; nor think this heart of mine
Is cas'd in adamant ; because, forsooth,
I cannot ogle, and hyperbolise,
And whisper tender nothings in the ear
Of ev'ry would-be beauty, holding out
The bright but treach'rous flame of flattery,
To watch the she-moths of a drawing-room
Sport round the beam, and burn their pretty wings,
Ere conscious of their danger : yet, believe me,
I love a maid whose untranscended form
Is yet less lovely than her spotless mind.
With modest frankness, unaffected genius,
Unchang'd good-humour, beauty void of art,
And polish'd wit that seeks not to offend,
And winning smiles that seek not to betray,
She charms the sight, and fascinates the soul.
Where dwells this matchless nymph ? alas, Cesario !
'Tis but a sickly creature of my fancy,
Unparallell'd in nature.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT SEA

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT SEA

Thou white-rolling sea! from thy foam-crested billows,
That restlessly flash in the silver moon-beam,
In fancy I turn to the green-waving willows,
That rise by the side of my dear native stream.
There softly in moonlight soft waters are playing,
Which light-breathing zephyrs symphoniously sweep;
While here the loud wings of the north-wind are swaying,
And whirl the white spray of the wild-dashing deep.

Sweet scenes of my childhood! with tender emotion,
Kind memory, still wakeful, your semblance pourtrays:
And I sigh, as I turn from the wide-beating ocean
To the paths where I roamed in my infantine days.
In fancy before me the pine-boughs are waving,
Beneath whose deep canopy musing I strayed;
In crystalline waters their image is laving,
And the friends of my bosom repose in their shade.

STANZAS

Ye fair-spreading fields, which fertility blesses !
  Ye rivers, that murmur with musical chime !
Ye groves of dark pine, in whose sacred recesses
  The nymph of romance holds her vigils sublime !
Ye heath-mantled hills, in lone wildness ascending !
  Ye vallies, true mansions of peace and repose !
Ever green be your shades, nature's children defending,
  Where liberty sweetens what labor bestows.

Oh blest, trebly blest, is the peasant's condition !
  From courts and from cities reclining afar,
He hears not the summons of senseless ambition,
  The tempests of ocean, and tumults of war.
Round the standard of battle though thousands may rally
  When the trumpet of glory is pealing aloud,
He dwells in the shade of his own native valley,
  And turns the same earth which his forefathers ploughed.

In realms far remote while the merchant is toiling,
  In search of that wealth he may never enjoy ;
The land of his foes while the soldier is spoiling,
  When honor commands him to rise and destroy ;
Through mountainous billows, with whirlwinds contending,
  While the mariner bounds over wide-raging seas,
Still peace, o'er the peasant her mantle extending,
  Brings health and content in the sigh of the breeze.

And happy, who, knowing the world and its treasures,
Far, far from his home its allurements repels,
And leaves its vain pomps and fantastical pleasures,
For the woodlands where wisdom with solitude dwells.
With the follies of custom disdaining compliance,
He leaves not his country false riches to find ;
But content with the blessings of nature and science,
He pants for no wealth but the wealth of the mind.

The beauties are his of the sweet-blushing morning,
The dew-spangled field, and the lark's matin-song:
And his are the charms the full forest adorning,
When sport the noon-breezes its branches among :
And his, sweeter yet, is the twilight of even,
When melts the soft ray from the far-flashing floods,
And fancy descends from the westerly heaven,
To talk with the spirit that sings in the woods.

In some hermit vale had kind destiny placed me,
'Mid the silence of nature all lonely and drear,
Oh, ne'er from its covert ambition had chaced me,
To join the vain crowd in its phrensied career !
In the haunts of the forest my fancy is dwelling,
In the mystical glade, by the lone river's shore,
Though wandering afar where the night-breeze is swelling,
And waters unbounded tumultuously roar.

STANZAS

I hail thee, dark ocean, in beauty tremendous !
  I love the hoarse dash of thy far-sounding waves !
But he feels most truly thy grandeur stupendous,
  Who in solitude sits mid thy surf-beaten caves.
From thy cliffs and thy caverns, majestic and hoary,
  Be mine to look forth on thy boundless array ;
Alone to look forth on thy vast-rolling glory,
  And hear the deep lessons thy thunders convey.

But hope softly whispers, on moon-beams descending :—
  Despond not, oh mortal ! thy sorrows are vain :
The heart, which misfortune and absence are rending,
  Love, friendship, and home, shall enrapture again.
Though the night-billows rave to the tempest's commotion,
  In the mild breath of morning their fury shall cease ;
And the vessel, long tossed on the storm-troubled ocean,
  Shall furl her torn sails in the harbour of peace.

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES:

A

LYRICAL POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

BY

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HOOKHAM, JUN. AND E. T HOOKHAM,
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1810.

PROŒMIUM

Sweet was the choral song,
When in Arcadian vales,
Primeval shepherds twined the Aonian wreath :
While in the dying gales,
That sighed the shades among,
Rapt fancy heard responsive spirits breathe.
Dryads and Genii wandered then
Amid the haunts of guileless men,
As yet unknown to strife :
Ethereal beings poured the floods,
Dwelt in the ever-waving woods,
And filled the varied world with intellectual life.

Ah ! whither are they flown,
Those days of peace and love,
So sweetly sung by bards of elder time ?
When in the startling grove
The battle-blast was blown,
And misery came, and cruelty, and crime,
Far from the desolated hills,
Polluted meads, and blood-stained rills,
Their guardian genii flew ;
And through the woodlands, waste and wild,
Where erst perennial summer smiled,
Infuriate passions prowled, and wintry whirlwinds blew.

Yet where light breezes sail
Along the sylvan shore,
The bard still feels a sacred influence nigh :
When the far torrent's roar
Floats through the twilight vale,
And, echoing low, the forest-depths reply.
Nor let the throng his dreams despise,
Who to the rural deities
From courts and crowds retires :
Since human grandeur's proudest scheme
Is but the fabric of a dream,
A meteor-kindled pile, that, while we gaze, expires.

THE DRUID

Frontispiece to the second edition of *The Genius of the Thames*, published in 1812.

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

PALMYRA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

T L PEACOCK

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON
PUBLISHED BY T HOOKHAM JUNIOR AND
R T HOOKHAM OLD BOND STREET GALE AND CURTIS
PATERNOSTER ROW AND BALLANTYNE AND CO
EDINBURGH
1812

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

A LYRICAL POEM, IN TWO PARTS

καλλιστος ποταμων επι γαιαν ἱησι.—Ὁμ.

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART

An autumnal night on the banks of the Thames. Eulogium of the Thames. Characters of several rivers of Great Britain. Acknowledged superiority of the Thames. Address to the Genius of the Thames. View of some of the principal rivers of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Pre-eminence of the Thames. General character of the river. The port of London. The naval dominion of Britain, and extent of her commerce and navigation. Tradition that an immense forest formerly occupied the site of the metropolis. Episode of a Druid, supposed to have taken refuge in that forest, after the expulsion of the order from Mona.

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

PART I

Non è questo 'l terren, ch' i' toccai pria ?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente ?
Non è questa la patria in ch' io mi fido,
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l'uno e l' altro mio parente ?

PETRARCA.

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

Part I

The moonlight rests, with solemn smile,
On sylvan shore and willowy isle :
While Thames, beneath the imaged beam,
Rolls on his deep and silent stream.
The wasting wind of autumn sighs :
The oak's discolored foliage flies :
The grove, in deeper shadow cast,
Waves darkly in the eddying blast.
All hail, ye breezes, loud and drear,
That peal the death-song of the year !
Your rustling pinions waft around
A voice, that breathes no mortal sound,
And in mysterious accents sings
The flight of time, the change of things.
The seasons pass, in swift career :
Storms close, and zephyrs wake, the year :
The streams roll on, nor e'er return
To fill again their parent urn ;
But bounteous nature, kindly-wise,
Their everlasting flow supplies.
Like planets round the central sun,
The rapid wheels of being run,

By laws, from earliest time pursued,
Still changed, still wasted, still renewed.
Reflected in the present scene,
Return the forms that once have been :
The present's varying tints display
The colors of the future day.

Ye bards, that, in these secret shades,
These tufted woods, and sloping glades,
Awoke, to charm the sylvan maids,
  Your soul-entrancing minstrelsy !
Say, do your spirits yet delight
To rove, beneath the starry night,
Along this water's margin bright,
  Or mid the woodland scenery ;
And strike, to notes of tender fire,
With viewless hands, the shadowy lyre,
Till all the wandering winds respire
  A wildly-awful symphony ?

Hark ! from beneath the aged spray,
  Where hangs my humbler lyre on high,
Soft music fills the woodlands grey,
  And notes aërial warble by !
What flying touch, with elfin spell,
Bids its responsive numbers swell ?
Whence is the deep Æolian strain,
  That on the wind its changes flings ?
Returns some ancient bard again,
  To wake to life the slumbering strings ?

Or breathed the spirit of the scene
The lightly-trembling chords between,
Diffusing his benignant power
On twilight's consecrated hour ?

Even now, methinks, in solemn guise,
  By yonder willowy islet grey,
I see thee, sedge-crowned Genius ! rise,
  And point the glories of thy way.
  Tall reeds around thy temples play
Thy hair the liquid crystal gems :
  To thee I pour the votive lay,
Oh Genius of the silver Thames !

The shepherd-youth, on Yarrow braes,
Of Yarrow stream has sung the praise,
        To love and beauty dear :
And long shall Yarrow roll in fame,
Charm with the magic of a name,
      And claim the tender tear.
Who has not wept, in pastoral lay
  To hear the maiden's song of woe,
Who mourned her lover snatched away,
  And plunged the sounding surge below ?
The maid, who never ceased to weep,
  And tell the winds her tale of sorrow,
Till on his breast she sunk to sleep,
  Beneath the lonely waves of Yarrow.

The minstrel oft, at evening-fall,
Has leaned on Roxburgh's ruined wall,

Where, on the wreck of grandeur past,
The wild wood braves the sweeping blast :
And while, beneath the embowering shade,
  Swelled, loud and deep, his notes of flame,
Has called the spirits of the glade,
  To hear the voice of Teviot's fame.

While artless love, and spotless truth,
Delight the waking dreams of youth ;
While nature's beauties, softly-wild,
Are dear to nature's wandering child ;
The lyre shall ring, where sparkling Tweed,
By red-stone cliff, and broom-flowered mead,
And ivied walls in fair decay,
Resounds along his rock-strown way.
There oft the bard, at midnight still,
  When rove his eerie steps alone,
Shall start to hear, from haunted hill,
  The bugle-blast at distance blown :
And oft his raptured eye shall trace,
  Amid the visionary gloom,
The foaming courser's eager pace,
  The mail-clad warrior's crimson plume,
The beacons, blazing broad and far,
  The lawless marchmen ranging free,
And all the pride of feudal war,
  And pomp of border chivalry.

And Avon too has claimed the lay,
Whose listening wave forgot to stray,
  By Shakespear's infant reed restrained :

And Severn, whose suspended swell
Felt the dread weight of Merlin's spell,
When the lone spirits of the dell
Of Arthur's fall complained.
And sweetly winds romantic Dee,
And Wye's fair banks all lovely smile:
But all, oh Thames! submit to thee,
The monarch-stream of Albion's isle.

From some ethereal throne on high,
Where clouds in nectar-dews dissolve,
The muse shall mark, with eagle-eye,
The world's diminished orb revolve.
At once her ardent glance shall roll,
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
O'er waters, curled by zephyr's wing,
O'er shoreless seas, by whirlwinds tost;
O'er vallies of perennial spring,
And wastes of everlasting frost;
O'er deserts, where the Siroc raves,
And heaves the sand in fiery waves;
O'er caverns of mysterious gloom;
O'er lakes, where peaceful islets bloom,
Like emerald spots, serenely-bright,
Amid a sapphire field of light;
O'er mountain-summits, thunder-riven,
That rear eternal snows to heaven;
O'er rocks, in wild confusion hurled,
And woods, coeval with the world.

Her eye shall thence the course explore
Of every river wandering wide,

From tardy Lena's frozen shore
  To vast La Plata's sea-like tide.
Where Oby's barrier-billows freeze,
  And Dwina's waves in snow-chains rest :
Where the rough blast from Arctic seas
  Congeals on Volga's ice-cold breast :
Where Rhine impels his confluent springs
  Tumultuous down the Rhætian steep :
Where Danube's world of waters brings
  Its tribute to the Euxine deep :
Where Seine, beneath Lutetian towers,
  Leads humbly his polluted stream,
Recalling still the blood-red hours
  Of frantic freedom's transient dream :
Where crowns sweet Loire his fertile soil :
Where Rhone's impetuous eddies boil :
  Where Garonne's pastoral waves advance,
  Responsive to the song and dance,
When the full vintage calls from toil
  The youths and maids of southern France :
Where horned Po's once-raging flood
  Now moves with slackened force along,
By hermit-isle and magic wood,
  The theme of old chivalric song :
Where yellow Tiber's turbid tide
  In mystic murmurings seems to breathe
Of ancient Rome's imperial pride,
That passed away, as blasts divide
  November's vapory wreath :
Where proud Tajo's golden river
  Rolls through fruitful realms afar :

Where romantic Guadalquiver
  Wakes the thought of Moorish war :
Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing,
  Or Mæander's winding shore,
Charm the pensive wanderer, glowing
  With the love of Grecian lore :
Where Alphëus, wildly-falling,
  Dashes far the sparkling spray ;
In the eternal sound recalling
  Lost Arcadia's heaven-taught lay ;
Following dark, in strong commotion,
  Through the night of central caves,
Deep beneath the unmingling ocean,
  Arethusa's flying waves :
Where Tigris runs, in rapid maze :
Where swift Euphrates brightly strays ;
  To whose lone wave the night-breeze sings
A song of half-forgotten days
          And old Assyrian kings :
Where, Gangà's fertile course beside,
  The Hindu roves, alone to mourn,
And gaze on heaven's resplendent pride,
  And watch for Veeshnu's tenth return ;
When fraud shall cease, and tyrant power
  Torment no more, to ruin hurled,
And peace and love their blessings shower,
  O'er all the renovated world :
Where Nile's mysterious sources sleep :
  Where Niger sinks, in sands unknown :
Where Gambia hears, at midnight deep,
  Afflicted ghosts for vengeance groan :

Where Mississippi's giant-stream
  Through savage realms impetuous pours :
Where proud Potomac's cataracts gleam,
  Or vast Saint Lawrence darkly roars :
Where Amazon her pomp unfolds
  Beneath the equinoctial ray,
And through her drear savannahs holds
  Her long immeasurable way :
Where'er in youthful strength they flow,
  Or seek old ocean's wide embrace,
Her eagle-glance the muse shall throw,
  And all their pride and power retrace :
Yet, wheresoe'er, from copious urn,
  Their bursting torrents flash and shine,
Her eye shall not a stream discern
  To vie, oh sacred Thames ! with thine.

Along thy course no pine-clad steep,
  No alpine summits, proudly tower :
No woods, impenetrably deep,
  O'er thy pure mirror darkly lower :
  The orange-grove, the myrtle-bower,
The vine, in rich luxuriance spread ;
  The charms Italian meadows shower ;
The sweets Arabian vallies shed ;
The roaring cataract, wild and white ;
The lotos-flower, of azure light ;
The fields, where ceaseless summer smiles ;
The bloom, that decks the Ægëan isles ;
The hills, that touch the empyreal plain,
Olympian Jove's sublime domain ;

To other streams all these resign :
Still none, oh Thames ! shall vie with thine.

For what avails the myrtle-bower,
Where beauty rests at noon-tide hour ;
The orange-grove, whose blooms exhale
Rich perfume on the ambient gale ;
And all the charms in bright array,
Which happier climes than thine display ?
Ah ! what avails, that heaven has rolled
A silver stream o'er sands of gold,
And decked the plain, and reared the grove,
Fit dwelling for primeval love ;
If man defile the beauteous scene,
And stain with blood the smiling green ;
If man's worst passions there arise,
To counteract the favoring skies ;
If rapine there, and murder reign,
And human tigers prowl for gain,
And tyrants foul, and trembling slaves,
Pollute their shores, and curse their waves ?

Far other charms than these possess,
Oh Thames ! thy verdant margin bless :
Where peace, with freedom hand-in-hand,
Walks forth along the sparkling strand,
And cheerful toil, and glowing health,
Proclaim a patriot nation's wealth.
The blood-stained scourge no tyrants wield :
No groaning slaves invert the field :
But willing labor's careful train

Crowns all thy banks with waving grain,
With beauty decks thy sylvan shades,
With livelier green invests thy glades,
And grace, and bloom, and plenty, pours
On thy sweet meads and willowy shores.

The plain, where herds unnumbered rove,
The laurelled path, the beechen grove,
The lonely oak's expansive pride,
The spire, through distant trees descried,
The cot, with woodbine wreathed around,
The field, with waving corn embrowned,
The fall, that turns the frequent mill,
The seat, that crowns the woodland hill,
The sculptured arch, the regal dome,
The fisher's willow-mantled home,
The classic temple, flower-entwined,
In quick succession charm the mind,
Till, where thy widening current glides
To mingle with the turbid tides,
Thy spacious breast displays unfurled
The ensigns of the assembled world.

Throned in Augusta's ample port,
Imperial commerce holds her court,
And Britain's power sublimes :
To her the breath of every breeze
Conveys the wealth of subject seas,
And tributary climes.
Adventurous courage guides the helm
From every port of every realm :

Through gales that rage, and waves that whelm,
Unnumbered vessels ride :
Till all their various ensigns fly,
Beneath Britannia's milder sky,
Where roves, oh Thames ! the patriot's eye
O'er thy refulgent tide.
The treasures of the earth are thine :
For thee Golcondian diamonds shine :
For thee, amid the dreary mine,
The patient sufferers toil :
Thy sailors roam, a dauntless host,
From northern seas to India's coast,
And bear the richest stores they boast
To bless their native soil.

O'er states and empires, near and far,
While rolls the fiery surge of war,
Thy country's wealth and power increase,
Thy vales and cities smile in peace :
And still, before thy gentle gales,
The laden bark of commerce sails ;
And down thy flood, in youthful pride,
Those mighty vessels sternly glide,
Destined, amid the tempest's rattle,
To hurl the thunder-bolt of battle,
To guard, in danger's hottest hour,
Britannia's old prescriptive power,
And through winds, floods, and fire, maintain
Her native empire of the main.

The mystic nymph, whose ken sublime
Reads the dark tales of eldest time,

Scarce, through the mist of years, descries
Augusta's infant glory rise.
A race, from all the world estranged,
Wild as the uncultured plains they ranged,
Here raised of yore their dwellings rude,
Beside the forest-solitude.
For then, as old traditions tell,
Where science now and splendor dwell,
Along the stream's wild margin spread
A lofty forest's mazes dread.
None dared, with step profane, impress
Those labyrinths of loneliness,
Where dismal trees, of giant-size,
  Entwined their tortuous boughs on high,
Nor hailed the cheerful morn's uprise,
  Nor glowed beneath the evening sky.
The dire religion of the scene
  The rustic's trembling mind alarmed :
For oft, the parting boughs between,
'Twas said, a dreadful form was seen,
Of horrid eye, and threatening mien,
  With lightning-brand and thunder armed.
Not there, in sunshine-chequered shade,
The sylvan nymphs and genii strayed ;
But horror reigned, and darkness drear,
And silence, and mysterious fear :
And superstitious rites were done,
  Those haunted glens and dells among,
That never felt the genial sun,
  Nor heard the wild bird's vernal song :

To gods malign the incense-pyre
Was kindled with unearthly fire,
And human blood had oft bedewed
Their ghastly altars, dark and rude.
There feebly fell, at noon-tide bright,
A dim, discolored, dismal light,
Such as a lamp's pale glimmerings shed
Amid the mansions of the dead.
The Druid's self, who dared to lead
The rites barbaric gods decreed,
  Beneath the gloom half-trembling stood ;
As if he almost feared to mark,
In all his awful terrors dark,
  The mighty monarch of the wood.

The Roman came : the blast of war
  Re-echoed wide o'er hill and dell :
Beneath the storm, that blazed afar,
  The noblest chiefs of Albion fell.
The Druids shunned its rage awhile
In sylvan Mona's haunted isle,
Till on their groves of ancient oak
The hostile fires of ruin broke,
And circles rude of shapeless stone,
With lichens grey and moss o'ergrown,
Alone remained to point the scene,
Where erst Andraste's rites had been.
When to the dust their pride was driven ;
  When waste and bare their haunts appeared ;
No more the oracles of heaven,
  By gods beloved, by men revered,

No refuge left but death or flight,
  They rushed, unbidden, to the tomb,
Or veiled their heads in caves of night,
  And forests of congenial gloom.

There stalked, in murky darkness wide,
Revenge, despair, and outraged pride :
Funereal songs, and ghastly cries,
Rose to their dire divinities.
Oft, in their feverish dreams, again
Their groves and temples graced the plain ;
And stern Andraste's fiery form
Called from its caves the slumbering storm,
And whelmed, with thunder-rolling hand,
The flying Roman's impious band.

It chanced, amid that forest's shade,
  That frowned where now Augusta towers,
A Roman youth bewildered strayed,
  While swiftly fell the evening hours.
Around his glance inquiring ran :
No trace was there of living man :
Forms indistinct before him flew :
The darkening horror darker grew :
Till night, in death-like stillness felt,
Around those dreary mazes dwelt.
Sudden, a blaze of lurid blue,
That flashed the matted foliage through,
Illumed, as with Tartarean day,
The knotted trunks and branches grey.
Sensations, wild and undefined,

Rushed on the Roman warrior's mind :
  But deeper wonder filled his soul,
When on the dead still air around,
Like symphony from magic ground,
      Mysterious music stole :
Such strains as flow, when spirits keep,
Around the tombs where wizards sleep,
Beneath the cypress foliage deep,
  The rites of dark solemnity ;
And hands unearthly wildly sweep
  The chords of elfin melody.
The strains were sad : their changeful
    swell,
And plaintive cadence, seemed to tell
Of blighted joys, of hopes o'erthrown,
Of mental peace for ever flown,
Of dearest friends, by death laid low,
And tears, and unavailing woe.
Yet something of a sterner thrill
With those sad strains consorted ill,
As if revenge had dared intrude
On hopeless sorrow's darkest mood.

Guided by those sulphureous rays,
The Roman pierced the forest maze ;
Till, through the opening woodland reign,
Appeared an oak-encircled plain,
Where giant boughs expanded high
Their storm-repelling canopy,
And, central in the sacred round,
Andraste's moss-grown altar frowned.

THE GENIUS

The mystic flame of lurid blue
  There shed a dubious, mournful light,
And half-revealed to human view
  The secret majesty of night.
An ancient man, in dark attire,
Stood by the solitary fire :
The varying flame his form displayed,
Half-tinged with light, half-veiled in shade.
His grey hair, gemmed with midnight dew,
Streamed down his robes of sable hue :
His cheeks were sunk : his beard was white :
But his large eyes were fiery-bright,
And seemed through flitting shades to range,
With wild expression, stern and strange.
There, where no wind was heard to sigh,
Nor wandering streamlet murmured by,
While every voice of nature slept,
The harp's symphonious strings he swept :
Such thrilling tones might scarcely be
The touch of mortal minstrelsy ;
Now rolling loud, and deep, and dread,
As if the sound would wake the dead,
Now soft, as if, with tender close,
To bid the parted soul repose.

The Roman youth with wonder gazed
On those dark eyes to heaven upraised,
Where struggling passions wildly shone,
With fearful lustre, not their own.
Awhile irresolute he stood :
At length he left the sheltering wood,

And moved towards the central flame :
But, ere his lips the speech could frame,
—" And who art thou ? "—the Druid cried,
While flashed his burning eye-balls wide,—
" Whose steps unhallowed boldly press
This sacred grove's profound recess ?
Ha ! by my injured country's doom !
I know the hated arms of Rome.
Through this dark forest's pathless way
  Andraste's self thy steps has led,
To perish on her altars grey,
  A grateful offering to the dead.
Oh goddess stern ! one victim more
To thee his vital blood shall pour,
And shades of heroes, hovering nigh,
Shall joy to see a Roman die !
With that dread plant, that none may name,
  I feed the insatiate fire of fate :
Roman ! with this tremendous flame
  Thy head to hell I consecrate ! "—
And, snatching swift a blazing brand,
  He dashed it in the Roman's face,
And seized him with a giant's hand,
  And dragged him to the altar's base.
Though worn by time and adverse fate,
Yet strength unnaturally great
He gathered then from deadly hate
  And superstitious zeal :
A dire religion's stern behest
Alone his phrensied soul possessed ;

Already o'er his victim's breast
Hung the descending steel.

The scene, the form, the act, combined,
A moment on the Roman's mind
An enervating influence poured :
But to himself again restored,
Upspringing light, he grasped his foe,
And checked the meditated blow,
And on the Druid's breast repelled
The steel his own wild fury held.
The vital stream flowed fast away,
And stained Andraste's altars grey.

More ghastly pale his features dire
Gleamed in that blue funereal fire :
The death-mists from his brow distilled :
But still his eyes strange lustre filled,
That seemed to pierce the secret springs
Of unimaginable things.
No longer, with malignant glare,
Revenge unsated glistened there,
And deadly rage, and stern despair :
All trace of evil passions fled,
He seemed to commune with the dead,
And draw from them, without alloy,
The raptures of prophetic joy.
A sudden breeze his temples fanned :
His harp, untouched by human hand,
Sent forth a sound, a thrilling sound,
That rang through all the mystic round :

The incense-flame rose broad and bright,
In one wide stream of meteor-light.
He knew what power illumed the blaze,
  What spirit swept the strings along :
Full on the youth his kindling gaze
  He fixed, and poured his soul in song.

Roman ! life's declining tide
  From my bosom ebbs apace :
Vengeance have the gods denied
  For the ruin of my race.
Triumph not : in night compressed,
Yet the northern tempests rest,
Doomed to burst, in fatal hour,
On the pride of Roman power.

Sweetly beams the morning ray :
  Proudly falls the noon-tide glow :
See ! beneath the closing day,
  Storm-clouds darken, whirlwinds blow !
Sun-beams gild the tranquil shore :
Hark ! the midnight breakers roar !
O'er the deep, by tempests torn,
Shrieks of shipwrecked souls are borne !

Queen of earth, imperial Rome
  Rules, in boundless sway confessed,
From the day-star's orient dome
  To the limits of the west.
Proudest work of mortal hands,
The Eternal City stands :

Bound in her all-circling sphere,
Monarchs kneel, and nations fear.

Hark ! the stream of ages raves :
  Gifted eyes its course behold :
Down its all-absorbing waves
  Mightiest chiefs and kings are rolled.
Every work of human pride,
Sapped by that eternal tide,
Shall the raging current sweep
Tow'rds oblivion's boundless deep.

Confident in wide control,
  Rome beholds that torrent flow,
Heedless how the waters roll,
  Wasting, mining, as they go.
That sure torrent saps at length
Walls of adamantine strength :
Down its eddies wild shall pass
Domes of marble, towers of brass.

As the sailor's fragile bark,
  Beaten by the adverse breeze,
Sinks afar, and leaves no mark
  Of its passage o'er the seas ;
So shall Rome's colossal sway
In the lapse of time decay,
Leaving of her ancient fame
But the memory of a name.

Vainly raged the storms of Gaul
  Round dread Jove's Tarpeian dome :

See in flames the fabric fall !
  'Tis the funeral pyre of Rome !
Red-armed vengeance rushes forth
In the whirlwinds of the north :
From her hand the sceptre riven
To transalpine realms is given.

Darkness veils the stream of time,
  As the wrecks of Rome dissolve :
Years of anarchy and crime
  In barbaric night revolve.
From the rage of feudal strife
Peace and freedom spring to life,
Where the morning sun-beams smile
On the sea-god's favorite isle.

Hail ! all hail ! my native land !
  Long thy course of glory keep :
Long thy sovereign sails expand
  O'er the subjugated deep !
When of Rome's unbounded reign
Dust and shade alone remain,
Thou thy head divine shalt raise,
Through interminable days.

Death-mists hover : voices rise :
  I obey the summons dread :
On the stone my life-blood dyes
  Sinks to rest my weary head.
Far from scenes of night and woe,
To eternal groves I go,
Where for me my brethren wait
By Andraste's palace-gate.

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

PART II

Quidquid sol oriens, quidquid et occidens
Novit ; cæruleis oceanus fretis
Quidquid vel veniens vel fugiens lavat,
Ætas Pegaseo conripiet gradu.

SENECA

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART

Return to the banks of the Thames. The influence of spring on the scenery of the river. The tranquil beauty of the vallies of the Thames contrasted with the sublimity of more open and elevated regions. Allusion to the war on the Danube. Ancient wars on the Thames. Its present universal peace. View of the course of the Thames. Its source near Kemble Meadow. Comparative reflections on time. Ewan. Lechlade. Radcote. Godstow nunnery: Rosamond. Oxford. Apostrophe to science. Nuneham Courtnay: Mason. The vale of Marlow. Hedsor. Cliefden. Windsor. Cooper's Hill. Runnymead. Twitnam: Pope. Richmond: Thomson. Chelsea and Greenwich. The Tower. Tilbury Fort. Hadleigh Castle. The Nore. General allusion to the illustrious characters that have adorned the banks of the Thames. A summer evening on the river at Richmond. Comparative adversion to the ancient state of the Euphrates and Araxes, at Babylon and Persepolis. Present desolation of those scenes. Reflections on the fall of nations. Conclusion.

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

Part II

Oh Genius of that sacred urn,
  Adored by all the Naiad train !
Once more my wandering steps return
  To trace the precincts of thy reign :
  Once more, amid my native plain,
I roam thy devious course along,
  And in the oaken shade again
Awake to thee the votive song.
Dear stream ! while far from thee I strayed,
The woods, that crown my natal glade,
Have mourned on all the winds of heaven
Their yellow faded foliage driven ;
And winter, with tempestuous roar,
Descending on thy wasted shore,
Has seen thy turbid current flow
A deluge of dissolving snow.

But now, in spring's more soft control,
  Thy troubled waves subside,
And through a narrower channel roll
  A brighter, gentler tide.
Emerging now in light serene,
The meadows spread their robes of green,

The weeping willow droops to lave
Its leafy tresses in the wave ;
The poplar and the towering pine
Their hospitable shade combine ;
And, flying like the flying day,
The silent river rolls away.

Not here, in dreadful grandeur piled,
  The mountain's pathless masses rise,
Where wandering fancy's lonely child
  Might meet the spirit of the skies :
Not here, from misty summits hoar,
  Where shattered firs are rooted strong,
With headlong force and thundering roar
  The bursting torrent foams along :
Sublime the charms such scenes contain :
For nature on her mountain reign
Delights the treasures to dispense
Of all her wild magnificence :
But thou art sweet, my native stream !
  Thy waves in liquid lustre play,
And glitter in the morning beam,
  And chime to rest the closing day :
While the vast mountain's dizzy steep
  The whirlwind's eddying rage assails,
The gentlest zephyrs softly sweep
  The verdure of thy sheltered vales :
While o'er the wild and whitening seas
  The unbridled north triumphant roars,
Thy stream scarce ripples in the breeze,
  That bends the willow on thy shores :

And thus, while war o'er Europe flings
Destruction from his crimson wings,
While Danube's wasted banks around
The steps of mingling foes resound,
Thy pure waves wash a stainless soil,
To crown a patriot people's toil.

Yet on these shores, in elder days,
Arose the battle's maddening blaze :
Even here, where now so softly swells
The music of the village-bells,
The painted savage rolled to war
The terrors of the scythed car,
And wide around, with fire and sword,
The devastating Roman poured :
Here shouted o'er the battle-plain
The Pict, the Saxon, and the Dane :
And many a long succeeding year
Saw the fierce Norman's proud career,
The deadly hate of feudal foes,
The stain that dyed the pallid rose,
And all the sanguinary spoil
Of foreign and intestine broil.

But now, through banks from strife remote,
  Thy crystal waters wind along,
Responsive to the wild bird's note,
  Or lonely boatman's careless song.
Oh ! ne'er may thy sweet echoes swell
Again with war's demoniac yell !
Oh ! ne'er again may civil strife

Here aim the steel at kindred life!
Ne'er may those deeds of night and crime,
That stain the rolls of feudal time,
Again pollute these meads and groves,
Where science dwells, and beauty roves!
And should some foreign tyrant's band
Descend to waste the beauteous land,
Thy swelling current, eddying red,
Shall roll away the impious dead.

Let fancy lead, from Trewsbury Mead,
  With hazel fringed, and copsewood deep,
Where scarcely seen, through brilliant green,
  Thy infant waters softly creep,
To where the wide-expanding Nore
Beholds thee, with tumultuous roar,
      Conclude thy devious race,
And rush, with Medway's confluent wave,
To seek, where mightier billows rave,
      Thy giant-sire's embrace.

Where Kemble's wood-embosomed spire
  Adorns the solitary glade,
And ancient trees, in green attire,
  Diffuse a deep and pleasant shade,
Thy bounteous urn, light-murmuring, flings
The treasures of its infant springs,
And fast, beneath its native hill,
Impels the silver-sparkling rill,
With flag-flowers fringed and whispering reeds,
Along the many-colored meads.

OF THE THAMES

Thames! when, beside thy secret source
Remembrance points the mighty course
Thy defluent waters keep;
Advancing, with perpetual flow,
Through banks still widening as they go,
To mingle with the deep;
Emblemed in thee, my thoughts survey
Unruffled childhood's peaceful hours,
And blooming youth's delightful way
Through sunny fields and roseate bowers;
And thus the scenes of life expand
Till death draws forth, with steady hand,
Our names from his capacious urn;
And dooms alike the base and good,
To pass that all-absorbing flood,
O'er which is no return.

Whence is the ample stream of time?
Can fancy's mightiest spell display,
Where first began its flow sublime,
Or where its onward waves shall stray?
What gifted hand shall pierce the clouds
Oblivion's fatal magic rears,
And lift the sable veil, that shrouds
The current of the distant years?
The sage with doubt the past surveys,
Through mists which memory half dispels:
And on the course of future days
Impenetrable darkness dwells.

The present rolls in light : awhile
We hail its evanescent smile,
Rejoicing as it flies :
Ephemera on the summer-stream,
Heedless of the descending beam,
And distant lowering skies.
False joys, with fading flowerets crowned,
And hope, too late delusive found,
And fancy's meteor-ray,
And all the passions, light and vain,
That fill ambition's fatal train,
Attend our downward way.
Some struggle on, by tempests driven :
To some a gentler course is given :
All down the self-same stream are rolled :
Their day is passed—their tale is told.

Youth flies, as bloom forsakes the grove,
When icy winter blows :
And transient are the smiles of love,
As dew-drops on the rose.
Nor may we call those things our own,
Which, ere the new-born day be flown,
By chance, or fraud, or lawless might,
Or sterner death's supreme award,
Will change their momentary lord,
And own another's right.
As oceans now o'er quicksands roar,
Where fields and hamlets smiled of yore ;
As now the purple heather blows,
Where once impervious forests rose ;

So perish from the burthened ground
  The monuments of human toil :
Where cities shone, where castles frowned,
  The careless ploughman turns the soil.

How many a chief, whose kindling mind
      Convulsed this earthly scene,
Has sunk, forgotten by mankind,
      As though he ne'er had been !
Even so the chiefs of modern days,
On whom admiring nations gaze,
  Shall sink, by common fate oppressed :
Their name, their place, remembered not :
Not one grey stone to point the spot
      Of their eternal rest.

Flow proudly, Thames ! the emblem bright
  And witness of succeeding years !
Flow on, in freedom's sacred light,
  Nor stained with blood, nor swelled with tears.
Sweet is thy course, and clear, and still,
By Ewan's old neglected mill :
Green shores thy narrow stream confine,
Where blooms the modest eglantine,
And hawthorn-boughs o'ershadowing spread,
To canopy thy infant bed.
Now peaceful hamlets wandering through,
And fields in beauty ever new,
Where Lechlade sees thy current strong
First waft the unlaboring bark along ;

Thy copious waters hold their way
Tow'rds Radcote's arches, old and grey,
Where triumphed erst the rebel host,
When hapless Richard's hopes were lost,
And Oxford sought, with humbled pride,
Existence from thy guardian tide.

The wild-flower waves, in lonely bloom,
  On Godstow's desolated wall :
There thin shades flit through twilight gloom,
  And murmured accents feebly fall.
The aged hazel nurtures there
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair,
And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laid.
The rose of earth, the sweetest flower
  That ever graced a monarch's breast,
In vernal beauty's loveliest hour,
  Beneath that sod was laid to rest.
In vain, the bower of love around,
The Dædalëan path was wound :
Alas ! that jealous hate should find
The clue for love alone designed !

The venomed bowl,—the mandate dire,—
  The menaced steel's uplifted glare,—
The tear, that quenched the blue eye's fire,—
  The humble, ineffectual prayer :—
All these shall live, recorded long
In tragic and romantic song,
And long a moral charm impart,

To melt and purify the heart.
A nation's gem, a monarch's pride,
In youth, in loveliness, she died :
The morning sun's ascending ray
Saw none so fair, so blest, so gay :
Ere evening came, her funeral knell
Was tolled by Godstow's convent bell.

The marble tomb, the illumined shrine,
  Their unavailing splendor gave :
Where slept in earth the maid divine,
  The votive silk was seen to wave.
To her, as to a martyred saint,
  His vows the weeping pilgrim poured :
The drooping traveller, sad and faint,
  Knelt there, and found his strength restored :
To that fair shrine, in solemn hour,
  Fond youths and blushing maidens came,
And gathered from its mystic power
  A brighter, purer, holier flame :
The lightest heart with awe could feel
  The charm her hovering spirit shed :
But superstition's impious zeal
  Distilled its venom on the dead !

The illumined shrine has passed away :
  The sculptured stone in dust is laid :
But when the midnight breezes play
  Amid the barren hazel's shade,
The lone enthusiast, lingering near,
  The youth, whom slighted passion grieves,

Through fancy's magic spell may hear
  A spirit in the whispering leaves ;
And dimly see, while mortals sleep,
  Sad forms of cloistered maidens move,
The transient dreams of life to weep,
  The fading flowers of youth and love !

Now, rising o'er the level plain,
  Mid academic groves enshrined,
The Gothic tower, the Grecian fane,
  Ascend, in solemn state combined.
Science, beneath those classic spires,
Illumes her watch-lamp's orient fires,
And pours its everlasting rays
On archives of primeval days.
To her capacious view unfurled,
The mental and material world
        Their secrets deep display :
She measures nature's ample plan,
To hold the light of truth to man,
        And guide his erring way.

Oh sun-crowned science ! child of heaven !
To wandering man by angels given !
Still, nymph divine ! on mortal sight
Diffuse thy intellectual light,
Till all the nations own thy sway,
And drink with joy the streams of day !
Yet lovest thou, maid ! alone to rove
In cloister dim, or polished grove,

Where academic domes are seen
Emerging grey through foliage green ?
Oh ! hast thou not thy hermit seat,
  Embosomed deep in mountains vast,
Where some fair valley's still retreat
  Repels the north's impetuous blast ?
The falling stream there murmurs by :
The tufted pine waves broad and high :
And musing silence sits beneath,
Where scarce a zephyr bends the heath,
And hears the breezes, loud and strong,
Resound the topmost boughs among.
There peace her vestal lamp displays,
Undimmed by mad ambition's blaze,
And shuns, in the sequestered glen,
The storms that shake the haunts of men,
Where mean intrigue, and sordid gain,
And phrensied war's ensanguined reign,
And narrow cares, and wrathful strife,
Dry up the sweetest springs of life.

Oh ! might my steps, that darkly roam,
Attain at last thy mountain home,
And rest, from earthly trammels free,
With peace, and liberty, and thee !
Around while faction's tempests sweep,
Like whirlwinds o'er the wintry deep,
And, down the headlong vortex torn,
The vain, misjudging crowd is borne ;
'Twere sweet to mark, re-echoing far,
The rage of the eternal war,

That dimly heard, at distance swelling,
Endears, but not disturbs, thy dwelling.

But sweeter yet, oh trebly sweet !
Were those blest paths of calm retreat,
Might mutual love's endearing smile
The lonely hours of life beguile !
Love, whose celestial breath exhales
Fresh fragrance on the vernal gales ;
Whose starry torch and kindling eye
Add lustre to the summer sky ;
Whose voice of music cheers the day,
When autumn's wasting breezes sway ;
Whose magic flame the bosom warms,
When freezing winter wakes in storms !

Not in the glittering halls of pride,
Where spleen and sullen pomp reside,
Around though Paphian odors breathe,
And fashion twines her fading wreath,
Young fancy wakes her native grace,
Nor love elects his dwelling-place.
But in the lone, romantic dell,
Where the rural virtues dwell,
Where the sylvan genii roam,
Mutual love may find a home.
Hope, with raptured eye, is there,
Weaving wreaths of pictured air :
Smiling fancy there is found,
Tripping light on fairy ground,
Listening oft, in pine-walks dim,
To the wood-nymph's evening hymn.

But whither roams the devious song,
While Thames, unheeded, flows along,
And, sinking o'er the level mead,
The classic domes and spires recede ?
The dashing oar the wave divides :
The light bark down the current glides :
The furrowed stream, that round it curls,
In many a murmuring eddy whirls.
Succeeding each as each retires,
Wood-mantled hills, and tufted spires,
Groves, villas, islets, cultured plains,
Towers, cities, palaces, and fanes,
As holds the stream its swift career,
Arise, and pass, and disappear.

O'er Nuneham Courtnay's flowery glades
  Soft breezes wave their fragrant wings,
And still, amid the haunted shades,
  The tragic harp of Mason rings.
Yon votive urn, yon drooping flowers,
Disclose the minstrel's favorite bowers,
Where first he tuned, in sylvan peace,
To British themes the lyre of Greece.
Delight shall check the expanded sail
In woody Marlow's winding vale :
And fond regret for scenes so fair
With backward gaze shall linger there,
Till rise romantic Hedsor's hills,
And Cliefden's groves, and springs, and rills,
Where hapless Villars, doomed to prove
The ills that wait on lawless love,

In festal mirth, and choral song,
Impelled the summer-hours along,
Nor marked, where scowled expectant by
Despair, and shame, and poverty.

The Norman king's embattled towers
  Look proudly o'er the subject plain,
Where, deep in Windsor's regal bowers,
  The sylvan muses hold their reign.
From groves of oak, whose branches hoar
Have heard primeval tempests roar,
Beneath the moon's pale ray they pass
Along the shore's unbending grass,
And songs of gratulation raise,
To speak a patriot monarch's praise.

Sweetly, on yon poetic hill,
  Strains of unearthly music breathe,
Where Denham's spirit, hovering still,
  Weaves his wild harp's aërial wreath.
And sweetly, on the mead below,
The fragrant gales of summer blow :
While flowers shall spring, while Thames shall flow,
  That mead shall live in memory,
Where valor, on the tented field,
Triumphant raised his patriot shield,
The voice of truth to kings revealed,
  And broke the chains of tyranny.

The stream expands : the meadows fly :
The stately swan sails proudly by :

Full, clear, and bright, with devious flow,
The rapid waters murmuring go.
Now open Twitnam's classic shores,
Where yet the moral muse deplores
Her Pope's unrivalled lay :
Unmoved by wealth, unawed by state,
He held to scorn the little great,
And taught life's better way.
Though tasteless folly's impious hand
Has wrecked the scenes his genius planned ;—
Though low his fairy grot is laid,
And lost his willow's pensive shade ;—
Yet shall the ever-murmuring stream,
That lapt his soul in fancy's dream,
Its vales with verdure cease to crown,
Ere fade one ray of his renown.

Fair groves, and villas glittering bright,
Arise on Richmond's beauteous height ;
Where yet fond echo warbles o'er
The heaven-taught songs she learned of yore.
From mortals veiled, mid waving reeds,
The airy lyre of Thomson sighs,
And whispers to the hills and meads :
In yonder grave a Druid lies !
The seasons there, in fixed return,
Around their minstrel's holy urn
Perennial chaplets twine :
Oh ! never shall their changes greet,
Immortal bard ! a song more sweet,
A soul more pure than thine !

Oh Thames ! in conscious glory glide
By those fair piles that crown thy tide,
Where, worn with toil, from tumult far,
The veteran hero rests from war.
Here, marked by many a well-fought field,
On high the soldier hangs his shield ;
The seaman there has furled his sail,
Long rent by many an adverse gale.
Remembered perils, braved and past,—
The raging fight, the whelming blast,
The hidden rock, the stormy shore,
The mountain-breaker's deepening roar,—
Recalled by fancy's spell divine,
Endear their evening's calm decline,
And teach their children, listening near,
To emulate their sires' career.

But swiftly urge the gliding bark,
By yon stern walls and chambers dark,
Where guilt and woe, in night concealed,
Unthought, unwitnessed, unrevealed,
Through lengthened ages scowling stood,
Mid shrieks of death, and tears of blood.
No heart may think, no tongue declare,
The fearful mysteries hidden there :
Justice averts her trembling eye,
And mercy weeps, and hastens by.

Long has the tempest's rage been spent
On yon unshaken battlement,
Memorial proud of days sublime,

Whose splendor mocks the power of time.
There, when the distant war-storm roared,
While patriot thousands round her poured,
The British heroine grasped her sword,
  To trace the paths of victory :
But in the rage of naval fight,
The island-genius reared his might,
And stamped, in characters of light,
  His own immortal destiny.

Ascending dark, on uplands brown,
The ivied walls of Hadleigh frown :
High on the lonely mouldering tower
Forms of departed ages lower.
But deeper, broader, louder, glide
The waves of the descending tide ;
And soon, where winds unfettered roar,
Where Medway seeks the opening Nore,
Where breakers lash the dark-red steep,
The barks of Britain stem the deep.

Oh king of streams ! when, wandering slow,
I trace thy current's ceaseless flow,
And mark, with venerating gaze,
  Reflected on thy liquid breast,
The monuments of ancient days,
  Where sages, bards, and statesmen rest ;
Who, waking erst the ethereal mind,
Instructed, charmed, and blessed mankind
The rays of fancy pierce the gloom

That shrouds the precincts of the tomb,
And call again to life and light
The forms long wrapped in central night.
From abbies grey and castles old,
Through mouldering portals backward rolled,
Glide dimly forth, with silent tread,
The shades of the illustrious dead.
Still dear to them their native shore,
The woods and fields they loved of yore ;
And still, by farthest realms revered,
Subsists the rock-built tower they reared,
Though lightnings round its summit glow,
And foaming surges burst below.

Thames ! I have roamed, at evening hours,
Near beauteous Richmond's courtly bowers,
When, mild and pale, the moon-beams fell
On hill and islet, grove and dell ;
And many a skiff, with fleecy sail
Expanded to the western gale,
Traced on thy breast, serenely-bright,
The lengthening line of silver light ;
And many an oar, with measured dash
  Accordant to the boatman's song,
Bade thy pellucid surface flash,
  And whirl, in glittering rings, along ;
While from the broad and dripping blade
  The clear drops fell, in sparkling showers,
Bright as the crystal gems, displayed
  In Amphitrite's coral bowers.

There beauty wooed the breeze of night,
  Beneath the silken canopy,
And touched, with flying fingers light,
  The thrilling chords of melody.
It seemed, that music's inmost soul
  Was breathed upon the wandering airs,
Charming to rest, with sweet control,
  All human passions, pains, and cares.
Enthusiast voices joined the sound,
And poured such soothing strains around,
That well might ardent fancy deem,
  The sylphs had led their viewless band,
To warble o'er the lovely stream
  The sweetest songs of fairyland.
Now, breathing wild, with raptured swell,
  They floated o'er the silent tide ;
Now, soft and low, the accents fell,
And, seeming mystic tales to tell,
        In heavenly murmurs died.

Yet that sweet scene of pensive joy
  Gave mournful recollections birth,
And called to fancy's wild employ
  The certain destinies of earth.
I seemed to hear, in wakening thought,
  While those wild minstrel accents rung,
Whate'er historic truth had taught,
  Or philosophic bards had sung.
Methought a voice, severe and strange,
Whispered of fate, and time, and change,

And bade my wandering mind recall,
How nations rise, and fade, and fall.

Thus fair, of old, Euphrates rolled,
  By Babylon's imperial site :
The lute's soft swell, with magic spell,
  Breathed rapture on the listening night :
Love-whispering youths and maidens fair
In festal pomp assembled there,
Where to the stream's responsive moan
The desert-gale now sighs alone.

Still changeless, through the fertile plain,
  Araxes, loud-resounding, flows,
Where gorgeous despots fixed their reign,
  And Chil-minar's proud domes arose.
High on his gem-emblazoned throne
  Sate kneeling Persia's earthly god :
Fair slaves and satraps round him shone,
  And nations trembled at his nod :
The mighty voice of Asia's fate
Went forth from every golden gate.
Now pensive steps the wrecks explore,
That skirt the solitary shore :
The time-worn column mouldering falls,
And tempests rock the roofless walls.

Perchance, when many a distant year,
  Urged by the hand of fate, has flown,
Where moonbeams rest on ruins drear,
  The musing sage may rove alone ;

And many an awful thought sublime
  May fill his soul, when memory shews,
That there, in days of elder time,
  The world's metropolis arose ;
Where now, by mouldering walls, he sees
  The silent Thames unheeded flow,
And only hears the river-breeze,
  Through reeds and willows whispering low.

Where are the states of ancient fame ?
Athens, and Sparta's victor-name,
And all that propped, in war and peace,
The arms, and nobler arts, of Greece ?
All-grasping Rome, that proudly hurled
Her mandates o'er the prostrate world,
Long heard mankind her chains deplore,
And fell, as Carthage fell before.

Is this the crown, the final meed,
To man's sublimest toils decreed ?
Must all, from glory's radiant height,
Descend alike the paths of night ?
Must she, whose voice of power resounds
On utmost ocean's loneliest bounds,
In darkness meet the whelming doom
That crushed the sovereign strength of Rome,
And o'er the proudest states of old
The storms of desolation rolled ?

Time, the foe of man's dominion,
  Wheels around in ceaseless flight,

Scattering from his hoary pinion
  Shades of everlasting night.
Still, beneath his frown appalling,
  Man and all his works decay :
Still, before him, swiftly-falling,
  Kings and kingdoms pass away.

Cannot the hand of patriot zeal,
The heart that seeks the public weal,
      The comprehensive mind,
Retard awhile the storms of fate,
That, swift or slow, or soon or late,
Shall hurl to ruin every state,
      And leave no trace behind ?

Oh Britain ! oh my native land !
  To science, art, and freedom dear !
Whose sails o'er farthest seas expand,
  And brave the tempest's dread career !
When comes that hour, as come it must,
That sinks thy glory in the dust,
May no degenerate Briton live,
  Beneath a stranger's chain to toil,
And to a haughty conqueror give
  The produce of thy sacred soil !
Oh ! dwells there one, on all thy plains,
If British blood distend his veins,
Who would not burn thy fame to save,
Or perish in his country's grave ?

Ah ! sure, if skill and courage true
  Can check destruction's headlong way,

Still shall thy power its course pursue,
  Nor sink, but with the world's decay.
Long as the cliff that girds thine isle
  The bursting surf of ocean stems,
Shall commerce, wealth, and plenty smile
  Along the silver-eddying Thames :
Still shall thine empire's fabric stand,
Admired and feared from land to land,
Through every circling age renewed,
Unchanged, unshaken, unsubdued ;
As rocks resist the wildest breeze,
That sweeps thy tributary seas.

NOTES

ON

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

Page 111. *Tall reeds around thy temples play:*
Thy hair the liquid crystal gems.

Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
Populeas inter senior se adtollere frondis
Visus: eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat arundo.
Virgilius.

The tutelary spirits, that formerly animated the scenes of nature, still continue to adorn the visions of poetry; though they are now felt only as the creatures of imagination, and no longer possess that influence of real existence, which must have imparted many enviable sensations to the mind of the ancient polytheist.

Of all these fabulous beings, the Genii and Nymphs of rivers and fountains received the largest portion of human adoration. In them, an enthusiastic fancy readily discerned the agency of powerful and benevolent spirits, diffusing wealth and fertility over the countries they adorned.—"Rivers are worshipped," says Maximus Tyrius (Dissertatio VIII. Ει θεοις αγαλματα ἱδρυτεον,) "on account of their utility, as the Nile by the Egyptians; or of their beauty, as the Peneus by the Thessalians; or of their magnitude, as the Danube by the Scythians; or of mythological traditions, as the Achelous by the Ætolians; or of particular laws, as

the Eurotas by the Spartans; or of religious institutions, as the Ilissus by the Athenians."—

These local divinities are the soul of classical landscape; and their altars, by the side of every fountain, and in the shade of every grove, are its most interesting and characteristic feature. From innumerable passages that might be cited on this subject, it will be sufficient to call to mind that beautiful description of Homer:

> Αστεος εγγυς εσαν, και επι κρηνην αφικοντο
> Τυκτην, καλλιροον, ὁθεν ὑδρευοντο πολιται,
> Την ποιησ' Ιθακος, και Νεριτος, ηδε Πολυκτωρ·
> Αμφι δ'αρ' αιγειρων ὑδατοτρεφεων ην αλσος
> Παντοσε κυκλοτερες· κατα δε ψυκρον ῥεεν ὑδωρ
> Ὑψοθεν εκ πετρης· βωμος δ'εφυπερθε τετυκτο
> Νυμφαων, ὁθι παντες επιρεζεσκον ὁδιται.

Page 114. *Where the rough blast from Arctic seas*
Congeals on Volga's ice-cold breast.

"And Volga, on whose face the north-wind freezes."
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Page 114. *Where Rhine impels his confluent springs*
Tumultuous down the Rhætian steep.

Rhenus, Ræticarum Alpium inaccesso ac præcipiti vertice ortus. Tacitus.

Page 114. *Where horned Po's once-raging flood*
Now moves with slackened force along.

> Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
> Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta
> In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.
> Virgilius.

Impetuosissimum amnem olim Padum fuisse, ex aliis locis manifestum est; quamquam nunc ejus natura diversa esse narratur. Heyne.

Page 115. *Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing.*

The propriety of this epithet may be questioned. "The vale of Tempe," says Dr. Gillies, "is adorned by the hand of nature with every object that can gratify the senses or delight the fancy. The gently-flowing Peneus intersects the middle of the plain. Its waters are increased by perennial cascades from the green mountains, and thus rendered of sufficient depth for vessels of considerable burthen. The rocks are every where planted with vines and olives; and the banks of the river, and even the river itself, are overshadowed with lofty forest-trees, which defend those who sail upon it from the sun's meridian ardor."—He adds in a note: "I know not why Ovid says, *Penëus ab imo effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis.* Ælian, from whom the description in the text is taken, says, that the Peneus flows Δικην ελαιου, *smooth as oil.*"

Livy's description, which seems to have escaped Dr. G., is singularly contradictory.—*Sunt enim Tempe, saltus, etiam si non bello fiat, infestus, transitu difficilis: nam præter angustias per quinque millia, qua exiguum jumento onusto iter est, rupes utrimque ita abscissæ sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculorum animique possit. Terret et* sonitus *et* altitudo *per mediam vallem fluentis Penei amnis.*

The *sonitus* coincides with the description of Ovid, the *altitudo* with that of Ælian. It is difficult to reconcile the terms with each other: since *altissima* quæque flumina *minimo sono* labuntur.—We may suppose, that the Peneus is a torrent in the upper part of the vale, and gains a smoother course as it proceeds.

Page 115. *Deep beneath the unmingling ocean.*

ταν δε θαλασσαν
Νερθεν ὑποτροχαει, κου μιγνυται ὑδασιν ὑδωρ.

Moschus.

Page 115. *Where Nile's mysterious sources sleep.*

Bruce penetrated to the source of the eastern branch of the Nile: that of the western, which is the principal branch, has never yet been visited by any European.

Page 115. *Where Niger sinks, in sands unknown.*

The Niger has been generally supposed to terminate in a lake in the desert, where its waters are evaporated by the heat of the sun. Mr Jackson, in his account of the empire of Marocco, adduces authorities to shew, that the Nile and the Niger are actually the same river; a supposition which Major Rennel, in his geographical illustrations of Mr Park's Travels in Africa, had previously demonstrated to be altogether inadmissible. We may here, perhaps, apply the words of an Italian poet:

> Quel Sorridano è re dell' Esperia,
> Ove Balcana fiume si distende:
> Il Nilo crede alcun, che questo sia,
> Ma chi lo crede, poco sen' intende.
>
> Berni: *Orlando Innamorato.*

Page 120. *Along the stream's wild margin spread*
A lofty forest's mazes dread.

The existence of this forest is attested by Fitzstephen. Some vestiges of it remained in the reign of Henry the Second.

Page 120. *Where dismal trees, of giant-size,*
Entwined their tortuous boughs on high.

Several lines in this description are imitated from Virgil, Lucan, and Tasso.—*Æn.* VIII. 349. *Phars.* III. 399. *Ger. Lib.* XIII. *Pr.*

Page 122. *And stern Andraste's fiery form*
Called from its caves the slumbering storm.

"Amongst our Britons," says Mr Baxter, as quoted by Mr Davies, *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, p. 617, "even of the present day, *Andras* is a popular name of the goddess *Malen*, or *the lady*, whom the vulgar call *Y Vall*, that is, *Fauna Fatua*, and *Mam y*

Drwg, the *Devil's dam*, or *Y Wrach*, the *old hag*. . . . Some regarded her as a flying spectre. . . . That name corresponded not only with *Hecate*, *Bellona*, and *Enyo*, but also with *Bona Dea*, the *great mother of the gods*, and the *terrestrial Venus*. . . . In the fables of the populace, she is styled *Y Vad Ddu Hyll*, that is, *Bona Furva Effera*, and on the other hand, *Y Vad Velen*, that is, *Helena*, or *Bona Flava*. . . . Agreeably to an ancient rite, the old Britons cruelly offered human sacrifices to this *Andrasta:* whence, as Dion relates, our amazon, Vondicca (Boadicea) invoked her with imprecations, previous to her engagement with the Romans. The memory of this goddess, or fury, remains to the present day ; for men in a passion growl at each other, *Mae rhyw Andras arnochwi: Some Andrasta possesses you.*"

Page 125. *Thy head to hell I consecrate.*

Te, Appi, tuumque caput sanguine hoc consecro.
Livius.

Agli infernali dei
Con questo sangue il capo tuo consacro.
Alfieri.

Page 129. *See in flames the fabric fall !*
'Tis the funeral pyre of Rome !

Sed nihil æque, quam incendium Capitolii, ut finem imperio adesse crederent, impulerat. *Captam olim à Gallis urbem ; sed, integra Jovis sede, mansisse imperium. Fatali nunc igne, signum cœlestis iræ datum, et possessionem rerum humanarum transalpinis gentibus portendi*, superstitione vana Druidæ canebant.
Tacitus.

Page 134. *The poplar and the towering pine*
Their hospitable shade combine.

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.
Horatius.

Page 136. *Trewsbury Mead.*

The Thames rises in a field called Trewsbury Mead, near the villages of Tarlton and Kemble, in Gloucestershire.

Page 136. *And ancient trees, in green attire,*
Diffuse a deep and pleasant shade.

I am slightly indebted, in this stanza, to one of Ariosto's most exquisite descriptions:

La fonte discorrea per mezzo un prato,
D'arbori antiqui e di bell' ombre adorno,
Che i viandanti col mormorio grato
A bere invita, e a far seco soggiorno.
Un culto monticel dal manco lato
Le difende il calor del mezzo giorno.
Quivi, come i begli occhi prima torse,
D'un cavalier la giovane s'accorse:
D'un cavalier, che all' ombra d'un boschetto,
Nel margin verde, a bianco, e rosso, e giallo,
Sedea pensoso, tacito, e soletto,
Sopra quel chiaro e liquido cristallo.

Page 137. *Whence is the ample stream of time?*

"Whence is the stream of years? whither do they roll along? where have they hid, in mist, their many-colored sides?" Ossian.

Page 138. *Nor may we call those things our own—*

——— tamquam
Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Horatius.

Page 140. *Where triumphed erst the rebel host,*
When hapless Richard's hopes were lost,
And Oxford sought, with humbled pride,
Existence from thy guardian tide.

Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, the favorite of Richard the Second, was defeated in the vicinity of Radcote by the Earl of Derby, in the year 1387, and escaped by swimming with his horse across the river.

Page 140. *The aged hazel nurtures there*
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair;
And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laid.

A small chapel, and a wall, enclosing an ample space, are all now remaining of Godstow Nunnery. A hazel grows near the chapel, the fruit of which is always apparently perfect, but is invariably found to be hollow.

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of the beautiful Rosamond, who appears, after her death, to have been regarded as a saint.

Page 141. *But superstition's impious zeal*
Distilled its venom on the dead.

A fanatical priest, Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, visiting the nunnery at Godstow, and observing a tomb, covered with silk, and splendidly illuminated, which he found, on inquiry, to be the tomb of Rosamond, commanded her *to be taken up, and buried without the church, lest the Christian religion should grow into contempt.* This brutal order was instantly obeyed:—"but the chaste sisters," says Speed, "gathered her bones, and put them in a perfumed bag, enclosing them so in lead, and laid them again in the church, under a fair large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise: these bones were at the suppression of the nunnery so found."—

Page 148. *Justice averts her trembling eye,*
And mercy weeps, and hastens by.

Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa :
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna :
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.
Dante.

Page 149. *Where breakers lash the dark-red steep.*

The red cliffs of the isle of Sheppy.

Page 152.

Still changeless, through the fertile plain,
Araxes, loud-resounding, flows,
Where gorgeous despots fixed their reign,
And Chil-minar's proud domes arose.

"The plain of Persepolis is watered by the great river Araxes, or Bendemir. The ancient palace of the kings of Persia, called by the inhabitants *Chil-minar*, i.e. *forty columns*, is situated at the foot of the mountain : the walls of this stately building are still standing on three sides ; and it has the mountain on the east."
Universal History.

Page 153. *And fell, as Carthage fell before.*

Sanazzaro, in his poem *De partu Virginis*, has a fine passage on the fallen state of Carthage, which Tasso has imitated in the Gerusalemme Liberata :

Et qui vertentes inmania saxa juvencos
Flectit arans, qua devictæ Carthaginis arces
Procubuere, jacentque infausto in litore turres
Eversæ. Quantum illa metus, quantum illa laborum
Urbs dedit insultans Latio et Laurentibus arvis !
Nunc passim vix reliquias, vix nomina servans,
Obruitur propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.
Et querimur genus infelix humana labare
Membra ævo, quum regna palam moriantur, et urbes.

Giace l'alta Cartago : appena i segni
Dell'alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muojono le città ; muojono i regni ;
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba :
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
O nostra mente cupida e superba !

Page 155. *Along the silver-eddying Thames.*

Ποταμος περ εὔῤῥοος, ΑΡΓΥΡΟΔΙΝΗΣ.
Homerus.

PALMYRA

—— ανακτα των παντων ὑπερβαλ-
λοντα χρονον μακαρων. Πινδ.

ANALYSIS

An address to the spirit of ancient times introduces an evening contemplation on the ruined magnificence of Palmyra, on the obscurity that involves its history, its monuments, its inscriptions in a language now unknown. Fancy calls up the forms of its monarchs, chiefs, and philosophers; few of whose names, in addition to those of Odenathus, Zenobia, and Longinus, have survived the lapse of years. Time asserts his empire over the ruins, and dissipates the phantoms of fancy. The silence and solitude of the evening twilight, in these scenes of desolated splendor, present an impressive contrast to the days of their past prosperity. Human passions, and the actions that result from them, are nearly the same in all ages and nations. All the works of man are subject to the same decay. Even these ruins will disappear from the desert. Time and change have absolute dominion over every thing terrestrial but virtue and the mind.

PALMYRA

Spirit of the days of yore !
  Thou ! who, in thy haunted cave,
By the torrent's sounding shore,
  Mark'st the autumnal tempest rave :
Or, where on some ivied wall
Twilight-mingled moonbeams fall,
Deep in aisles and cloisters dim,
Hear'st the grey monks' vesper hymn :
Or, beneath the cypress shade,
Where forgotten chiefs are laid,
Pacing slow with solemn tread,
Breathest the verse that wakes the dead !—
By the ivied convent lone,
By the Runic warrior's stone,
By the mountain-cataract's roar,
Spirit ! thee I seek no more.
Let me, remote from earthly care,
Thy philosophic vigils share,
Amid the wrecks of ancient time,
More sad, more solemn, more sublime,
Where, half-sunk in seas of sand,
Thedmor's marble wastes expand.

These silent wrecks, more eloquent than speech,
  Full many a tale of awful note impart :

Truths more severe than bard or sage can teach
This pomp of ruin presses on the heart.
Sad through the palm the evening breezes sigh :
No sound of man the solitude pervades,
Where shattered forms of ancient monarchs lie,
Mid grass-grown halls, and falling colonnades.
Beneath the drifting sand, the clustering weed,
Rest the proud relics of departed power.
None may the trophy-cinctured tablet read,
On votive urn, or monumental tower,
Nor tell whose wasted forms the mouldering tombs embower.

Enthusiast fancy, robed in light,
Dispels oblivion's deepening night.
Her charms a solemn train unfold,
Sublime on evening's clouds of gold,
Of sceptred kings, in proud array,
And laurelled chiefs, and sages grey.
But whose the forms, oh fame ! declare,
That crowd majestic on the air ?
Pour from thy deathless roll the praise
Of kings renowned in elder days.
I call in vain ! The welcome strain
Of praise to them no more shall sound :
Their actions bright must sleep in night,
Till time shall cease his mystic round.
The glories of their ancient sway
The stream of years has swept away :
Their names, that nations heard with fear,
Shall ring no more on mortal ear.

Yet still the muse's eye may trace
The noblest chief of Thedmor's race,
Who, by Euphrates' startling waves,
Bade outraged Rome her prostrate might unfold,
Tore from the brow of Persia's pride
The wreath in crimson victory dyed,
And o'er his flying slaves
Tumultuous ruin rolled.
Throned by his side, a lovely form,
In youthful majesty sublime,
Like sun-beams through the scattering storm,
Shines through the floating mists of time :
Even as in other years she shone,
When here she fixed her desert-throne,
Triumphant in the transient smiles of fate ;
When Zabdas led her conquering bands
O'er Asia's many-peopled lands,
And subject monarchs thronged her palace-gate :
Ere yet stern war's avenging storm,
Captivity's dejected form,
And death, in solitude and darkness furled,
Closed round the setting star, that ruled the eastern world.

Dim shades around her move again,
From memory blotted by the lapse of years :
Yet, foremost in the sacred train,
The venerable sage appears,
Who once, these desolate arcades
And time-worn porticoes among,

Disclosed to princely youths and high-born maids
The secret fountains of Mæonian song,
And traced the mazy warblings of the lyre,
With all a critic's art, and all a poet's fire.

What mystic form, uncouth and dread,
With withered cheek, and hoary head,
Swift as the death-fire cleaves the sky,
Swept on sounding pinions by ?
'Twas Time. I know the foe of kings,
His scythe, and sand, and eagle-wings :
He cast a burning look around,
And waved his bony hand, and frowned.
Far from the spectre's scowl of fire,
Fancy's feeble forms retire :
Her air-born phantoms melt away,
Like stars before the rising day.

One shadowy tint enwraps the plain :
No form is near, no steps intrude,
To break the melancholy reign
Of silence and of solitude.
Ah ! little thought the wealthy proud,
When rosy pleasure laughed aloud,
And music, with symphonious swell,
Attuned to joy her festal shell,
That here, amid their ancient land,
The wanderer of the distant days
Should mark, with sorrow-clouded gaze,
The mighty wilderness of sand,
While not a sound should meet his ear,

Save of the desert-gales, that sweep,
In modulated murmurs deep,
The wasted graves above
Of those, who once had revelled here
In happiness and love.

Short is the space to man assigned,
This earthly vale to tread.
He wanders, erring, weak, and blind,
By adverse passions led :
Love, that with feeling's tenderest flow
To rapture turns divided woe,
And brightens every smile of fate
That kindred souls participate :
Jealousy, whose poisonous breath
Blasts affection's opening bud :
Wild despair, that laughs in death :
Stern revenge, that bathes in blood :
Fear, that his form in darkness shrouds,
And trembles at the whispering air :
And hope, that pictures on the clouds
Celestial visions, false, but fair.

From the earliest twilight-ray,
That marked creation's natal day,
Till yesterday's declining fire,
Thus still have rolled, perplexed by strife,
The many-mingling wheels of life,
And still shall roll, till time's last beams expire.
And thus, in every age, in every clime,
While years swift-circling fly,

The varying deeds, that mark the present time,
Will be but shadows of the days gone by.

Swift as the meteor's midnight course,
Swift as the cataract's headlong force,
Swift as the clouds, whose changeful forms
Hang on the rear of flying storms,
So swift is Time's colossal stride
Above the wrecks of human pride.
These temples, awful in decay,
  Whose ancient splendor half endures,
These arches, dim in parting day,
  These dust-defiled entablatures,
These shafts, whose prostrate pride around
  The desert-weed entwines its wreath,
These capitals, that strew the ground,
  Their shattered colonnades beneath,
These pillars, white in lengthening files,
Grey tombs, and broken peristyles,
May yet, through many an age, retain
The pomp of Thedmor's wasted reign :
But Time still shakes, with giant-tread,
The marble city of the dead,
That crushed at last, a shapeless heap,
Beneath the drifted sands shall sleep.

The flower, that drinks the morning-dew,
  Far on the evening gale shall fly :
The bark, that glides o'er ocean blue,
  Dashed on the distant rocks shall lie :
The tower, that frowns in martial pride,

Shall by the lightning-brand be riven :
The arch, that spans the summer tide,
Shall down the wintry floods be driven :
The tomb, that guards the great one's name,
Shall yield to time its sacred trust :
The laurel of imperial fame
Shall wither in unwatered dust.
His mantle dark oblivion flings
Around the monuments of kings,
Who once to conquest shouting myriads bore.
Fame's trumpet-blast, and victory's clarion shrill,
Pass, like an echo of the hill,
That breathes one wild response, and then is heard
no more.

But ne'er shall earthly time throw down
The immortal pile that virtue rears :
Her golden throne, and starry crown,
Decay not with revolving years :
For He, whose solemn voice controlled
Necessity's mysterious sway,
And yon vast orbs from chaos rolled
Along the elliptic paths of day,
Has fixed her empire, vast and high,
Where primogenial harmony
Unites, in ever-cloudless skies,
Affection's death-divided ties ;
Where wisdom, with unwearying gaze,
The universal scheme surveys,
And truth, in central light enshrined,
Leads to its source sublime the indissoluble mind.

INSCRIPTION
FOR A MOUNTAIN-DELL

INSCRIPTION FOR A MOUNTAIN-DELL

WHOE'ER thou art, by love of nature led
These cloud-capped rocks and pathless heights to climb!
Approach this dell with reverential dread,
Where, bosomed deep in solitudes sublime,
Repose the secrets of primeval time.
But if thy mind degenerate cares degrade,
Or sordid hopes convulse, or conscious crime,
Fly to the sunless glen's more genial shade,
Nor with unhallowed steps this haunted ground invade.

Here sleeps a bard of long-forgotten years:
Nameless he sleeps, to all the world unknown:
His humble praise no proud memorial bears:
Remote from man, he lived and died alone.
Placed by no earthly hand, one mossy stone
Yet marks the sod where his cold ashes lie.
Across that sod one lonely oak has thrown
Its tempest-shattered branches, old and dry;
And one perennial stream runs lightly-murmuring by.

He loved this dell, a solitary child,
And placed that oak, an acorn, in the sod:

And here, full oft, in hermit-visions wild,
In scenes by every other step untrod,
With nature he conversed, and nature's god.
He fled from superstition's murderous fane,
And shunned the slaves of Circe's baleful rod,
The mean, malignant, mercenary train,
That feed at Moloch's shrine the unholy fires of gain.

The stream, that murmured by his favorite stone,
The breeze, that rustled through his youthful tree,
To fancy sung, in sweetly-mingled tone,
Of future joys, which fate forbade to be.
False as the calm of summer's treacherous sea
Is beauty's smile, in magic radiance drest.
Far from that fatal shore, fond wanderer, flee !
Rocks lurk beneath the ocean's limpid breast,
And, deep in caves of night, storms darkly-brooding rest.

Love poured the storm that wrecked his youthful prime :
Beneath his favorite tree his bones were laid :
Through rolling ages towered its strength sublime,
Ordained, unseen, to flourish and to fade.
Its mossy boughs, now sapless and decayed,
Fall in the blast, and moulder in the shower :
Yet be the stately wreck with awe surveyed,
Sad monument of time's unsparing power,
That shakes the marble dome, and adamantine tower.

Such was the oak, from whose prophetic shell
  Breathed the primeval oracles of Greece :
And here, perhaps, his gentle shade may dwell,
  Diffusing tenderness and heavenly peace,
  Of power to bid the rage of passion cease,
When some fond youth, capricious beauty's slave,
  Seeking from care in solitude release,
Shall sit upon the minstrel's lonely grave,
And hear through withered boughs the mountain-
    breezes rave.

THE

PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

A POEM IN FOUR PARTS

WITH

A MYTHOLOGICAL ODE

BY

T. L. PEACOCK.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS

αγαθοι πολυδακρυτοι ανδρες.

GENERAL ANALYSIS

I. The contemplation of the universal mutability of things prepares the mind to encounter the vicissitudes of life. The spirit of philosophical melancholy, which delights in that contemplation, is the most copious source of virtue, of courage, and of genius. The pleasures arising from it are the most pure and permanent that man is capable of enjoying. It is felt in every scene and sound of nature; more especially, in the solemn grandeur of mountain-scenery, and in the ruined magnificence of former times.

II. The finest efforts of art, in painting, music, poetry, and romance, derive their principal charms from melancholy.

III. The social affections derive from this sentiment their most endearing ties. It reigns in the interchanged consolations of love; in the sympathetic charity, which seeks out, and relieves, affliction; in the retrospective attachment, which dwells on the scenes of our childhood, and on the memory of departed friends.

IV. The mind, familiarised to the contemplation of vicissitudes, rises superior to calamity; perceives, that the existence of a certain portion of evil is indispensable to the general system of nature, and to the enlargement of the human faculties; and ascends, from the observation of apparently discordant particulars, to the knowledge of that all-perfect wisdom, which arranges the whole in harmony.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

PART I

Egli è da forte
Il sopportar le avversità : ma fora
Vil stupidezza il non sentirne il carco.

ALFIERI.

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART

The influence of change on all the works of nature and art. Inability of the gay and frivolous to endure vicissitude. Beneficial influence of melancholy, in familiarising the mind to the contemplation of change, and preparing it for the reverses of fortune: Not the gloomy melancholy of the monastic cloister, but that sublime and philanthropical sentiment, the source of energetic virtue, which filled the mind of Zoroaster, when he retired to the mountains of Balkhan: of Cicero, when he discovered the tomb of Archimedes, or wandered in the groves of the academy: of Germanicus Cæsar, when he directed the interment of the three legions in the wood of Teutoburgium. Philosophical melancholy propitious to youthful genius: illustrated in Petrarch and Tasso. This solemn disposition of thought, which strengthens the mind while it softens the heart, can only be attained by occasional self-communion, and retirement from the world. All natural scenes are favorable to its indulgence: for the aspect of nature is always serious, and her sweetest sounds are melancholy. Mountain-scenery peculiarly calculated to nourish this propensity. Scenery of Merionethshire. A cataract in flood:—in frost. Harlech Castle. General effect of ruins. Caius Marius in the ruins of Carthage.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

Part I

The vernal streams in liquid radiance flow :
The green woods smile in summer's sultry glow :
Vine-mantled autumn's many-sounding breeze
Waves the ripe corn, and shakes the leafless trees :
Then sullen winter holds his lonely reign,
Pours the wide deluge o'er the wasted plain,
Hurls fast and far the snow-flakes wildly tost,
Wraps heaven in clouds, and binds the earth in frost.
  Through every season man's long toils proceed :
The sumptuous palace decks the polished mead :
New rivers roll, new forests grace the land,
Where once the heather struck its roots in sand :
High on the cliff the watch-tower frowns afar,
Lights the red blaze, and spreads the storm of war :
Vast moles extend where billows boiled before,
And roll the vanquished ocean from the shore.
  All-conquering time, still faithful to his trust,
Shakes the proud dome, and sinks the tower in dust :
Art's failing streams disown their sandy urns,
The forest withers, and the heath returns.
Vindictive ocean re-asserts his sway,
Wears the strong mound, and bursts his whelming
    way.

Spring gently breaks, by vale, and stream, and steep,
The icy chains of nature's transient sleep,
Dispels the volumed clouds, that coldly lower,
Warms the young grove, and gilds the opening flower:
But when shall spring's Promethean torch relume
Man's sovereign strength, or beauty's roseate bloom?
Thrill the fond heart, or wake the expansive mind,
That night's cold vaults, and death's long slumbers bind?
Why loves the muse the melancholy lay?
Why joys the bard, in autumn's closing day,
To watch the yellow leaves, that round him sail,
And hear a spirit moan in every gale?
To seek, beneath the moon, at midnight hour,
The ivied abbey, and the mouldering tower,
And, while the wakening echoes hail his tread,
In fancy hold communion with the dead?
Ah! rather yet, while youth's warm sunshine glows,
Crown the full bowl, and crop the breathing rose,
In dance and song the rapid hours employ,
Nor lose one smile of life's too transient joy!
Can the fond hours, in morning revels past,
Teach the light heart to meet the evening blast?
When sudden clouds the changeful day deform,
The gay ephemeron dies beneath the storm:
The sheltered bee, long provident of change,
Furls his soft wings, nor dreads the whirlwind's range.

OF MELANCHOLY

Oh melancholy! blue-eyed maid divine!
Thy fading woods, thy twilight walks, be mine!
No sudden change thy pensive votaries feel:
They mark the whirl of fortune's restless wheel,
Taught by the past the coming hour to scan,
No wealth, no glory, permanent to man.
Not thine, blest power! the misanthropic gloom,
That gave its living victims to the tomb,
Forced weeping youth to bid the world farewell,
And hold sad vigils in the cloistered cell.
Thy lessons train the comprehensive mind,
The sentient heart, that glows for all mankind,
The intrepid hand, the unsubdued resolve,
Whence wisdom, glory, liberty, devolve.
Thy mountain-fane the Bactrian prophet sought,
Felt all thy wild solemnity of thought,
Gazed o'er the spacious earth, the radiant heaven,
And found new life, and strength, and feeling given.
Great nature's book unclosed beneath his hand,
And peace and science blessed a barbarous land.
The Latian seer thy sacred influence knew,
When to Trinacrian vales his steps withdrew,
And traced, amid the grass that clustering crept,
The secret stone where Archimedes slept:
Or when, by thirst of science led to rove,
He paced alone through Plato's silent grove,
Recalled the gifted tongue, the impressive page,
And waked to life the grey Athenian sage.
In scenes like these that mighty mind he nursed,
Whose pious force o'er ruthless Verres burst,

Disclosed the cells of treason's midnight dome,
And saved from fate the menaced walls of Rome.
  Thy powerful spell Germanicus obeyed,
In Teutoburgium's horror-breathing shade,
Where deep in woods, that knew no genial day,
The slaughtered Varus and his legions lay.
The soldier saw, in wild disorder cast,
The bones of thousands bleaching in the blast,
Here closely piled, there scattered wide and far,
Even as they urged, or shunned, the waves of war.
The mouldering horse, his rider's bones beside,
Lay on the broken eagle's prostrate pride :
Shields, swords, and helms, in shattered heaps were spread,
The long rank fern waved lonely o'er the dead.
In pious silence sad, the warrior train
Paid the last honors to the unnumbered slain.
Unknowing each, to whose remains he gave
Their narrow portion of the general grave,
Foemen and friends in common earth they pressed,
While rage and pity glowed in every breast.
Hence the dread storm of Roman vengeance broke,
That bowed the treacherous German to the yoke :
O'er prostrate foes triumphant valor trod,
And gave sweet sleep to every hero's sod.
  Led by thy charms to nature's rural bower,
The youthful fancy feels thy plastic power.
Valchiusa's bard, by Sorga's mystic source,
Sought thy soft haunts, and owned thy tender force.
There, in his laurel's favorite shade reclined,
With love and thee he shared his captive mind.

There as he mourned, when death's cold dews enfurled
That transient flower, too lovely for the world,
Life to her form thy fond enchantment gave:
In pensive semblance by the wandering wave,
A sylvan nymph, light-gliding through the grove,
She breathed pure accents of celestial love.
  Thy witchery first, to Tasso's gifted eyes,
Bade knights, and maids, and wily sorcerers rise.
While thee he wooed, in pastoral shades retired,
And poured the lay thy pensive haunts inspired,
At once, his forest-cinctured seat around,
Mysterious music breathed a solemn sound:
The whispering air, the stream's melodious play,
The lute, the virgin's voice, the wild-bird's lay,
In one commingling strain around him flowed:
With flashing arms the echoing woodlands glowed:
Heroes and damsels scoured along the glade,
Love sighed, spears flew, spells frowned, in every shade:
Clorinda poured her softened soul in pain,
And false Armida knelt and wept in vain.
  Far from the scenes the wretched vulgar prize,
Thy cedar-groves, and cypress-bowers, arise.
Thrice happy he, who flies from public care,
At twilight-hour to court thy influence there!
In every mead, and grove, and upland dell,
Some silent walk, some solitary cell,
Where'er untutored nature blossoms free,
The lone enthusiast consecrates to thee.
Where nature is, thou art: her every scene,

Her every sound that wakes the woodlands green,
The lamb's soft cry, the night-bird's note divine,
The watch-dog's bark, the wild-bee's horn, are thine.
Thy potent spells with solemn mystery fill
The raging torrent and the murmuring rill,
With elfin whispers load the trembling trees,
And give a voice of music to the breeze.
Thine are the caves on Arvon's rocky shore,
Where ocean chafes with everlasting roar:
Thine the tumultuous rivers, wildly-whirled,
From Meirion's forest-mantled mountains hurled.
Oh beauteous Meirion! Cambria's mountain-pride!
Still memory sees thy eddying waters glide,
As when, embowered in sweet Festiniog's vale,
I shunned the storms that man's close haunts assail,
Lulled by the ceaseless dash of confluent streams
In fairy-fancies and Arcadian dreams.
O'er the blue deep thy mossy castles frown:
Thy mighty cataracts burst and thunder down:
The rock-set ash, with tortuous branches grey,
Veils the deep glen, and drinks the flying spray;
And druid oaks extend their solemn shades
O'er the fair forms of Britain's loveliest maids.
Thee, melancholy! oft I hailed alone,
On Moëlwyn's heights, and Idris' stormy throne,
While mists and clouds, contracted or unfurled,
Now closed from view, now half-revealed the world.
By the wild glens, where struggling Cynfael raves,
Or swift Velenrhyd breaks his echoing waves,

Sublime the task, in autumn's humid day,
To watch the impetuous torrents force their way,
High-swoln by rains, and chafing with the breeze,
Hurling the loosened stones, the uprooted trees,
With meteor-swiftness rushing from the steep,
To roll the mountain-havoc to the deep.
  More wildly sweet, nor less sublime, the scene,
When winter smiled in cloudless skies serene,
When winds were still, and ice enchained the soil,
O'er its white bed to see the cataract toil.
The sheeted foam, the falling stream beneath,
Clothed the high rocks with frost-work's wildest
    wreath :
Round their steep sides the arrested ooze had made
A vast, fantastic, crystal colonnade :
The scattering vapor, frozen ere it fell,
With mimic diamonds spangled all the dell,
Decked the grey woods with many a pendent gem,
And gave the oak its wintry diadem.
  Thee have I met, on Harlech's castled verge,
Soothed by the music of the plaintive surge,
When evening's vocal wind, in mournful sport,
Waved the dark verdure of the mouldering court,
While falling fragments shook the echoing tower,
And flitting forms forsook their twilight bower,
To bid the shades of Cambrian grandeur frown,
Of Edward's might, and Herbert's old renown.
  Thine is the mossy convent's crumbling pile,
The weed-choked tomb, the ivy-mantled aisle :
Thine every scene, that tells of splendor past :
Thine every tower, that totters to the blast.

Thee Marius knew, beside the lonely bay,
Where in black heaps extinguished Carthage lay.
Unknowing whither next to bend his tread,
Or where conceal his death-devoted head,
On those dark wrecks his tearless eye he turned :
That eye, where yet the imperial spirit burned ;
That eye, whose fire the trembling Gaul controlled,
And struck the uplifted dagger from his hold.
Oh ! had some genius, to instruct mankind,
Seized the swift thoughts that passed the exile's mind !
When mid those devastated walls he sate,
Revolved his own, and that fair city's fate,
Traced, with prophetic gaze, the emblemed doom
Of earth's proud mistress, and his tyrant, Rome,
And watched the sea-breeze wave its rustling wings
Round the green tombs of unremembered kings.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

PART II

O lacrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater
Felix, in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART

In art, as in nature, those pleasures, in which melancholy mingles, are more powerful, and more permanent, than those which have their origin in lighter sensations.

Painting, music, poetry, and romance, illustrate this proposition :

Painting : in the soft landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and the gloomy grandeur of Salvator Rosa.

Music :—the first natural music of all nations is exclusively melancholy. Hence that irresistible command over the passions, which it is said to have possessed in the infancy of society. Fabulous power of music, illustrated in the instance of Orpheus. Music on a mountain-lake in the evening-twilight : its effect on the mind of the traveller.

Poetry : in the favorite subjects of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto : particularly tragedy : as in the Electra of Sophocles, the Medea of Euripides, the Lear and Romeo and Juliet of Shakespear, the Zayre of Voltaire, and the Virginia of Alfieri. Extraordinary effect of the poetry of Euripides on the minds of the Syracusans.

Romance derives from melancholy its principal charm, which consists in dwelling on the sorrows of counteracted love. Episode of Rinaldo and Rosaura.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

Part II

Nor yet alone in nature's scenes sublime,
The wrecks of matter, and the wastes of time,
Thy spirit dwells diffused. Thy genial sway
The sister arts, a pensive train, obey.
Thine are the fairest forms the pencil wreathes :
The sweetest spell impassioned music breathes :
The tragic muse, in gorgeous trappings pale,
The feudal legend, and the love-lorn tale.
In Claude's soft touch thy tenderest magic reigns :
His evening-vallies, and his weed-twined fanes.
Salvator's hand thy darkest grandeur caught,
Traced the vast plan, and seized the daring thought,
Fixed in his den the living bandit's form,
Piled the black rock, and grasped the Alpine storm.
In music's earliest shell thy soul was felt,
When in rude caves primeval shepherds dwelt.
The plaintive pipe, attuned to pastoral love,
Soothed the stern genius of the uncultured grove.
Then mystic bards, from Vesta's sacred fire,
Caught thy pure spell, and strung the vocal lyre ;
Lulled with its infant charm the winds to sleep,
Tamed the wild herds, and stilled the stormy deep.

Armed with thy thrilling lyre's celestial might,
The Thracian bard subdued the powers of night.
Charmed as he sung, suspended Styx was calm :
The tortured ghosts inhaled unwonted balm :
The pale shades flitted from their caves of dread :
The serpents slumbered on Alecto's head :
In grim respose the dog of darkness lay,
And captured hell restored its beauteous prey.
Vain gift, by love's imprudent ardor crost !
Too dearly valued, and too lightly lost !

Thine are the lute's soft-warbled strains that wake
The twilight-echoes of the mountain-lake,
When silent nature drinks the plaintive lay,
When not a ripple strikes the pebbly bay,
When the reflected rock lies dark and still,
And the light larch scarce trembles on the hill.
The wanderer's feet, o'er foreign steeps that roam,
Pause at the strains that soothed his distant home :
Fond fancy hears, in every changeful swell,
The tender accents of the last farewell ;
Recalls, in every note, some wild-wood shade,
Some cherished friend, some long-remembered maid.

Can the fantastic jest, the antic mirth,
The laugh, that charms the grosser sons of earth,
A joy so true, so softly sweet, bestow,
As genius gathers from the springs of woe ?
How dwells the mind on Hector's funeral fire,
Marks the red blaze of Dido's distant pyre,
Hears from his grave the dead Patroclus call,
Or sees the last of Ilion's sovereigns fall !

Deep pity dwells, with fear-suspended breath,
On Pisa's tower, and Ugolino's death ;
With vain remorse sees wretched Tancred burn,
And twines the cypress round Zerbino's urn.
  Thalia's smile, the sportive mime's employ,
Yield the light heart a transitory joy :
But when revenge Electra's shrieks invoke ;
When fell Medea deals the murderous stroke ;
When houseless Lear holds commune with the storm ;
When Juliet falls on Romeo's faded form ;
When Zara's bosom bleeds 'twixt love and zeal,
While frantic Osman bares the glittering steel ;
When the stern sire, with maddening rage imprest,
Draws the red dagger from Virginia's breast,
And imprecates, in accents wildly dread,
Infernal vengeance on the tyrant's head ;
Who feels not then the pure ethereal sway
Of that sweet spell thy songs alone convey ?
  O'er Nicias slain when flapped the raven's wing,
And Athens mourned the year's extinguished spring ; *
When the sad remnant of her warrior-train
Delved the dark mine, and dragged the captive chain ;
They poured, to soothe their pestilential toil,
The tragic lays that charmed their native soil.

* "When the youth of a country, said Pericles, have perished in battle, and are lost to the state, it is, as if the spring were taken from the year."
Drummond's *Academical Questions*.

The savage conqueror paused, in pensive mood ;
Caught the sweet strain, and felt his soul subdued.
Man's common doom, the mighty griefs of kings,
Responsive struck on feeling's slumbering strings,
Rolled back the dungeon's iron doors, and gave
Life to the man, and freedom to the slave.
Oh ! when the grateful band, on festal day,
Hailed the blest bard who struck their chains away,
To grace his brow in deathless light they bore
A prouder crown than eastern despots wore.
  Thy voice romance in woodland-darkness hears,
Where mystery broods upon the spoils of years ;
Where midnight sprites round scenes of terror rave,
Udolpho's towers, or Julian's dreadful cave.
To thee she sings, her Runic cairn around,
Where the blue death-flame glows along the ground :
From thee she draws her myrtle's tenderest bloom,
That pity wreathes round love's untimely tomb.
  Where black rocks scowl, and many a tufted pine
Waves o'er the bleak and cloud-capped Apennine ;
Where bursts the cataract from primeval snows ;
The stately towers of Count Anselmo rose.
One only child was his : a peerless maid,
By many a youth with hopeless pain surveyed :
For young Rinaldo claimed her secret sigh,
Nor shunned the flame her father's watchful eye.
Their youthful passion's silken bonds he tore
With ruthless hand, and barred his iron door.
His weight of woe Rinaldo strove to bear,
And wandered wide, in heart-corroding care.

His minstrel lyre, across his shoulder flung,
With sweet accordance soothed the woes he sung.
Their course of grief twelve lingering months had
held,
When the sad youth, by bleeding hopes impelled,
Retraced his lonely steps, in pensive mood,
O'er outraged love's still-cherished haunts to brood.
He found the chapel decked, the altar drest,
To force Rosaura to a rival's breast.
His anguished mind, in wounded passion's flow,
Formed wild resolves, and pictured deeds of woe.
Bright shone the moon on old Anselmo's towers :
The bird of night complained in laurel bowers :
The inconstant clouds, by rising breezes driven,
Scoured, black and swift, along the midnight
heaven.
There, as beside the moat's dull wave he strayed,
His fond gaze rested on his long-loved maid,
Where sad she paced, on him alone intent,
Along the windy, moonlight battlement.
He saw her hair in lengthened tresses stream ;
Her tearful eye, dim-glistening in the beam :
Awhile he gazed : his inmost soul was moved :
He touched the lay, that most he knew she loved.
Oh ! while those thrilling strains around her
stole,
Can language paint the tumult of the soul,
That fixed in light the retrospective scene,
And wakened every bliss that once had been ?
Her ardent glance, quick-turned towards the note,
Where the pale moon-beams quivered on the moat,

Hailed the loved form, her constant thought's
employ,
And glowed at once with recognising joy.
Her white hand waved, in Cynthia's silver light,
The sign of welcome from the barrier-height :
Her soft voice chid his steps estranged so long ;
Condemned and mourned her tyrant father's
wrong ;
Told, how, allured by wealth's fallacious charms,
He doomed a lordly bridegroom to her arms ;
Yet rather far she wished with him to rove,
Share his hard meal, and bless his faithful love.
With rapturous hope he heard her accents fall.
Her gliding steps forsook the terraced wall :
She passed the postern-gate, the green-sward
pressed,
Sprang o'er the turf, and sunk upon his breast.
No steed was theirs, with steady swiftness strong,
To urge their flight the mountain-glens along.
Love lent them speed. The conscious moon alone
Beheld their path, and heard their genius moan.
Swift on the wind-swept crag their steps imprest
Winged the soft hours of man's oblivious rest.
The dripping morn rose dark, and wild, and cold :
The heavy clouds in denser volumes rolled :
The gathering blast pealed forth a voice of dread,
Tossed the light larch, and bent the cedar's head :
A wild response the echoing caverns gave :
The rain-swoln torrent rolled a yellower wave :
Far on the storm was borne the eagle's scream :
Still hope was theirs, and love's celestial beam.

High-poised in air, where mightier summits towered,
Where from his clouds the mountain-genius lowered,
A frozen mass of tempest-loosened snow
Shook to the blast, and menaced all below.
In silent awe they gazed : that only way
Through those deep glens and lonely dingles lay.
Safe seemed the path, beyond the turbid surge,
If once their steps might pass the dangerous verge,
Where o'er the chasm, immeasurably deep,
The rude pine-bridge was thrown from steep to steep.
Still, as they went, the frantic torrent swelled,
And louder gusts along the dingles yelled.
Like some prophetic spirit's mournful cry,
Pealed from the caves the echo's wild reply.
They pressed the bridge : at once the whirlwind's force
Hurled the vast ruin down its thundering course.
Even while the woods, with sudden tumult rent,
Announced the havoc of its first descent,
One speaking glance the sad farewell declared :
One last embrace the maddening moment shared :
Thus in the sanctuary of love enshrined,
In tenderest links inseparably twined,
Blest in one fate, they met the whelming shock,
That crushed the pine, and rent the eternal rock.
The raving stream, in wilder eddies swayed,
Engulphed the wreck the mighty impulse made :
And o'er the tomb of love, too soon o'erthrown,
The genius of the mountains frowned alone.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

PART III

Sensum à cœlesti demissum traximus arce,
. . . . . mutuus ut nos
Adfectus petere auxilium et præstare juberet.

JUVENALIS.

ANALYSIS OF THE THIRD PART

The sorrows of mutual love are mingled with a delightful sensation, far preferable to the cold tranquillity of the Stoic, the apathy of the hermit, and the selfish gratifications of the proud.

The charity, which seeks out and relieves affliction, familiarising itself with melancholy scenes, feels, in the contemplation, a glow of inward happiness, not to be appreciated by those, who make themselves strangers to the house of mourning. The widowed mother. The captive. The wanderer. Mungo Park relieved by the African peasant.

The retrospective attachment, which dwells on the memory of the dead, is mingled with a melancholy pleasure, unknown to those with whom the partiality of the hour effaces all former impressions. Feelings excited by revisiting scenes, and observing objects, which recall to us the intercourse of the friends whom we have loved and lost. Filial affection at the tomb of a parent. Tale of an eastern philosopher.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

Part III

Blest is the sigh, the answering sigh endears ;
And sweet the solace of commingling tears.
The Stoic frost, that locks their source, destroys
The purest spring of nature's tenderest joys.
The hermit cell, the spangled domes of pride,
Alike uncharmed, unsoftened by their tide,
Can yield no balm of that divine relief,
That flows in love's participated grief.
  Oh mutual love ! thou guardian power, bestowed
To smooth the toils of life's unequal road !
Thou ! whose pure rose preserves, in wintry gloom,
The unchanging sweetness of its vernal bloom,
Sheds richer fragrance on the winds that rave,
Shoots in the storm, and blossoms on the grave !
Thou ! whose true star, amid the tempest's night,
Streams through the clouds imperishable light,
More brightly burns, when wilder whirlwinds sweep,
And gilds the blackest horrors of the deep !
If e'er in woodland shade, by Cynfael's urn,
Thy altar saw my votive incense burn,
May thy propitious star, thy deathless flower,
Illume my path, and twine my rustic bower.

May that fair form, ah! now too far remote!
Whose glossy locks on ocean-breezes float;
That tender voice, whose rapture-breathing thrill,
Unheard so long, in fancy vibrates still;
That Parian hand, that draws, with artless fire,
The soul of music from her mountain-lyre;
Led by thy planet from the billowy shore,
Resume these groves, and never leave them more.
Then let the torrent rage, the meteor fly,
The storm-cloud blacken in December's sky!
Love's syren voice, and music's answering shell,
Shall cheer the simple genius of our cell:
The plaintive minstrel's legendary strain
One added charm of softest power shall gain,
When she, whose breast thy purest fount supplies,
Bids thy own songs, oh melancholy! rise.
The tear, that drops on undeserved distress,—
The pitying sigh, that ever breathes to bless,—
With mingling spell, the sweetest concords find,
That heaven can wake in man's ethereal mind.
See, in her cot, the widowed mother mourn
O'er blighted hopes, and famished babes forlorn:
See the low latchet rise, the door expand,
The Man of Ross extend his bounteous hand:
Mark the quick light the mother's eye that fires,
The smile her child's responsive cheek respires:
Hear the wild thanks, by grateful phrensy given,
That waft deep blessings to recording heaven.
Lo! on his bed of straw the captive pines,
Where through the creviced wall sad twilight shines.

Mid the pale gloom, where, chained in care, he sits,
Departed joy, a sullen spectre, flits,
His wasted hand with hopeless sorrow rears
The mournful record of his lingering years.
At once, the locks resound, the bars give way,
The opening door admits the distant day :
His dazzled eyes his guardian genius see :
He hears an angel speak, while Howard says, Be free !

See the grey wanderer, in the evening vale,
Shrink from the rain, and bend beneath the gale.
Hopeless he hears the kindred tempest roar
Round lordly pride's inhospitable door,
But hails with joy the taper's simple blaze,
That through the cottage-casement streams its rays.
There, by the social fire to warmth restored,
For him the housewife spreads her frugal board,
For him the good man's homely vintage flows,
Rich in those sweets that pity only knows.

Thus Park, alone mid Afric's swarthy sons,
Through barbarous realms where mighty Niger runs,
Outraged by kings, and plundered by the great,
Sunk at the sable peasant's pitying gate.
There female kindness brought her simple store,
And dropt soft balsam on the wounds he bore.
O'er him compassion waked her tenderest strain,
Who knew no mother to relieve his pain,
No wife, to watch the paths he used to roam,
Spread the wild fruits, and hail her wanderer home.

These are thy triumphs, sacred nymph of tears !
These the blest wreathes thy lonely myrtle rears !
The drooping leaves, round virtue's urn that spread,
The grateful thought, that sojourns with the dead,
Possess a nobler charm, a stronger tie,
Than all the world's unfeeling joys supply.
He knows them not, whose love's fantastic flower
Falls with the varying zephyr of the hour.
When the worn pilgrim turns to press the soil,
On which fond memory dwelt through all his toil,
How thrills his heart, while every breeze he hears
Recalls the playmates of his tender years !
The ivied tower, by sportive childhood climbed,
The fairy grove, by hope's first dream sublimed,
The laurel-shade, where love's young sigh was breathed,
The woodbine-bower, by mutual ardor wreathed,
The cataract-rocks, where lonely fancy roved,
The twilight-path confiding friendship loved,—
The thoughts, the tales, of parted times restore,
And wake the forms his eye must hail no more.
Sweet sorrow sings in every breeze that bends
The church-yard grass that shrouds his earliest friends,
And heaven looks down to bless the falling tear
Of filial duty on a parent's bier.
On Media's hills the evening sun was low :
The lake's wide surface flashed a golden glow ;
Where the still clouds their crimson glory gave
In full reflection from the trembling wave.

The little surge scarce murmured on the shore.
Far on the air Araxes rolled his roar.
The soft breeze waved the light acacia's bower,
And wafted fragrance from the citron flower.
His pensive path Abdallah chanced to take
Along the margin of that beauteous lake,
By science led o'er wildest hills to roam,
And cull their sweets to grace his studious home.
And well he deemed a day's long toil repaid,
If one young blossom he had ne'er surveyed,
Or unknown herb, his curious search might find.
Thus while he roamed, with contemplative mind,
The turning rock disclosed a wondrous scene :
A myrtle grove, in summer's loveliest green :
A blossomed lawn : an hermit cave beside :
A central tree, in solitary pride.
Even while he gazed on that strange plant, he felt,
As if amidst its leaves some genius dwelt,
Some musing spirit, whose diffusive power
Shed deeper awe on placid evening's hour.
Still, science-led, he pressed the lonely plain,
And stretched his hand the offering bough to gain.
Then first an urn, with recent flowerets dressed,
His gaze attracted, and his touch repressed :
On whose broad pedestal a tablet said :
Respect these branches, nor profane the dead.
Congealed he stood, in statue-like surprise,
Fixed on the plant his wonder-beaming eyes,
And heard the gale, that played its leaves around,
Wake, as it passed, a wild unearthly sound.

Thus while he paused, a footstep smote his ear :
He turned, and saw a grey-haired stranger near,
Whom years had bowed beneath their lengthened load :
Yet in his reverend features gently glowed
The deep, sublime tranquillity of soul,
That fate shakes not, nor time's supreme control.
He spoke, and mildly-sweet his accents fell,
Sweet as the wafted note of evening-bell,
Whose slow swing strikes the weary traveller's ear,
Awakes the thought of home, and tells of shelter near :
" Stranger ! the urn those solemn branches shade
Nursed that fair tree, now monarch of the glade.
Within its boughs a spirit dwells enshrined,
And sheds blest influence on the musing mind.
" In early youth I lost my hallowed sire :
I laid his body on the funeral pyre,
Placed in that urn the ashes of his clay,
And left them free to Mithra's holy ray.
The warm ray fell : the summer-dews came down :
The forest-verdure changed to russet brown :
The dry leaves dropped : the wintry tempest past.
When spring's mild gale dispelled the freezing blast,
That solemn plant, my ever-sacred trust,
Sprang from my heaven-loved parent's genial dust.
Not long that narrow urn its strength could rear :
I raised it from its bed, and fixed it here.
Sweet was the task to watch its spreading stem,
And every infant bud's expanding gem.

"O stranger! oft, beneath its shade reclined,
I hear my father, on the evening wind,
Breathe, in pure accents of celestial truth,
The sacred lore that trained my tender youth.
Soon by his urn shall my old bones be laid,
And sweetly sleep in his protecting shade."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

PART IV

ω παι, τελος μεν Ζευς εχει βαρυκτυπος
παντων ὁσ' εστι.

Σιμωνιδης.

ANALYSIS OF THE FOURTH PART

The beneficial effects, resulting from the perpetual mutability of things to moral and physical nature, demonstrate the wisdom and the necessity of its existence. The Sybarite and the mountaineer contrasted. Virtue, genius, and courage, shine with additional splendor through darkness and adversity. Virtue: exemplified in Thrasea: Genius: in Orpheus, Dante, and Ariosto: Courage: in Scipio and Odin. The energy and sublimity of character, which distinguished the latter, and the votaries of his wild mythology, ought still more to distinguish those, who have truth and science for their guides. Conclusion.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

Part IV

When the brief joys fallacious fortune gave
Have passed, like foam from ocean's crested wave;
When friends are false, and love's pale lips repose
In the last home the earthly wanderer knows;
The vernal sunshine, and the opening flower,
Diffuse no smile around the mourner's bower.
Cheerless to him the flower that blooms to fade,
And sad the radiance clouds so soon must shade.
Yet shall the hand of time assuage his pain,
And changeful nature charm his soul again.
Divine the law, that gives our earthly state
Its shifting seasons, and its varying fate.
Spring, never broken by the storm's control,
Had thrown Lethean torpor on the soul.
See the soft youth, in pleasure's bower reclined,
Shrink from the breath of autumn's evening wind:
Mark, where yon rocks the tempest dimly shrouds,
The mountain-hunter bounding through the clouds.
The enlightened breast, with native virtue warm,
Glows in the toil of fortune's wildest storm.
The eye, that views, in wisdom's guiding light,
The feeble tenure of terrestrial might,

Learns, undismayed, the tyrant's brow to scan,
And rise victorious o'er the power of man ;
As Thrasea smiled, expiring in his grove,
And poured libations to delivering Jove.
  From deepest night creative genius brings
The brightest flow of her exhaustless springs.
So Orpheus rose, with heaven-illumined mind,
To teach the arts of life, and form mankind.
When Europe sunk in barbarous darkness lay ;
When outraged science streamed no genial ray ;
While murder fired her sacrilegious pile,
And phrensy brooded in the cloistered aisle ;
Like light from chaos Alighieri sprung :
And Leo lived, and Ariosto sung.
  More firm in danger, courage stands unfurled,
A beacon-tower, to guide and awe the world.
Thus youthful Scipio raised his patriot shield,
When Rome's pale genius wept on Cannæ's field,
Stood like a rock, his native walls to save,
And rolled away the madly-threatening wave.
  When Pompey's arms, on Asia's vanquished strand,
Forced many a prince to yield his parent land,
Dark Odin drew his chosen warriors forth,
And bade them follow to the distant north.
O'er its vast course, unconquerably strong,
The rapid flame of battle blazed along,
Rushed o'er the hill, and swept across the plain,
While barbarous nations stemmed its rage in vain :
Even as the lightning-brand, from sounding skies,
With sudden impulse bursts, and strikes, and flies,

But leaves the dreadful vestige of its shock
Impressed for ever on the blasted rock.
Then, in the shade of victory's waving wings,
He rolled his wheels o'er Scandinavian kings.
When flying years had crowned his toil sublime,
And spread his sway o'er all the northern clime,
By the grey hills, where ancient Torneo roars,
He called his chiefs from all his subject shores :
There to his breast nine circling wounds he gave,
And sung, while swiftly flowed the crimson wave :
"Beyond that snow-capped mountain's utmost ridge,
Where the firm rain-bow throws its radiant bridge,
O'er high Valhalla's dome my standard flies,
And Asgard's hundred gates and towers arise.
There, at his post, Heimdaller sits to hear
My sounding tread salute his watchful ear.
There Thor, the thunderer, throws his distant gaze,
And mourns, that still his absent sire delays.
Even now I hear the portal-gates unfurled,
To hail their king returning from the world.
There the twelve sisters, rulers of the fight,
Pour forth the mead, that flows in sparkling light :
That mead, which every hero's soul shall cheer,
Who loves the din of danger's wild career,
Burns through the field, a glory-beaming star,
And falls, the victim of his country's war.
But woe to him, whose trembling spirits shrink
To tempt the strife on terror's dizziest brink :
Him shall avenging Hilda hurl in pain
To endless frost, and Nilflhil's dire domain.

The brave, the brave, my glorious feast shall share,
And drown in joy all trace of earthly care,
Till the wild trump, from Bifrost's echoing arch,
Rings to the tread of Surtur's fiery march :
That signal-blast shall every warrior hear,
Brace his tried shield, and grasp his ancient spear ;
Breathe loud defiance through his clarion's mouth,
And meet with me the dæmons of the south."
  The wondrous tale his eager chiefs received,
And subject nations listened, and believed.
Then grew the soul, that joyed in coming strife,
Reckless of fate, and prodigal of life.
And when, in peace and luxury enchained,
The splendid name of Rome alone remained,
At once, from all their hills, with tempest-frown,
The countless hosts of Odin's sons came down,
A wasting torrent, on her fruitful plains :
As from the mountain's head, when vernal rains
Dissolve the snow, and roll the turbid rills
Along the hundred channels of the hills,
Through the deep glen the mingling waters pour,
Send to the shepherd's ear a dreadful roar,
Then through the vale in one vast deluge flow,
Involving, whirling, spoiling, as they go.
  Long have the moss, the mildew, and the rain,
Worn the grey lines on Odin's Runic fane :
Yet there the brave may read, with hopes elate,
'Twas valor, rising in the storms of fate,
Whose dauntless thought the mighty source supplied,
Which rolled that flood on Rome's imperial pride.

And shall the savage faith, by phrensy taught,
Nerve the wild spirit with all-conquering thought,
While polished man, by sacred science led,
Shrinks in the blast, and bends his weary head?
No! let the mind, that pious truth inspires,
The mind, that wisdom wakes, that feeling fires,
Soar, on the wings of that ethereal flame,
By nature kindled in its infant frame,
To elemental light's all-circling sphere,
Triumphant o'er the ills that wound it here.
Oh mourner! learn thy transient griefs to bear:
For heaven is wronged, when virtue feels despair.
Check not the tear, along thy cheek that steals:
But let thy heart endure the woes it feels.
Fortune and fate may give, and may resume:
Yet love's lost treasure sleeps not in the tomb.
No more with earth-directed eyes complain:
But bow to him whose mercy sends thee pain.
Hark! in his cave the Thracian minstrel sings,
And Hebrus listens as he sweeps the strings:
"From him all beings wake, in him they rest,
The first, the last, the wisest, and the best.
From him the sounding streams of fire are given,
The firm-set earth, the planet-spangled heaven,
The ambient air, the billowy ocean's might.
One power, one spirit, one empyreal light,
He rules and circumscribes this mundane ball,
Combines, dissolves, restores, arranges, all.
His voice from chaos, in the birth of time,
Drew beauty, order, harmony sublime;

When love, primeval night's refulgent child,
Sprang forth in circling flight, and gazed, and smiled,
And o'er the spheres, new-rolled from nature's strife,
Shook from his golden wings the ambrosial dews of life."

NOTES

ON

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY

PART I

Page 190.

Ah ! rather yet, while youth's warm sunshine glows,
Crown the full bowl, and crop the breathing rose,
In dance and song the rapid hours employ,
Nor lose one smile of life's too transient joy !

This is the favorite argument of the Epicurean poets. Anacreon, Horace, and Menzini, have given it a thousand exquisite turns : but it has never been expressed with more grace and vivacity, than by Redi, in the opening of his incomparable dithyrambic.

Se dell' uve il sangue amabile
Non rinfranca ognor le vene,
Questa vita è troppo labile,
Troppo breve, e sempre in pene,
Sì bel sangue è un raggio acceso
Di quel sol che in ciel vedete,
E rimase avvinto e preso
Di più grappoli alla rete.
Su su dunque in questo sangue
Rinnoviam l' arterie e i musculi ;
E per chi s'invecchia e langue
Prepariam vetri majusculi :
Ed in festa baldanzosa,
Tra gli scherzi, e tra le risa,

Lasciam pur, lasciam passare
Lui che in numeri e in misure
Si ravvolge e si consuma,
E quaggiù Tempo si chiama :
E bevendo, e ribevendo,
I pensier mandiamo in bando.

I may, perhaps, gratify the English reader, by subjoining a translation of this passage.

If the grape's celestial blood
Restore not every hour the veins,
This life rolls on, a turbid flood,
A fleeting tide of tears and pains.
This purple blood was once a ray
Of yon refulgent orb of day,
Drawn by the grape's bright-clustering snare,
And captured, and concentered there.
Then with this liquid solar beam
Replenish we our vital stream,
And for the oldest, feeblest soul
Prepare the most capacious bowl :
And while in sport and festal song
We roll the autumnal hours along,
Heed we not that foe of pleasures,
Foe of all things fair and blooming,
Who, in numbers and in measures,
Self-revolving, self-consuming,
Sounding one eternal chime,
Is called by careful mortals Time :
Nor let one thought our bliss deform
Of evening-cloud and wintry storm.

Page 191.

Thy mountain-fane the Bactrian prophet sought.

Selon les livres des Parses, Zoroastre a consulté Ormuzd sur les montagnes, et l'on assuroit du tems de Dion Chrysostome, que par un principe d'amour pour la sagesse et pour la justice, ce législateur s'étoit

éloigné du commerce des hommes, et avoit vécu seul dans une montagne.

Vie de Zoroastre, par M. Anquetil du Perron.

Page 191. *The secret stone where Archimedes slept.*
See the *Tusculan Disputations.*

Page 191.

Recalled the gifted tongue, the impressive page,
And waked to life the grey Athenian sage.

The difference between the effect of a perception and an idea, in awakening associated thoughts and feelings, is finely described in the introduction to the fifth book *De finibus.*

We agreed, says Cicero, that we should take our afternoon's walk in the academy, as at that time of the day it was a place where there was no resort of company. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, we went to Piso's.—We passed the time in conversing on different matters during our short walk from the double gate, till we came to the academy, that justly celebrated spot; which, as we wished, we found a perfect solitude. "I know not," said Piso, "whether it be a natural feeling, or an illusion of the imagination founded on habit, that we are more powerfully affected by the sight of those places which have been much frequented by illustrious men, than when we either listen to the recital, or read the detail, of their actions. At this moment, I feel strongly that emotion which I speak of. I see before me the perfect form of Plato, which was wont to dispute in this place: these gardens not only recall him to my memory, but present his very form to my senses. I fancy to myself, that here stood Speusippus, there Xenocrates; and here, on this bench, sat his disciple Polemo. To me, our ancient senate-house seems peopled with the like visionary forms: for often when I enter it, the shades of Scipio,

of Cato, and of Lælius, and, in particular, of my venerable grandfather, rise to my imagination. In short, such is the effect of local situation in recalling associated ideas to the mind, that it is not without reason, some philosophers have founded on this principle a species of artificial memory."

Stewart's *Philosophy of the Mind.*

Yet the modern Athenians "walk with supine indifference among the glorious ruins of antiquity: and it would not be easy, in the country of Plato and Demosthenes, to find a reader, or a copy, of their works." See the sixty-second chapter of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Page 192.

Thy powerful spell Germanicus obeyed,
In Teutoburgium's horror-breathing shade.

Haud procul Teutoburgiensi saltu, in quo reliquiæ Vari legionumque insepultæ dicebantur. Igitur cupido Cæsarem invadit solvendi suprema militibus, ducique; permoto ad miserationem omni, qui aderat, exercitu, ob propinquos, amicos, denique ob casus bellorum, et sortem hominum. Præmisso Cæcina, ut occulta saltuum scrutaretur, pontesque et aggeres humido paludum et fallacibus campis imponeret, incedunt mœstos locos, visuque ac memoria deformes. Prima Vari castra, lato ambitu, et dimensis principiis, trium legionum manus ostentabant: dein semiruto vallo, humili fossa, accisæ jam reliquiæ consedisse intelligebantur: medio campi albentia ossa, ut fugerant, ut restiterant, disjecta vel aggerata: adjacebant fragmina telorum, equorumque artus, simul truncis arborum antefixa ora: lucis propinquis barbaræ aræ, apud quas tribunos, ac primorum ordinum centuriones mactaverant: et cladis ejus superstites, pugnam aut vincula elapsi, referebant: "Hic cecidisse legatos; illic raptas aquilas; primum ubi vulnus Varo adactum; ubi

infelici dextra, et suo ictu mortem invenerit; quo tribunali concionatus Arminius; quot patibula captivis, quæ scrobes; utque signis et aquilis per superbiam inluserit." Igitur Romanus qui aderat exercitus, sextum post cladis annum, trium legionum ossa, nullo noscente alienas reliquias an suorum humo tegeret, omnes ut conjunctos, ut consanguineos, aucta in hostem ira, mœsti simul et infensi condebant. Primum exstruendo tumulo cespitem Cæsar posuit, gratissimo munere in defunctos, et præsentibus doloris socius.

Tacitus.

The Romans were now at a small distance from the forest of Teutoburgium, where the bones of Varus and his legions were said to be still unburied. Touched by this affecting circumstance, Germanicus resolved to pay the last human office to the relics of that unfortunate commander and his slaughtered soldiers. The same tender sentiment diffused itself through the army: some felt the touch of nature for their relations, others for their friends; and all lamented the disasters of war, and the wretched lot of human kind. Cæcina was sent forward to explore the woods; where the waters were out, to throw over bridges, and by heaping loads of earth on the swampy soil, to secure a solid footing. The army marched through a gloomy solitude. The place presented an awful spectacle, and the memory of a tragic event increased the horror of the scene. The first camp of Varus appeared in view. The extent of the ground, and the three different inclosures for the eagles still distinctly seen, left no doubt but the whole was the work of the three legions. Farther on were traced the ruins of a rampart, and the hollow of a ditch well nigh filled up. This was supposed to be the spot, where the few who escaped the general massacre made their last effort, and perished in the attempt. The plains around were white with bones, in some places thinly scattered, in others lying in heaps, as the men happened to fall in flight, or in a body

resisted to the last. Fragments of javelins, and the limbs of horses, lay scattered about the field. Human sculls were seen upon the trunks of trees. In the adjacent woods stood the savage altars, where the tribunes and principal centurions were offered up a sacrifice with barbarous rites. Some of the soldiers who survived that dreadful day, and afterwards broke their chains, related circumstantially several particulars. "Here the commanders of the legions were put to the sword: on that spot the eagles were seized. There Varus received his first wound: and this the place where he gave himself the mortal stab, and died by his own sword. Yonder mound was the tribunal from which Arminius harangued his countrymen; here he fixed his gibbets; there he dug the funeral trenches; and in that quarter he offered every mark of scorn and insolence to the colors and the Roman eagles." Six years had elapsed since the overthrow of Varus; and now, on the same spot, the Roman army collected the bones of their slaughtered countrymen. Whether they were burying the remains of strangers, or of their own friends, no man knew; all however considered themselves as performing the last obsequies to their kindred and brother soldiers. While employed in this pious office, their hearts were torn with contending passions, by turns oppressed with grief, and burning for revenge. A monument to the memory of the dead was raised with turf: Germanicus with his own hand laid the first sod; discharging at once the tribute due to the legions, and sympathising with the rest of the army.

Murphy.

Page 193.

That transient flower, too lovely for the world.

Questa aspettata al regno degli Dei
Cosa bella mortal passa e non dura.
Petrarca: S. ccx. *in Vita di M. L.*

Page 193.

Life to her form thy fond enchantment gave.
In pensive semblance by the wandering wave,
A sylvan nymph, light-gliding through the grove,
She breathed pure accents of celestial love.

See the sonnets of Petrarch *in Morte di M. Laura*, particularly the thirteenth :

Quante fiate al mio dolce ricetto
Fuggendo altrui, e se esser può me stesso,
Vo con gli occhi bagnando l' erba e il petto,
Rompendo co i sospir l' aere dappresso :
Quante fiate sol pien di sospetto
Per luoghi ombrosi e foschi mi son messo,
Cercando col pensier l' alto diletto,
Che morte ha tolto, onde io la chiamo spesso :
Or in forma di ninfa o d' altra diva,
Che del più chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a sedere in su la riva ;
Or l' ho veduta su per l' erba fresca
Calcare i fior come una donna viva,
Mostrando in vista che di me le incresca.

Page 193.

The whispering air, the stream's melodious play,
The lute, the virgin's voice, the wild-bird's lay,
In one commingling strain around him flowed.

Passa più oltre, ed ode un suono intanto,
Che dolcissimamente si diffonde.
Vi sente d'un ruscello il roco pianto,
E il sospirar dell' aura infra le fronde ;
E di musico cigno il flebil canto,
E l' usignuol, che plora, e gli risponde ;
Organi, e cetre, e voci umane in rime :
Tanti e sì fatti suoni un suono esprime.

Tasso : *G.L.* xviii. 18.

Page 194.

O'er the fair forms of Britain's loveliest maids.

The Welch have a very pleasing ballad, *Morwynnion glân Meirionnydd*, which assigns, with strict poetical justice, the palm of female loveliness to the young ladies of that most picturesque and beautiful county.

Page 195.

High swoln by rains, and chafing with the breeze,
Hurling the loosened stones, the uprooted trees.

Ὡς δ'ὁποτε πληθων ποταμος πεδιονδε κατεισι,
Χειμαῤῥους κατ' ορεσφιν, οπαζομενος Διος ομβρῳ,
Πολλας δε δρυς αξαλεας, πολλας δε τε πευκας
Εσφερεται, πολλον δε τ' αφυσγετον εις ἁλα βαλλει.
Ὁμηρος.

Page 195.

Thee have I met, on Harlech's castled verge.

In journeying from Llanvair to the Traeth Mawr, our crusaders must have passed either through or very near the town of Harlech, and as it remains unnoticed by Giraldus, I should imagine that no fortress of any consequence existed there at the period of Baldwin's progress through Wales. Mr. Pennant says, "That an ancient fortress at this place bore the name of Twr Bronwen, from Bronwen, or the White Necked, sister to Bran ap Llyr, King of Britain. In after times it got the name of Caer Collwyn, from Collwyn ap Tango, who lived there in the time of Prince Anarawd, about the year 877, and was lord of Efionydd, Ardudwy, and part of Llyn. He resided some time in a square tower of the ancient fortress, whose remains are very apparent, as are part of the old walls, which the more modern, in certain places, are seen to rest upon." Its present name of Harddlech, or Harlech, is derived from hardd, towering or bold, and llech, a rock, and is truly applicable to its situation. The present stately castle, seated

on a high and bold projecting rock, is supposed to owe its foundation to the same royal hand that erected the magnificent fortresses of Conwy, Caernarvon, and Beaumaris.

In the year 1283, Hugh de Wlonkeslow received the annual salary of one hundred pounds, as constable of the castle. When England was embroiled in the civil wars, David ap Ievan, ap Eineon, a British nobleman, who sided with the House of Lancaster, defended this castle stoutly against Edward the Fourth, until William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, forcing his way, with incredible difficulty, through the British Alps, attacked it with so much vigor, that it was surrendered into his hands. The rugged track by which his army marched to the siege, is said to have retained the name of Lhe Herbert, or Herbert's way.

Hoare's *Giraldus Cambrensis.*

Page 196.

Thee Marius knew, beside the lonely bay,
Where in black heaps extinguished Carthage lay.

Marius, upon his expulsion from Rome, retired to his own villa at Salonium ; and, being unprovided for a longer flight, sent his son to the farm of one Mutius, a friend in the neighbourhood, to procure what might be necessary for a voyage by sea. The young man was discovered at this place, and narrowly escaped, in a waggon loaded with straw, which, the better to deceive his pursuers, was ordered to take the road to Rome. The father fled to Ostia, and there embarked on board a vessel which was provided for him by Numerius, who had been one of his partizans in the late troubles. Having put to sea, he was forced by stress of weather to Circeii, there landed in want of every necessary, and made himself known to some herdsmen, of whom he implored relief. Being informed of the parties that were abroad in pursuit of him, he concealed himself in a neighbouring wood. Next day, as he was within a few miles of the town of Minturnæ, he was alarmed

at the sight of some horsemen, ran with all the speed he could make to the shore, and, with much difficulty, got on board of a boat which was passing. The persons, with whom he thus took refuge, resisted the threats and importunities of the pursuers, to have him delivered up to them, or thrown into the sea; but having rowed him to a supposed place of safety, at the mouth of the Liris, they put him on shore, and left him to his fate. Here he first took refuge in a cottage, afterwards under a hollow bank of the river, and, last of all, on hearing the tread of horsemen, who still pursued him, he plunged himself to the chin in the marsh; but, though concealed by the reeds and the depth of the water, he was discovered, and dragged from thence all covered with mud. He was carried to Minturnæ, and doomed by the magistrates of the place to suffer the execution of the sentence, which had been denounced against himself and his partizans at Rome. He was, however, by some connivance, allowed to escape from hence, again put to sea, and, at the island Ænaria, joined some associates of his flight. Being afterwards obliged to land in Sicily for a supply of water, and being known, he narrowly escaped with the loss of some of the crew that navigated his vessel. From thence he arrived on the coast of Africa; but being forbid the province by the Prætor Sextilius, continued to shift his abode among the islands or places of retirement on the coast.

Marius was in his seventieth year, when he made this attempt to overturn the Roman republic by means of popular tumults, and when he strove to obtain the command of an army in the busiest and most arduous service which the Roman empire had then to offer. Being forced, by his miscarriage in this attempt, into the state of an outlaw, he still amused the world with adventures and escapes, which historians record with the embellishments of a picturesque, and even romantic, description. A Gaulish or German soldier, who was

employed at Minturnæ to put him to death, overawed by his aspect, recoiled from the task; and the people of the place, as if moved by the miracle, concurred in aiding his escape. The presence of such an exile on the ground where Carthage had stood, was supposed to increase the majesty and the melancholy of the scene. "Go," he said to the Lictor, who brought him the orders of the Prætor to depart, "tell him that you have seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

Ferguson's *Roman Republic.*

PART II

Page 200.

The pale shades flitted from their caves of dread.

At, cantu conmotæ, Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbræ ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum.

. . . . . .

Quin ipsæ stupuere domus atque intima Leti
Tartara, cæruleosque inplexæ crinibus anguis
Eumenides; tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora.

Virgilius.

Page 200.

The tender accents of the last farewell.

. . . . intenerisce il core
Lo dì che han detto ai dolci amici, addio.

Dante: *Purgatorio*, viii. *Pr.*

Page 201.

O'er Nicias slain when flapped the raven's wing.

See, in Dr. Gillies's *Ancient Greece*, the narrative of the disastrous expedition of the Athenians against Sicily.

Page 201.

When the sad remnant of her warrior train
Delved the dark mine, and dragged the captive chain,
They poured, to soothe their pestilential toil,
The tragic songs that charmed their native soil.
The savage conqueror paused, in pensive mood ;
Caught the sweet strain, and felt his soul subdued.

Nicias had little to expect from the humanity of a proud and victorious Spartan ; but Demosthenes might naturally flatter himself with the hope of justice. He urged with energy, but urged in vain, the observance of the capitulation, which had been ratified with due forms, on the faith of which he had surrendered himself and the troops entrusted to his command. The public prisoners, conducted successively to Syracuse, and exceeding together the number of seven thousand, were treated with the same inhuman cruelty. They were universally condemned to labor in the mines and quarries of Sicily : their whole sustenance was bread and water : they suffered alternately the ardors of a scorching sun, and the chilling damps of autumn. For seventy days and nights they languished in this dreadful captivity, during which the diseases incident to their manner of life were rendered infectious by the stench of the dead bodies, which corrupted the purity of the surrounding air. At length, an eternal separation was made between those who should enjoy the happier lot of being sold as slaves into distant lands, and those who should for ever be confined to their terrible dungeons. The Athenians, with such Italians and Sicilians as had unnaturally embraced their cause, were reserved for the latter doom. Their generals Nicias and Demosthenes had not lived to behold this melancholy hour. Gylippus would have spared their lives, not from any motives of humanity or esteem, but that his joyous return to Sparta might have been graced by their presence. But the resentment of the Syracusans, the fears of the Corinthians, above all,

the suspicious jealousy of those perfidious traitors who had maintained a secret correspondence with Nicias, which they dreaded lest the accidents of his future life might discover, loudly demanded the immediate execution of the captive generals. The Athenians of those times justly regretted the loss of Demosthenes, a gallant and enterprising commander; but posterity will for ever lament the fate of Nicias, the most pious, the most virtuous, and the most unfortunate man of the age in which he lived.

Amidst this dark and dreadful scene of cruelty and revenge, we must not omit to mention one singular example of humanity, which broke forth like a meteor in the gloom of a nocturnal tempest. The Syracusans, who could punish their helpless captives with such unrelenting severity, had often melted into tears at the affecting strains of Euripides, an Athenian poet, who had learned in the Socratic school to adorn the lessons of philosophy with the charms of fancy, and who was regarded by the taste of his contemporaries, as he still is by many competent and impartial judges, as the most tender and pathetic, the most philosophical and instructive, of all tragic writers. The pleasure, which the Syracusans had derived from his inimitable poetry, made them long to hear it rehearsed by the flexible voices and harmonious pronunciation of the Athenians, so unlike, and so superior, to the rudeness and asperity of their own Doric dialect. They desired their captives to repeat the plaintive scenes of their favorite bard. The captives obeyed, and affecting to represent the woes of ancient kings and heroes, they too faithfully expressed their own. Their taste and sensibility endeared them to the Syracusans, who released their bonds, received them with kindness into their families, and after treating them with all the honorable distinctions of ancient hospitality, restored them to their longing and afflicted country, as a small but precious wreck of the most formidable armament

that had ever sailed from a Grecian harbour. At their return to Athens, they walked in solemn procession to the house of Euripides, whom they gratefully hailed as their deliverer from slavery and death : an acknowledgment, infinitely more honorable than all the crowns and splendor that ever surrounded the person, and even than all the altars and temples that ever adorned the memory, of a poet. Gillies's *Ancient Greece.*

Page 202.

Julian's dreadful cave.

See the romance of *The Three Brothers.*

Page 202.

To thee she sings, her Runic cairn around,
Where the blue death-flame glows along the ground.

Odin was supposed to guard the monuments of the dead from sacrilege, by certain sacred and wandering fires which played around them.

Northern Antiquities.

PART III

Page 209.

And sweet the solace of commingling tears.

Quale havvi affetto, che pareggi, o vinca,
Quel dolce fremer di pietà, . . .
. . . che più nomar non lascia
Infelici color, che al comun duolo
Porgon sollievo di comune pianto ?

Alfieri.

Page 209.

Thou ! whose pure rose preserves, in wintry gloom,
The unchanging sweetness of its vernal bloom !

Anacreon calls the rose *the flower of love*, Ερωτος ανθος.

Το δε και χρονον βιαται·
Χαριεν ῥοδων δε γηρας
Νεοτητος εσχεν οδμην.

Page 212.

The thoughts, the tales, of parted times restore.

That one thought is suggested to the mind by another, and that the sight of an external object often recalls former occurrences, and revives former feelings, are facts perfectly familiar, even to those who are least disposed to speculate concerning the principles of their nature. In passing along a road which we have formerly travelled in the company of a friend, the particulars of the conversation in which we were then engaged are frequently suggested to us by the objects we meet with. In such a scene we recollect that such a particular subject was started; and in passing the different houses, and plantations, and rivers, the arguments we were discussing when we last saw them recur spontaneously to the memory. . . . After time has in some degree reconciled us to the death of a friend, how wonderfully are we affected the first time we enter the house where he lived! Every thing we see, the apartment where he studied, the chair upon which he sate, recall to us the happiness we enjoyed together; and we should feel it a sort of violation of that respect which we owe to his memory, to engage in any light or indifferent discourse, when such objects are before us. Stewart's *Philosophy of the Mind.*

Page 214.

Sweet as the wafted note of evening bell,
Whose slow swing strikes the weary traveller's ear.

. . . lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore.
Dante: *Purgatorio*, viii. *Pr.*

Page 214.

That solemn plant, my ever sacred trust,
Sprang from my heaven-loved parent's genial dust.

. . . les feux du soleil commençoient à embraser

l'horison : l'inconnu, appercevant un arbre isolé, proposa à Orondal de s'arrêter un moment sous son ombrage.—Cette idée m'enchante, dit le vieillard : cet arbre m'est cher, plus que tu ne penses : c'est mon pere.—Votre pere !—Jeune homme, écoute-moi. Je n'ai point cru outrager la nature, en faisant servir la cendre d'un pere à la génération des êtres : j'osai l'exposer au soleil, renfermée dans son urne, et couverte d'un crystal léger, qui, sans s'opposer au contact de l'air, arrêtoit les graines étrangeres qui auroient pu végéter sur sa surface : tous les jours j'arrosai cette cendre précieuse avec de l'eau, portée par l'alembic à son dernier degré de pureté : enfin, les principes de vie que l'urne renfermoit se développèrent, et je vis naître une plante que la botanique ne rangeroit dans aucune de ses classes. Cette plante périt, et eut une postérité, dont la cendre augmenta le volume du limon générateur : au bout d'un certain nombre d'années, les principes de vie acquirent plus d'activité : la plante devint arbuste : et aujourd'hui c'est un arbre qui le dispute en hauteur aux plus beaux cèdres de ces déserts. *Philosophie de la Nature.*

PART IV

Page 219.

The vernal sunshine, and the opening flower,
Diffuse no smile around the mourner's bower.

See the man, who is informed of some severe and unexpected misfortune, who is deprived of a wife whom he loves, or of a child whom paternal affection had made the object of the fondest wishes. In an instant, his ideas take a new course. The world around him is overspread with gloom. Every thing lends itself to his grief. The cheerful sunshine, which soon may pass away, brings a mournful recollection

to his soul; and he sighs, in contemplating the bloom of youth, which has lately flourished, and which must shortly fade. For him there is no joy in scenes of festivity and mirth; no allurement in the attractions of society; and no interest in the pursuits of ambition. He hears not the voice of consolation: he indulges and encourages his sorrow. It is not, until some sentiment, secretly approved, has whispered to him, that he may yet find solace in the pleasures of the world, that he discovers grief to be unavailing, and solitude to be irksome: he yields to the impulse of sentiment, and vaunts the exercise of reason.

Drummond's *Academical Questions.*

Page 220.

As Thrasea smiled, expiring in his grove,
And poured libations to delivering Jove.

Thrasea was a stoic philosopher, condemned by Nero for his inflexible virtue. When his veins were opened, he sprinkled the blood on the ground, as a libation to Liberating Jupiter. *Libemus, inquit, Jovi Liberatori.*

Page 220.

So Orpheus rose, with heaven-illumined mind,
To teach the arts of life, and form mankind.

Silvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus.

Horatius.

Page 220.

Thus youthful Scipio raised his patriot shield,
When Rome's pale genius wept on Cannæ's field.

After the fatal battle of Cannæ, when the noblest of the Romans meditated to forsake their country, and offer their services to some foreign king, Scipio rushed, with a few followers, into the council, which was held with this design; and drawing his sword in the assembly, declared, that he would neither desert the republic, nor suffer any other citizen to desert it;

and that whosoever should refuse to swear implicit conformity to this patriotic resolution, might know that against him that sword was drawn. *Ex mei animi sententia, inquit, ut ego rempublicam populi Romani non deseram, neque alium civem Romanum deserere patiar. Si sciens fallo, tum me, Jupiter optime maxime, domum, familiam, remque meam, pessimo leto adficias. In hæc verba, L. Cæcili, jures postulo, ceterique, qui adestis: qui non juraverit, in se hunc gladium strictum esse sciat.* The oath was unanimously taken, and the republic was preserved by Scipio in its most dreadful extremity.

Page 220.

When Pompey's arms, on Asia's vanquished strand,
Forced many a prince to yield his parent land,
Dark Odin drew his chosen warriors forth.

Till the end of the eleventh century, a celebrated temple subsisted at Upsal, the most considerable town of the Swedes and Goths. It was enriched with the gold which the Scandinavians had acquired in their piratical adventures, and sanctified by the uncouth representations of the three principal deities, the god of war, the goddess of generation, and the god of thunder. In the general festival, that was solemnized every ninth year, nine animals of every species (without excepting the human) were sacrificed, and their bleeding bodies suspended in the sacred grove, adjacent to the temple. The only traces that now subsist of this barbaric superstition are contained in the *Edda*, a system of mythology, compiled in Iceland about the thirteenth century, and studied by the learned of Denmark and Sweden, as the most valuable remains of their ancient traditions.

Notwithstanding the mysterious obscurity of the *Edda*, we can easily distinguish two persons confounded under the name of Odin, the god of war, and the great legislator of Scandinavia. The latter, the Mahomet

of the north, instituted a religion adapted to the climate, and to the people. Numerous tribes on either side of the Baltic were subdued by the invincible valor of Odin, by his persuasive eloquence, and by the fame, which he acquired, of a most skilful magician. The faith that he had propagated, during a long and prosperous life, he confirmed by a voluntary death. Apprehensive of the ignominious approach of disease and infirmity, he resolved to expire as became a warrior. In a solemn assembly of the Swedes and Goths, he wounded himself in nine mortal places, hastening away (as he asserted with his dying voice) to prepare the feast of heroes in the palace of the god of war. The native and proper habitation of Odin is distinguished by the appellation of Asgard. The happy resemblance of that name with As-burg, or As-of, words of a similar signification, has given rise to an historical system of so pleasing a contexture, that we could almost wish to persuade ourselves of its truth. It is supposed that Odin was the chief of a tribe of barbarians, which dwelt on the banks of the lake Mæotis, till the fall of Mithridates and the arms of Pompey menaced the north with servitude. That Odin, yielding with indignant fury to a power which he was unable to resist, conducted his tribe from the frontiers of the Asiatic Sarmatia into Sweden, with the great design of forming, in that inaccessible retreat of freedom, a religion and a people, which in some remote age might be subservient to his immortal revenge; when his invincible Goths, armed with martial fanaticism, should issue in numerous swarms from the neighbourhood of the Polar circle, to chastise the oppressors of mankind.

Gibbon's *Roman Empire.*

Page 220.

Even as the lightning brand, from sounding skies,
With sudden impulse bursts, and strikes, and flies;

But leaves the dreadful vestige of its shock
Impressed for ever on the blasted rock.

Grande ma breve fulmine il diresti,
Che inaspettato sopraggiunga, e passi :
Ma del suo corso momentaneo resti
Vestigio eterno in dirupati sassi.

Tasso.

Page 221.

Beyond that snow-capped mountain's utmost ridge,
Where the firm rain-bow throws its radiant bridge,
O'er high Valhalla's dome my standard flies, etc.

The following illustrations of this passage are extracted from different parts of the *Edda* and the *Northern Antiquities.*

The way from earth to heaven is over the bridge BIFROST, which men call the *rain-bow.* It is of three colors, is extremely solid, and constructed with more art than any work in the world. It will nevertheless be broken in pieces, when the genii of fire sally forth to war.

ASGARD is the city, and VALHALLA the hall of Odin, where he receives the souls of heroes who perish in battle. Their beverage is beer and mead; their cups the skulls of enemies whom they have slain. Valhalla has one hundred and forty gates, through every one of which eight heroes may march abreast.

HEIMDALLER is a very sacred and powerful deity. He dwells at the end of the bridge Bifrost, in a castle called the *celestial fort.* He is the centinel, or watchman, of the gods. The post assigned him is at the entry into heaven, to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge. He sleeps less than a bird. He sees by night, as well as by day, more than a hundred leagues around him. The smallest sound does not escape him ; and he has a trumpet, which is heard through all the worlds.

THOR is the most valiant of the sons of Odin, the

most warlike and formidable of the gods. His weapon is the mace Miolner, which he grasps with gauntlets of iron. He governs the thunder, the winds, the rains, the fair weather, and the harvest.

HILDA is one of the Valkyræ. These goddesses officiate in Valhalla, pouring out ale and mead for the heroes. Odin sends them into the field of battle, to make choice of those who are to be slain, and to bestow the victory.

NILFLHIL is a place consisting of nine worlds, reserved for those who die of disease or old age. Hela, or Death, there exercises her despotic power. She is livid and ghastly pale : the threshold of her door is Precipice ; her palace Anguish ; her table Famine ; and her attendants Expectation and Delay.

SURTUR is the prince of the genii of fire. In the *twilight of the gods*, the army of these genii will pass on horseback over the bridge of heaven, and break it in pieces. Heimdaller will then rise up, and violently sound his trumpet, to call the gods and heroes to battle.

Page 222.

Through the deep glen the mingling waters pour.

Ὡς δ'ὁτε χειμαῤῥοι ποταμοι, κατ' ορεσφι ῥεοντες,
Ες μισγαγκειαν συμβαλλετον οβριμον ὑδωρ,
Κρουνων εκ μεγαλων, κοιλης εντοσθε χαραδρης·
Των δε τε τηλοσε δουπον εν ουρεσιν εκλυε ποιμην.

Ὁμηρος.

Page 223.

From him all beings wake, in him they rest : etc.

Ζευς πρωτος γενετο, Ζευς ὑστατος αρχικεραυνος,
Ζευς κεφαλη, Ζευς μεσσα. Διος δ'εκ παντα τετυκται.
Ζευς αρσην γενετο, Ζευς αμβροτος επλετο νυμφη.
Ζευς πυθμην γαιης τε και ουρανου αστεροεντος,
Ζευς πνοιη ανεμων, Ζευς ακαματου πυρος ὁρμη,
Ζευς ποντου ῥιζα. Ζευς ἡλιος ηδε σεληνη.

Ζευς βασιλευς. Ζευς αυτος ἁπαντων αρχιγενεθλος·
Και Μητις, πρωτος γενετωρ, και Ερως πολυτερπης.
Ἑν κρατος, ἑις δαιμων γενετο, μεγας αρχος ἁπαντων·
Ἑν δε δεμας βασιλειον, εν ᾧ ταδε παντα κυκλειται,
Πυρ, και ὑδωρ, και γαια, και αιθηρ, νυξ τε, και ημαρ.
Orpheus: *Fragm.* vi.

It is pleasing to compare this sublime enunciation of the system of the 'ΕΝ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, with the equally sublime enunciation of the dualistic system in the sixth *Æneid*, and the impressive inscription on the pedestal of the veiled image in an Indian temple: I AM ALL THAT IS, ALL THAT WAS, AND ALL THAT WILL BE; AND THE VEIL WHICH CONCEALS ME HAS NEVER BEEN RAISED BY MAN.

Page 224.

Love, primeval night's refulgent child.

διφυη, πυρσωπεα, κυδρον Ερωτα,
Νυκτος αειγνητης 'ΥΙΑ κλυτον· ὁν ῥα Φανητα
'Οπλοτεροι κληζουσι βροτοι· πρωτος γαρ εφανθη.
Orpheus: *Argonautica*, v. 15.

The old reading, ΠΑΤΕΡΑ, is so manifestly shewn to be corrupt by the epithet αειγνητης, (see Herman's note,) that it is surprising Mr. Bryant should treat it as genuine, and speak of it as contradicting the notion of Aristophanes; who, ridiculously enough, represents Night laying an egg, from the shell of which, in due season, bursts the golden-winged Love. It is not only in the monstrous mythology of the Hindus, that we meet with oviparous deities.

THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

Ιω θεοι νεωτεροι, παλαιους νομους
Καθιππασασθε, κακ χερων εἱλεσθε μου.
Πνεω τοι μενος, ἁπαντα τε κοτον.

Αισχυλος.

ADVERTISEMENT

The worship of fire was universal in the first ages. When lost or corrupted in other nations, it was still preserved in its purity among the disciples of Zoroaster. Under the successors of Mohammed, the religion of the Magi fell before that of the Moslems: though a small and obscure remnant of the former sect still subsists in the East. In this ode, I attribute to Mohammed in person the subversion of the Magian fanes. The prophet of Arabia, propagating his new religion by the force of arms, is represented, as having entered the principal temple of the divinity of fire, and, after overturning the exterior altars, attempting to penetrate the sanctuary of the mystic flame.

THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

STROPHE I.

BENEATH the warrior's iron tread
The violated altars lie,
Where dateless years the rites have led
Of fire's primeval deity.
O'er trampled priests Mohammed flies,
Where the interior portals rise
From gaze profane and uninitiate feet
To guard the symbol-flame's retreat,
That, changeless there from unremembered days,
Pours through the hallowed cave its lonely rays.
He strikes the marble doors:
The temple's rocky floors
Resound, as from the opening cavern streams
A blaze of vivid white,
Pure as the pallid light
O'er hills of snow when wintry morning beams.
With instantaneous change, the splendor dread
Expanding glows intensely red,
As when the autumnal day's descending star
Shrouds in the infant storm its crimson-beaming car.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As back the jarring portals swung,
As forth that flame repellent broke,
A voice, from mid the radiance flung,
In thrilling accents sternly spoke :
And darest thou deem, thy arms accursed,
Thy laws in strife and carnage nursed,
Can long in dust my sacred altars whelm ?
The breast-plate and the crested helm
My breath could pierce, and through thy every vein
Pour burning death and agonising pain :—
Awhile the fates severe
Decree thy triumph here :
Enjoy thy hour, and stamp in blood thy laws.
I sink to caves of night :
To burst with tenfold might,
Consume thy race, and vindicate my cause,
And re-assume alone the rites divine,
That in the infant world were mine,
When, wheresoever man, the wanderer, turned,
Beneath unnumbered names my votive altars burned.

EPODE I.

O'er this ball, in night revolving,
Frost, and central silence, dwelt ;
Till, the mighty mass dissolving,
My creative power was felt :

Then first the vivifying ray,
Pouring through heaven the streams of day,
Dispelled young nature's immemorial sleep,
Bade the woods wave, the lucid torrents play,
And burst the icy fetters of the deep.
In nascent beauty robed, the grateful earth
Hailed my primordial power with loud acclaim,
That gave her countless tribes of being birth,
And strung with motion man's commanding frame,
And kindled in his mind my own empyreal flame.

STROPHE II.

From me all being springs : on me
Destruction waits, and death, and fear.
With silent awe pale mortals see
My wandering comet's wild career,
That shakes sublime in meteor-light
Its flaming tresses on the night,
Announcing ruin to the world below.*
Her spirit kindling at the glow,
The tearful muse with voice prophetic sings
The swift mutations of terrestrial things ;
Sees discord's frantic brand
O'er some devoted land
Lead revolution's fratricidal train ;
Hears from the ravaged vale
Tumultuous clamors sail,

* . . . crinemque timendi
Sideris, et terris mutantem regna cometen.
Lucanus.

Where beauty shrieks for aid, and shrieks in vain :
While exiled kings in desert-pools assuage
Unwonted thirst's avenging rage ;
Or, driven the peasant's wretched hut to share,
Force from a churlish soil the scanty meal of care.

ANTISTROPHE II.

The midnight seaman marks afar
The terrors of my mountain-throne,
Where, rousing earth's intestine war,
I sit, mid nature's wrecks, alone.
A fiery column rears on high
My darkly-volumed canopy,
Whose waving folds, deep-tinged with lurid light,
Gleam like the funeral robe of night.
Old ocean shrinks,* and earth convulsive rends,
While fast and far the fiery shower descends ;
And down the mountain-verge
The crimson cataract's surge
Rolls with impetuous force and thundering sound,
Hurls in ascending steam
The dissipated stream,
And sinks the woods in whitening ashes round ;
Till, mid the homes of men, the billows red
Involve the dying and the dead,
In general havoc sweeping from the soil
Vineyards, and fanes, and towers, the pride of earthly toil.

* A volcanic eruption is generally preceded by a great recession of the sea.

EPODE II.

Mark yon city's ancient glory,
Through revolving ages reared ;
Long the theme of deathless story,
Long by distant lands revered.
In vain around her bulwarks lower
The legions of the adverse power,
Till at my shrine the suppliant hymn they raise.
Then comes the triumph of my conquering hour :
Her portals tremble, and her temples blaze :
Her long dominion of unnumbered years
One dreadful day to endless ruin dooms.
In after times the pensive wanderer hears
The shrill breeze whistle o'er unhonored tombs,
Where mid her prostrate walls the purple heath-flower blooms.

STROPHE III.

Yet wisdom in my wasting course
May still the trace of bounty find.
Even in my most destructive force,
I ever loved and blessed mankind.
Yon harbinger of fate, that flies
Portentous through the midnight skies,
Bears life and splendor to the orb of heaven,*
From whose pure fount to man are given

* Some fanciful theorists have supposed, that comets are masses of combustible matter, destined to renovate the flames of the sun.

The dearest blessings of his transient day.
What though, when impious nations scorn my sway,
From cliff to cliff I raise
The beacon's dreadful blaze,
And through their conflagrated dwellings rave ;
Yet from my parent urn
The springs of glory burn,
That guide the wise, and animate the brave.
Thence glows the vestal-torch, whose power refined
Awakes, expands, illumes the mind :
Thence the soft rays, through pity's tears that stream ;
And friendship's guardian light, and love's ethereal beam.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though in the dread volcanic tide
The floods of devastation roll,
Yet thence to mortals are supplied
New gifts of my benign control.
While with incumbent ocean's rage
Fierce strife my fountain-torrents wage,
Rocks piled on rocks amid the conflict rise.*
The wondering mariner descries
Their fire-scorched summits frowning o'er the wave,
And hears with awe the unwonted breakers rave.

* Formation of islands by submarine volcanoes.

Amid those lonely dells
My plastic influence dwells,
Till rivers burst, and forests clothe the isle ;
And, where the stormy breeze
Late howled o'er shoreless seas,
Man rears his home, and friendly harbours smile.
My bounty dies, when man my fane forsakes.
Alone my brooding vengeance wakes.
Deep in my subterranean domes enfurled,
I gather up my force to overwhelm the world.

EPODE III.

Tremble, sons of future ages !
Tremble at the emblemed doom,
When the red volcano rages,
When the meteor fires the gloom,
When the thunder-brand of heaven
On the mountain-tower is driven.
In these let earth my sleepless might behold :
In these the signals of my wrath be given.
In final hour shall my vast waves be rolled
Round this revolving planetary frame ;
And, while terrestrial nature shrinks and dies,
The mighty torrent of eternal flame,
In one wide ruin sounding through the skies,
Shall bid o'er all the world my lonely altar rise.

NOTES

ON

THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

STROPHE I. v. 6.

Where the interior portals rise.

The exterior temple is here a work of art, and the interior a natural cave.

Men repaired in the first ages either to the lonely summits of mountains, or else to caverns in the rocks, and hollows in the bosom of the earth, which they fancied were the residence of their gods. At the entrance of these, they raised their altars, and performed their vows. . . . When, in process of time, they began to erect temples, they were still determined in their situation by the vicinity of these objects, which they comprehended within the limits of the sacred enclosure. . . . Amongst the Persians, most of the temples were caverns in rocks, either formed by nature, or artificially produced.

Bryant's *Ancient Mythology.*

STROPHE I. v. 18.

Expanding glows intensely red.

A similar change, from a similar cause, occurs in the *Paradiso* of Dante, C. xxvii.

Dinanzi agli occhi miei le quattro face
Stavano accese, e quella che pria venne
Incominciò a farsi più vivace ;

E tal nella sembianza sua divenne,
Qual diverrebbe Giove, s'egli e Marte
Fossero augelli e cambiassersi penne.

. . . . . .

Di quel color, che per lo sole avverso
Nube dipinge da sera e da mane,
Vid' io allora tutto il ciel cosperso.

ANTISTROPHE I. v. 20.

Beneath unnumbered names my votive altars burned.

As Phas, Phthas, Hephaistos, Vulcanus, Hestia, Vesta, Seva, Agni, Pavaca, &c.

Fire, and likewise the god of fire, was by the Amonians styled Apthas, and Aptha; contracted, and by different authors expressed, Apha, Pthas, and Ptha. He is by Suidas supposed to have been the Vulcan of Memphis: Φθας, ὁ Ἡφαιστος παρα Μεμφιταις. And Cicero makes him the same deity of the Romans: *Secundus* (Vulcanus) *Nilo natus, Phas, ut Ægyptii appellant, quem custodem esse Ægypti volunt.* The author of the *Clementines* describes him much to the same purpose: Αιγυπτιοι δε ὁμοιως—το πυρ ιδιᾳ διαλεκτῳ Φθα εκαλεσαν, ὁ ἑρμηνευεται Ἡφαιστος . . . Ast, Asta, Esta, signified fire, and also the deity of that element. The Greeks expressed it Ἑστια, and the Romans Vesta. . . . Procopius, speaking of the sacred fire of the Persians, says expressly, that it was the very same which in aftertimes the Romans worshipped, and called the fire of Hestia, or Vesta: Τουτο εστι το πυρ, ὁπερ Ἑστιαν εκαλουντο, και εσεβοντο εν τοις ὑστεροις χρονοις Ρωμαιοι. This is farther proved from a well known verse in Ovid:

Nec tu aliud Vestam, quam vivam intellige flammam.

Bryant's *Ancient Mythology.*

The worship of solar or vestal fire may be ascribed, like that of Osiris and Isis, to an enthusiastic admiration of nature's wonderful powers; and it seems, as far as I can yet understand the Vedas, to be the principal

worship recommended in them. We have seen, that Mahadeva himself is personified by fire; but subordinate to him is the god Agni, often called Pavaca, or *the purifier*, who answers to the Vulcan of Egypt.

Sir William Jones.

EPODE I. v. 12.

That gave its countless tribes of being birth.

That without heat there could be no existence, is a well-known philosophical truth. The doctrines of nature and mythology are seldom so much in unison.

EPODE I. v. 14.

And kindled in his mind my own empyreal flame.

Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo
Seminibus. Virgilius.

Zenoni νους κοσμου πυρινος, et Posidonio πνευμα νοερον και πυρωδες, cujus scintillæ et αποσπασματα ac σπερματα sunt animæ. Heyne.

Fire, light, and air, were long the symbols of the mental principle among oriental nations; and the tenuity of those fine essences continued for ages to be thought nearly similar to that of the soul.

Drummond's *Academical Questions.*

Si l'on vouloit démonter la machine humaine, et analyser ce fluide nerveux, qui, suivant les oracles de la médecine, avertit le cerveau de toutes nos sensations, et devient aussi le mobile de nos facultés intellectuelles, il seroit aisé de prouver, que la matière mobile qui le compose est fortement impregnée de ce feu élémentaire. Telle seroit peut-être l'origine de ces expressions, *ame ardente*, *imagination embrasée*, *flamme de génie*, qu'on trouve dans toutes les langues primitives, et qui ne sont des métaphores que pour l'homme du peuple, qui n'est pas initié dans les mystères de la nature.

Philosophie de la Nature.

ANTISTROPHE II. v. 2.

The terrors of my mountain-throne.

Κορυφαις δ'εν ακραις ἡμενος μυδροκτυπει
Ἡφαιστος, ενθεν εκραγησονται ποτε
Ποταμοι πυρος, δαπτοντες αγριαις γναθοις
Της καλλικαρπου Σικελιας λευρας γυας.

Αισχυλος.

EPODE III. v. 14.

Shall bid o'er all the world my lonely altar rise.

Communis mundo superest rogus, is the common doctrine of the East, the West, and the North.

SIR HORNBOOK;

OR,

Childe Launcelot's Expedition.

A

GRAMMÁTICO-ALLEGORICAL BALLAD.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SHARPE AND HAILES, AT THE
JUVENILE LIBRARY, PICCADILLY.

1814.

SIR HORNBOOK;

OR,

Childe Launcelot's Expedition.

I.

O'ER bush and briar Childe Launcelot sprung *
With ardent hopes elate,
And loudly blew the horn that hung
Before Sir Hornbook's gate.

The inner portals opened wide,
And forward strode the chief,
Arrayed in paper helmet's pride,
And arms of golden leaf.

—" What means,"—he cried,—" this daring noise,
That wakes the summer day?
I hate all idle truant boys:
Away, Sir Childe, away!"—

—" No idle, truant boy am I,"—
Childe Launcelot answered straight;
—" Resolved to climb this hill so high,
I seek thy castle gate.

* Childe, in our old ballads, often signifies a *knight*.

"Behold the talisman I bear,
And aid my bold design:"—
Sir Hornbook gazed, and written there,
Knew Emulation's sign.

"If Emulation sent thee here,"
Sir Hornbook quick replied,
"My merrymen all shall soon appear,
To aid thy cause with shield and spear,
And I will head thy bold career,
And prove thy faithful guide."—

Loud rung the chains; the drawbridge fell;
The gates asunder flew:
The knight thrice beat the portal bell,
And thrice he call'd "Halloo."

And out, and out, in hasty rout,
By ones, twos, threes, and fours;
His merrymen rush'd the walls without,
And stood before the doors.

II.

Full six and twenty men were they,*
In line of battle spread:
The first that came was mighty A,
The last was little Z.

* There are twenty-six letters, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

SIR HORNBOOK

Six Vocal men Sir Hornbook had,*
  Four Double men to boot,†
And four were Liquids soft and sad, ‡
  And all the rest were Mute. §

He called his *Corporal*, Syllable, ||
  To range the scatter'd throng ;
And *Captain* Word dispos'd them well ¶
  In bands compact and strong.

—" Now mark, Sir Childe,"—Sir Hornbook said :—
  " These well-compacted powers,
Shall lead thy vent'rous steps to tread
  Through all the Muses' bowers,

" If rightly thou thyself address,
  To use their proffer'd aid :
Still unallur'd by idleness,
  By labor undismay'd ;

" For many troubles intervene,
  And perils widely spread,
Around the groves of evergreen,
  That crown this mountain's head :
But rich reward he finds, I ween,
  Who through them all has sped."—

* Of these are vowels, a. e. i. o. u. y.

† Four are double letters, j. w. x. z.

‡ Four are liquids, l. m. n. r.

§ And twelve are mutes, b. c. d. f. g. h. k. p. q. s. t. v.

|| A syllable is a distinct sound of one or more letters pronounced in a breath.

¶ Words are articulate sounds used by common consent, as signs of our ideas.

Childe Launcelot felt his bosom glow
  At thought of noble deed ;
Resolved through every path to go,
  Where that bold knight should lead.

Sir Hornbook wound his bugle horn,
  Full long, and loud, and shrill ;
His merrymen all, for conquest born,
With armour glittering to the morn,
  Went marching up the hill.

III.

—" What men are you beside the way ? "—
  The bold Sir Hornbook cried :
—" My name is *The*, my brother's *A*,"—
  Sir Article replied.*

" My brother's home is any where,†
  At large and undefin'd ;
But I a preference ever bear ‡
For one fix'd spot, and settle there ;
  Which speaks my constant mind."

* There are two articles, *the*, definite ; *a* or *an*, indefinite.

† The *indefinite* article is used generally and indeterminately to point out one single thing of a kind : as, " *There is* a *dog* ; " " *Give me* an *orange*."

‡ The *definite* article defines and specifies particular objects : as, " *Those are* the *men* ; " — " *Give me* the *book*."

—" What ho ! Childe Launcelot ! seize them there,
And look you have them sure ! "—
—Sir Hornbook cried,—" my men shall bear
Your captives off secure."—

The twain were seized : Sir Hornbook blew
His bugle loud and shrill :
His merrymen all, so stout and true,
Went marching up the hill.

IV.

And now a wider space they gained,
A steeper, harder ground,
Where by one ample wall contained,
All earthly *things* they found : *

All *beings*, rich, poor, weak, or wise,
Were there, full strange to see,
And *attributes* and *qualities*
Of high and low degree.

Before the circle stood a knight,
Sir Substantive his name,†
With Adjective, his lady bright,
Who *seemed* a portly dame ;

* A noun is the name of whatsoever *thing* or *being* we see or discourse of.

† Nouns are of two kinds, substantives and adjectives. A noun substantive declares its own meaning, and requires not another word to be joined with it to show its signification ; as, *man, book, apple.*

Yet only *seemed*; for whensoe'er
  She strove to *stand alone*,*
She proved no more than smoke and air,
  Who looked like flesh and bone.

And therefore to her husband's arm
  She clung for evermore,
And lent him many a grace and charm
  He had not known before;

Yet these the knight felt well advised,
  He might have done without;
For lightly foreign help he prized,
  He was so staunch and stout.

Five sons had they, their dear delight,
  Of different forms and faces;
And *two* of them were Numbers bright,†
  And *three* they christened Cases.‡

Now loudly rung Sir Hornbook's horn;
  Childe Launcelot poised his spear;
And on they rushed, to conquest borne,
  In swift and full career.

* A noun adjective cannot *stand alone*, but always requires to be joined with a substantive, of which it shows the nature or quality, as, "*a* good *girl*,"—"*a* naughty *boy*."

† Nouns have two numbers, singular and plural;—

‡ and three cases: nominative, possessive, and objective.

Sir Substantive kicked down the wall :
  It fell with furious rattle :
And earthly *things* and *beings* all
  Rushed forth to join the battle.

But earthly *things* and *beings* all,
  Though mixed in boundless plenty,
Must one by one dissolving fall
  To Hornbook's six-and-twenty.

Childe Launcelot won the arduous fray,
  And, when they ceased from strife,
Led stout Sir Substantive away,
  His children, and his wife.

Sir Hornbook wound his horn again,
  Full long, and loud, and shrill :
His merrymen all, a warlike train,
  Went marching up the hill.

V.

Now when Sir Pronoun look'd abroad,*
  And spied the coming train,
He left his fort beside the road,
  And ran with might and main.

* A pronoun is used instead of a noun, and may be considered its *locum tenens,* or deputy : as, " *The King is gone to Windsor,* he *will return to-morrow.*"

Two cloth-yard shafts from I and U,
  Went forth with whizzing sound :
Like lightning sped the arrows true ;
  Sir Pronoun pressed the ground :
But darts of science ever flew
  To conquer, not to wound.

His fear was great : his hurt was small :
  Childe Launcelot took his hand :
—"Sir Knight,"—said he,—"though doomed to fall
  Before my conquering band,

" Yet knightly treatment shall you find,
  On faith of cavalier :
Then join Sir Substantive behind,
  And follow our career."—

Sir Substantive, that man of might,
  Felt knightly anger rise ;
For he had marked Sir Pronoun's flight
  With no approving eyes.

" Great Substantive, my sovereign liege ! "—
  Thus sad Sir Pronoun cried,
—" When you had fallen in furious siege,
  Could I the shock abide ? "

" That all resistance would be vain,
  Too well, alas ! I knew :
For what could I, when you were ta'en,
  Your poor *lieutenant*, do ? "

Then louder rung Sir Hornbook's horn,
  In signals long and shrill :
His merrymen all, for conquest born,
  Went marching up the hill.

VI.

Now steeper grew the rising ground,
  And rougher grew the road,
As up the steep ascent they wound
  To bold Sir Verb's abode.*

Sir Verb was old, and many a year,
  All scenes and climates seeing,
Had run a wild and strange career
  Through every mode of being.

And every aspect, shape, and change
  Of *action*, and of *passion :*
And known to him was all the range
  Of feeling, taste, and fashion.

He was an Augur, quite at home
  In all things present done,†
Deeds past, and every act to come
  In ages yet to run.

* A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer ; as, "*I am, I love, I am loved.*"

† The two lines in *Italics* are taken from Chapman's *Homer.*

Entrenched in intricacies strong,
  Ditch, fort, and palisado,
He marked with scorn the coming throng,
  And breathed a bold bravado :

—" Ho ! who are you that dare invade
  My turrets, moats, and fences ?
Soon will your vaunting courage fade,
When on the walls, in lines array'd,
You see me marshal undismay'd
  My host of moods and tenses."— *

—" In vain,"—Childe Launcelot cried in scorn,—
  —" On them is your reliance ; "—
Sir Hornbook wound his bugle horn,
  And twang'd a loud defiance.

They swam the moat, they scal'd the wall,
  Sir Verb, with rage and shame,
Beheld his valiant *general* fall,
  Infinitive by name.†

Indicative *declar'd* the foes ‡
  Should perish by his hand ;

* Verbs have five moods : The indicative, imperative, potential, subjunctive, and infinitive.

† The infinitive mood expresses a thing in a *general* and unlimited manner : as, " *To love, to walk, to be ruled.*"

‡ The indicative mood simply *indicates* or *declares* a thing : as, " *He loves :* " " *he is loved :* " or asks a question : as, " *Does he love ?* "—" *Is he loved ?* "

And stout Imperative arose,*
  The squadron to *command.*

Potential † and Subjunctive ‡ then
  Came forth with *doubt* † and *chance* : ‡
All fell alike, with all their men,
  Before Sir Hornbook's lance.

Action and Passion nought could do
  To save Sir Verb from fate ;
Whose doom poor Participle knew, §
  He must *participate.*

Then Adverb, who had skulk'd behind, ||
  To shun the mighty jar,
Came forward, and himself resign'd
  A prisoner of war.

Three children of Imperative,
  Full strong, though somewhat small,
Next forward came, themselves to give
  To conquering Launcelot's thrall.

* The imperative mood *commands* or *entreats :* as, " *Depart :* " " *Come hither :* "—" *Forgive me.*"

† The potential mood implies *possibility* or *obligation :* as, " *It* may *rain :* "—" *They* should *learn.*"

‡ The subjunctive mood implies *contingency :* as, " *If he* were *good, he would be happy.*"

§ The participle is a certain form of the verb, and is so called from participating the nature of a verb and an adjective : as, " *he is an* admired *character ; she is a* loving *child.*"

|| The adverb is joined to verbs, to adjectives, and to other adverbs, to qualify their signification : as, " *that is a* remarkably *swift horse : it is* extremely well *done.*"

Conjunction press'd to join the crowd ; *
  But Preposition swore,†
Though Interjection sobb'd aloud,‡
  That he would *go before.*

Again his horn Sir Hornbook blew,
  Full long, and loud, and shrill ;
His merrymen all, so stout and true,
  Went marching up the hill.

VII.

Sir Syntax dwelt in thick fir-grove, §
  All strown with scraps of flowers, ||
Which he had pluck'd, to please his love,
  Among the Muses' bowers.

* A conjunction is a part of speech chiefly used to connect words : as, " *King* and *constitution ;* " or sentences : as, " *I went to the theatre,* and *saw the new pantomime.*"

† A preposition is most commonly *set before* another word to show its relation to some word or sentence preceding : as, " *The fisherman went* down *the river* with *his boat.*"

Conjunctions and *Prepositions* are for the most part *Imperative moods* of obsolete verbs : Thus, *and* signifies *add :* " *John* and *Peter—John* add *Peter ;* "—" *The fisherman* with *his boat—The fisherman,* join *his boat.*"

‡ Interjections are words *thrown in* between the parts of a sentence, to express passions or emotions : as, " *Oh ! Alas !* "

§ Syntax is that part of grammar, which treats of the agreement and construction of words in a sentence.

|| I allude to the poetical fragments with which syntax is illustrated.

PROSODY

"His love was gentle Prosody,
More fair than morning beam;
Who liv'd beneath a flowering tree,
Beside a falling stream."

From a coloured illustration appearing in the first edition of *Sir Hornbook*, published in 1814.

His love was gentle Prosody,*
  More fair than morning beam ;
Who liv'd beneath a flowering tree,
  Beside a falling stream.

And these two claim'd, with high pretence,
  The whole Parnassian ground,
Albeit some little difference
  Between their taste was found :
Sir Syntax he was all for sense,
  And Prosody for sound.

Yet in them both the Muses fair
  Exceedingly delighted ;
And thought no earthly thing so rare,
That might with that fond twain compare,
  When they were both *united*.

—" Ho ! yield, Sir Syntax ! "—Hornbook cried,
  " This youth must pass thy grove,
Led on by me, his faithful guide,
  In yonder bowers to rove."—

Thereat full much, Sir Syntax said,
  But found resistance vain :
And through his grove Childe Launcelot sped,
  With all Sir Hornbook's train.

They reach'd the tree where Prosody
  Was singing in the shade :
Great joy Childe Launcelot had to see,
  And hear that lovely maid.

* Prosody is that part of grammar which treats of the true pronunciation of words, and the rules of versification.

Now, onward as they press'd along,
  Did nought their course oppose ;
Till full before the martial throng
  The Muses' gates arose.

There Etymology they found,*
  Who scorn'd surrounding fruits ;
And ever dug in deepest ground,
  For old and mouldy Roots.

Sir Hornbook took Childe Launcelot's hand,
  And tears at parting fell :
—" Sir Childe,"—he said,—" with all my band
  I bid you here farewell.

" Then wander through these sacred bowers,
  Unfearing and alone :
All shrubs are here, and fruits, and flowers,
  To happiest climates known."—

Once more his horn Sir Hornbook blew,
  A parting signal shrill :
His merrymen all, so stout and true,
  Went marching down the hill.

Childe Launcelot pressed the sacred ground,
  With hope's exulting glow ;
Some future song perchance may sound
The wondrous things which there he found,
  If you the same would know.

* Etymology is that part of grammar, which investigates the *roots*, or *derivation*, of words.

SIR PROTEUS:

A SATIRICAL BALLAD:

BY

P. M. O'DONOVAN, Esq.

ΣΤΗΣΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ΠΟΛΥΤΡΟΠΟΝ.

HIC EST, QUEM REQUIRIS!

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HOOKHAM, JUNR. AND E. T. HOOKHAM,
15, OLD BOND STREET.

1814.

THIS BALLAD IS INSCRIBED TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON,
WITH THAT DEEP CONVICTION
OF THE HIGH VALUE OF HIS PRAISE
AND OF THE FATAL IMPORT OF HIS CENSURE,
WHICH MUST NECESSARILY BE IMPRESSED BY
THE PROFOUND JUDGMENT
WITH WHICH HIS OPINIONS ARE CONCEIVED,
THE CALM DELIBERATION
WITH WHICH THEY ARE PROMULGATED,
THE PROTEAN CONSISTENCY
WITH WHICH THEY ARE MAINTAINED,
AND THE TOTAL ABSENCE
OF ALL UNDUE BIAS ON THEIR FORMATION
FROM PRIVATE PARTIALITY
OR PERSONAL RESENTMENT:
WITH THAT ADMIRATION OF HIS POETICAL TALENTS,
WHICH MUST BE UNIVERSALLY
AND INEVITABLY FELT
FOR VERSIFICATION UNDECORATED WITH THE
MERETRICIOUS FASCINATIONS OF HARMONY,
FOR SENTIMENTS UNSOPHISTICATED BY THE
DELUSIVE ARDOR OF PHILANTHROPY,
FOR NARRATIVE ENVELOPED
IN ALL THE CIMMERIAN SUBLIMITY
OF THE
IMPENETRABLE OBSCURE.

I. Johnny on the sea.

II. Johnny in the sea.

III. Johnny under the sea.

IV. Chevy chase.

V. The bathos.

VI. The world's end.

SIR PROTEUS

I.

ILLE EGO

Oh ! list to me : for I'm about
  To catch the fire of Chaucer,
And spin in doleful measure out
  The tale of Johnny Raw, sir ; *

Who, bent upon a desperate plan
  To make the people stare,
Set off full speed for Hindoostan
  Upon Old Poulter's mare.†

Tramp ! tramp ! across the land he went ;
  Splash ! splash ! across the sea ;

* Our hero appears to have been "all naked feeling and *raw* life," like Arvalan in the *Curse of Kehama*.

† This is the *Pegasa* of the Cumberland school of poetry. Old Poulter's Mare is the heroine "of one of our old ballads, so full of beauty." A modern bard, "whose works will be read *when* Homer and Virgil are forgotten," was at infinite trouble to procure an imperfect copy of this precious piece of antiquity, and has rescued it from oblivion, *si dîs placet*, in the pages of *Thalaba*.

And then he gave his bragging * vent—
" Pray who can ride like me ?

* After all, perhaps, there is not much bragging in the speech of our hero. He has classical authority for self-panegyric, and, what is still better, the authority of Mr. Southey :

Come, listen to a tale of times of old :
Come, for ye know me ! I am he who sung
The Maid of Arc ; and I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc, &c.

And again :

Most righteously thy soul
Loathes the black catalogue of human crimes
And human misery : let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy, to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deigned to hear.

What degree of pleasure Cato would have derived from the *Carmen Triumphale for the year 1814*, is a point that remains to be decided.

Ranarian minstrels of all ages and nations have entertained a high opinion of their own melody. The Muses of Styx, the Πιεριδες Καταχθονιαι, have transferred their seat in modern days to the banks of the Northern Lakes, where they inflate their tuneful votaries with inspiration and egotism. *O dolce concento !* when, to the philosophic wanderer on the twilight shore, ascends from the depths of Winander the choral modulation :

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.
Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.
Λιμναια κρηνων τεκνα
Ξυναυλον ὑμνων βοαν
Φθεγξωμεθ', ΕΥΓΗΡΥΝ ΕΜΑΝ ΑΟΙΔΑΝ,
Κοαξ, κοαξ.

Αριστοφανους Βατραχοι.

Brek-ek-ek-ex ! ko-ax ! ko-ax !
Our lay's harmonious burthen be :
In vain yon critic owl attacks
Our blithe and full-voiced minstrelsy.

" For I'm the man, who sallied forth
  To rout the classic forces,
And swore this mare was far more worth
  Than both fierce Hector's horses.

" Old Homer from his throne I struck,
  To Virgil gave a punch,
And in the place of both I stuck
  The doughty Mother Bunch.

" To France I galloped on my roan,
  Whose mettle nought can quail ;
There squatted on the tomb of Joan,
  And piped a dismal tale.

" A wild and wondrous stave I sung,
  To make my hearers weep :
But when I looked, and held my tongue,
  I found them fast asleep ! *

" Oh ! then, a furious oath I swore,
  Some dire revenge to seek ;
And conjured up, to make them roar,
  Stout Taffy and his leek.

Still shall our lips the strain prolong
  With strength of lung that never slacks ;
Still wake the *wild and wondrous song :*
  Ko-ax ! ko-ax ! ko-ax ! ko-ax !
  Chorus in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.

* Ω *φιλον* ΎΠΝΟΥ *θελγητρον*, ΕΠΙΚΟΥΡΟΝ ΝΟΣΟΥ,
ΏΣ ΉΔΥ *μοι προσηλθες εν* ΔΕΟΝΤΙ *γε !*

"To Heaven and Hell I rode away,
In spite of wind and weather:
Trumped up a diabolic lay;
And cursed them all together.

"Now, Proteus! rise, thou changeful seer!
To spirit up my mare: *
In every shape but those appear,
Which Taste and Nature wear."

II.

DIVERSE LINGUE, ORRIBILI FAVELLE

EVEN while he sung Sir Proteus rose,
That wight of ancient fun,
With salmon-scales instead of clothes,
And fifty shapes in one.

* This seems to be an imitation of two lines in the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, selected by Mr. Southey as the motto to the *Curse of Kehama:*

Στησατε μοι Πρωτηα πολυτροπον, οφρα φανειη
Ποικιλον ειδος εχων, ὁτε ποικιλον ὑμνον αρασσω.

Let me the many-changing Proteus see,
To aid my many-changing melody.

It is not at all surprising, that a man, under a process of moral and political metamorphosis, should desire the patronage of this multiform god, who may be regarded as the tutelary saint of the numerous and thriving sect of Anythingarians. Perhaps the passage would have been more applicable to himself, though less so to his poem, if he had read, *suo periculo:*

Στησατε μοι Πρωτηα πολυτροπον, οφρα φανειη
Ποικιλον ειδος εχων, 'ΟΤ' ΑΜΕΙΒΩ ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΝ 'ΕΙΜΑ!

Before my eyes let changeful Proteus float,
When now I change my many-coloured coat.

SIR PROTEUS

He first appeared a folio thick,
  A glossary so stout,
Of modern language politic,*
  Where conscience was left out.

He next appeared in civic guise,
  Which C——s could not flout,†
With forced-meat balls instead of eyes,
  And, for a nose, a snout.

* This language was not much known to our ancestors; but it is now pretty well understood by the majority of the H—— of C——, by the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly venders of panegyric and defamation, and by the quondam republicans of the Northern Lakes. The echoes of Grasmere and Derwentwater have responded to its melodious vocables. The borderers of Tweed and Teviot, and the "*Braw, braw lads of Edinbroo',*" are well versed in its tangible eloquence. Specimens of its use in composition may be seen in the *Courier* newspaper, in the *Quarterly Review,* in the *Edinburgh Annual Register,* and in the *receipts* of the *stamp-commissioners* for the county of *Westmoreland.*

† C——s: This is a *learned* man, "who does not want instruction:" an *independent* man, "who always votes according to his conscience," which has a singular habit of finding the minister invariably right: a *free* man, who always "takes the liberty" to do that which is most profitable to himself: a man, in short, of the first magnitude, that "*don't care nothing for nobody*" whom he cannot turn a penny by: *Rarum ac memorabile magni Gutturis exemplum, conducendusque magister:* who will be inexhaustible food for laughter while he lives; and, though not witty himself, be the cause of wit in others: and who, when he shall have been found, *cum capite in lasano,* dead of a surfeit after a civic feast, shall be entombed in some mighty culinary utensil, vast as the *patina* of Vitellius, or the *fish-kettle* of Domitian, which shall be erected in the centre of the *salle des gourmands,*

And then he seemed a patriot *braw*,
  Who, o'er a pot of froth,
Was very busy, stewing straw,
  To make the *people* broth.

In robes collegiate, loosely spread,
  His form he seemed to wrap :
Much Johnny mused to see no head
  Between the gown and cap.*

Like grave logician, next he drew
  A tube from garment mystic ;
And bubbles blew, which Johnny knew
  Were *anti-hyloistic*.†

---

with this Homeric inscription, to transmit his virtues to posterity :

ΜΕΤΕΠΡΕΠΕ · ΓΑΣΤΕΡΙ · ΜΑΡΓΗΙ ·
ΑΖΗΧΕΣ · ΦΑΓΕΜΕΝ · ΚΑΙ · ΠΙΕΜΕΝ · ΟΥΔΕ · ΟΙ · ΗΝ · ΙΣ ·
ΟΥΔΕ · ΒΙΗ · ΕΙΔΟΣ · ΔΕ · ΜΑΛΑ · ΜΕΓΑΣ · ΗΝ · ΟΡΑΑΣΘΑΙ.

Great was his skill, insatiably to dine
On pounds of flesh and copious floods of wine :
No mental strength his heavy form inspired,
But hooting crowds the portly mass admired.

* This must have been something which had *finished* its *education*, as the saying is, at one of our learned universities.

† There is a modern bubble-blower of this description, whose philosophical career it is agreeable to trace. First, we discover him up to his neck in fluids and crystallizations, laboring to build a geological system, in all respects conformable to the very scientific narrative of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, Moses. Emerging from his "primitive ocean," he soars into the opaque atmosphere of scholastic dialectics, whence he comes forth the doughty champion of that

Like *doughty* critic next he sped,
Of fragrant Edinbroo' :
A yellow cap was on his head ;
His jacket was sky-blue :

---

egregious engine of the *difficiles nugæ* and *labor ineptiarum*, syllogism. Armed with this formidable weapon, he rushes into the metaphysical *arena*, in the consistent character of a dogmatising antihyloist, *insanire parans certa ratione modoque :* maintaining the existence of *three distinct substances*, that of *God*, that of *angels*, and that of the *souls of men*, and annihilating *in toto* the sun, moon, and stars, and all " the visible diurnal sphere ; " denying the evidence of his senses, and asserting the reality of chimæras. Man, according to him, is a being spiritual, intelligent, and immortal, while all other animals are insentient machines ; a proposition which must be amply established in the mind of every one, who will take the trouble of comparing a man-milliner with a lion, an alderman with an elephant, or a Bond-street lounger with a Newfoundland dog.—See the *Geological, Logical, and Metaphysical Essays* of Richard Kirwan, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., P.R.I.A., &c. &c. &c.

Metaphysical science, in the hands of a Locke, a Berkeley, an Hume, or a Drummond, demands and receives my utmost respect and admiration ; but I must confess there are moments, when, after having fatigued my understanding with the lucubrations of such a systematical *déraisonneur* as this, I am tempted to exclaim with Anacreon :

Τι με τους νομους διδασκεις,
Και ῥητορων αναγκας ;
Τι δε μοι λογων τοσουτων,
Των μηδεν ωφελουντων ;

Why tease me with pedantic themes,
Predicaments and enthymemes,
My mental storehouse vainly stowing
With heaps of knowledge not worth knowing ?

The third part of the *Metaphysical Essays* will afford a delectable treat to the observer of phænomena, who

He wore a cauliflower wig,
With bubble filled, and squeak ;
Where hung behind, like *tail of pig*,
Small lollypop of Greek.*

With rusty knife he seemed prepared
Poor poet's blood to fetch :
In speechless horror Johnny stared
Upon the ruthless wretch.†

---

may be desirous of contemplating a meteorosophistical spider completely entangled in his own cobweb ; and I can scarcely help thinking it was to some such paradoxographical philosophaster that Virgil alluded, when he said :

Invisa Minervæ
Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea casses.

The subtle spider, sage Minerva's hate,
Hangs his loose webs in wisdom's temple-gate.

It is much to be lamented, that, before Sir Proteus quitted his metaphysical shape, it did not occur to our hero to propound to him the celebrated philosophical question : Utrum, Protée omniforme se faisant cigale, et musicalement exerçant sa voix és jours caniculaires, pourroit, d'une rosée matutine soigneusement emballée au mois de Mai, faire une tierce concoction, devant le cours entier d'une escharpe zodiacale ?—Perhaps Mr. Kirwan himself will undertake the solution : I know no man so well qualified.

* " Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
Is more than adequate to all *we* seek ! "
Cowper.

† The severity of this *blue-jacketed* gentleman has been productive, on many occasions, of very salutary effects. He is much more reprehensible for having condescended to play the part of *Justice Midas* to Mr. Wordsworth, Mrs. Opie, Mr. Wilson, &c. &c. &c., while superior

Like washing-tub he next appeared
O'er W——'s sea * that scuds ;
Where poor John Bull stood all besmeared,
Up to the neck in suds.†

---

claimants have been treated with harshness or contempt. If praise be withheld from Moore, comparative justice requires that it should not be given to Bloomfield. The philosophical enemy of idolatry may tear the laurel wreath from the brow of Apollo ; but he must not transfer it to the statue of Pan.

* *Mare Australe Incognitum.* For a satisfactory account of this undiscovered sea, consult the *Lyrical Ballads* of William Wordsworth, Esq.

† John Bull is here alluded to in his domestic capacity. He is a sturdy wight, but the arch-fiend Corruption has proved too strong for him. Let not the temporary elation of triumph over his most inveterate foreign foe blind him to the insidious inroads of that more formidable enemy, which has already plunged him so deep in the alkaline ebullitions mentioned in the text. Among the causes which have contributed to his submersion may be enumerated the selfish and mercenary apostacy of his quondam literary champions. Where is now " the eye that sees, the heart That feels, the voice that in these evil times, Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself, And cries aloud against iniquity ? " Let the *Edinburgh Annual Register* answer the question. Where are " the skirts of the departing year ? " Waving, like those of a *Courier's* jacket, in the withering gales of ministerial influence.—The antique enemies of " the monster Pitt " are now the panegyrists of the immaculate Castlereagh. The spell which Armida breathed over her captives was not more magically mighty in the operation of change, than are the golden precepts of the language politic, when presented in a compendious and tangible shape to the " sons of little men."

Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos ;
Ergo Deus, quicumque adspexit, ridet et odit.

Then three wise men he seemed to be,
  Still sailing in the tub ;
Whose white wigs looked upon the sea,
  Like bowl of syllabub.*

The first he chattered, chattered still,
  With meaning none at all,
Of Jack and Jill, and Harry Gill,
  And Alice Fell so small.†

The second of three graves did sing,
  And in such doggrel strains,
You might have deemed the Elfin King
  Had charmed away his brains.‡

Loud sang the third of Palmy Isle,
  Mid oceans vast and wild,

* These three wiseacres go to sea in their tub, as their prototypes of Gotham did in their bowl, not to fish for the moon, but to write nonsense about her.

† Who knows not Alice Fell ? the little orphan Alice Fell ? with her cloak of duffel grey ? and Harry Gill, whose teeth they chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter still ? and Jack and Jill, that climbed the hill, to fetch a pail of water ; when Jack fell down, and cracked his crown, and Jill came tumbling after ?

‡ Surely this cannot allude to Mr. ΕΣΤΗΣΕ Coleridge, the profound transcendental metaphysician of the *Friend*, the consistent panegyrical politician of the *Courier*, the self-elected laureate of the asinine king, the compounder of the divinest narcotic under the shape of a tragedy that ever drugged the beaux of Drury-Lane, the author of that irresistibly comic ballad, the *Ancient Mariner*, and of a very exquisite piece of tragical mirth, also in the form of a ballad, entitled the *Three Graves*, which read—" if you can ! "

Where he had won a mermaid's smile,
And got a fairy child.*

Like rueful wanderer next he shewed,
Much posed with pious qualm;
And first he roared a frantic ode,
And then he sung a psalm.†

* The adventures of this worthy are narrated in a rhapsodical *congeries* of limping verse, entitled the *Isle of Palms*, very loftily extolled by the Edinburgh Reviewers, and very peremptorily condemned by the tribunal of common sense.

The whining cant and drivelling affectation of this author, with his "dear God," his "blessed creatures," and his "happy living things," which would be insufferable in a spinster half-dying with megrim, become trebly disgusting in the mouth of a man, who has no such fine sympathies with the animal creation, and is not only an indefatigable angler, but a cock-fighter of the first notoriety. It is a curious fact, that as he was one day going to a match, accompanied by a man who carried two bags of fighting-cocks, he unexpectedly met his friend Wordsworth (who was coming to visit him), and immediately caused the man to secrete himself and the cocks behind the hedge; an anecdote which redounds greatly to the credit of Mr. Wordsworth's better feelings, and makes me strongly inclined to forgive him his *Idiot Boy*, and the *Moods of his own mind*, and even *Harry Gill*.

† Wanderer! whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey!
Wherefore hast thou left thy home,
In the twilight of thy day?
Montgomery's *Wanderer of Switzerland*.

The twilight of this wanderer's day is a dim morning twilight, on which no sun will rise. The day-beams of genius are quenched in the mists of fanaticism.

Like farmer's man, he seemed to rear
  His form in smock-frock dight;
And screeched in poor Apollo's ear,
  Who ran with all his might.

And, even while Apollo ran,
  Arose the Bellman there,
And clapped the crack-voiced farmer's man
  Into his vacant chair.*

Next, like Tom Thumb, he skipped along
  In merry Irish jig:
And now he whined an amorous song,
  And now he pulled a wig,†

* In medio duo signa, *Conon* . . . . et quis fuit alter?

Conon was a farmer's boy, a minstrel of cows and cow-sheds, and cow-dung, and cow-pock; yet nevertheless a considerable favourite with the delicate and fashionable fair-ones of his day: *et quis fuit alter?* scil. the *bellman:* THE bellman, κατ' εξοχην. He was a character very ridiculously remarkable in the annals of rural perfumery, who most ludicrously mistook himself for a poet and philosopher, passed much of his time in star-gazing, wrote some dismal jargon which he christened *Sonnets on the Petrarchan Model,* kept a journal of the rain and wind, and rang many a peal of nonsense in praise of his friend *Conon,* the farmer's boy, who was indeed *tali dignus amico.*

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus?

† Note, by Professor Nodus-in-Scirpo, of the University of Cambridge.—It is well known that a certain LITTLE poet challenged a certain *great* critic to the deadly arbitrament of powder and wadding. Of this circumstance the multiform Proteus here seems to make himself symbolical. The *wig* seems to typify the body

Whose frizzles, firing at his rage,
  Like Indian crackers flew,
Each wrapped in party-coloured page
  Of some profound review.*

In jaunting car,† like tourist brave,
  Full speed he seemed to rush ;

---

corporate of criticism, which, being roughly handled in one of its side-curls, opens fire from all its *frizzles* on the daring assailant in a volley of *Indian crackers*, the different colours of which are composed of the *party-colours* supposed to be worn by the respective corps of critics militant.

* Of Reviews in the present day we have *satis superque*. We have the *Edinburgh Review*, already eulogised ; and the *Monthly Review*, which I believe is tolerably impartial, though not very remarkable either for learning or philosophy ; and the *Quarterly Review*, a distinguished vehicle of compositions in the language politic ; and the *British Critic*, which proceeds on the enlightened principle that nothing can possibly be good coming from an heretic or a republican ; and the *Antijacobin Review*, ... ; and the *British Review*, of which I can say nothing, never having read a single page of it ; and the *Eclectic Review*, an exquisite focus of evangelical illumination ; and the *New Review*, which promises to be an useful Notitia Literaria ; and the *Critical Review*, which I am very reluctant to mention at all, as I can only dismiss it in the words of Captain Bobadil :—" It is to gentlemen I speak : I talk to no scavenger."

† A wooden car, *perpetuo revolubile* gyro, may rumble through Ireland, Scotland, France, and the Netherlands, and annoy the ears of the English metropolis with the heavy echo of its wheels ; but it must not pretend to be the vehicle of poetic inspiration, unless the *inutile lignum* be mechanically impelled to the proclamation of its own emptiness. To illustrate this proposition by a case in point. A minute inspection of the varieties

And chaunted many a clumsy stave,
Might make the Bellman blush.

---

of human absurdity brings us acquainted with the existence of a certain knight, who has travelled rapidly, profited sparingly, and published enormously. Sublimed into extraordinary daring by the garlands of dwarf-laurel, torn from the bogs of the Shannon and the shores of the Caledonian lakes, he has actually made a profane excursion on the boundaries of Parnassus, and presented the public with a curious collection of weeds, under the facetious title of *Poems, by Sir John Carr*! Amongst these is one *on a paper-mill*. The knight has been so good a friend to the paper-mill, that had his benefactions stopped with his custom, he would have merited the eternal gratitude of all that band of mechanics, who begin, what other mechanics like himself conclude, the process of making a book. But his bounty does not stop so short. Not satisfied with having raised the price of rags and the wages of the paper-millers, he has actually favoured the world with a poem on the subject, written, as he says, *en badinage*. We ought to be much obliged to him for the information, as it shews, by contradistinction, that some of his works have been written in sober sadness; though I believe the greater part of those indefatigable devourers of new publications, who, by the aid of snuff and coffee, have contrived to keep themselves awake over his lucubrations, have imagined all his works to have been designed for *badinage*, from the burlesque solemnity and grave no-meaning of his statistical, political, and topographical discussions, to the very tragical merriment of his retailed puns and right pleasant original conceits. But here is a poem written professedly *en badinage*. Therefore *badinons un peu* with the worthy *cavaliere errante*.

"LINES

"Written *en badinage*, after visiting a paper-mill near
"Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W.,
"who excels in drawing, requesting the author to describe
"the process of making paper in verse."

I should imagine, from the young lady's requesting Sir John to employ his grey quill on a paper-mill, that

Like grizzly monk, on spectral harp
Deep dole he did betoken ;

---

the lovely Miss W. excels in quizzing as much as she does in drawing.

"Reader ! I do not wish to brag,
But, to display Eliza's skill,
I'd proudly be the vilest rag,
That ever went to paper-mill."

Or that ever came from it, Sir John might have added.

"Content in pieces to be cut"—

Sir John has been cut up so often, that he must be well used to the operation : it is satisfactory to find him so well pleased with it. Nature indeed seems to have formed him for the express purpose of being cut in pieces. He is a true literary polypus, and multiplies under the knife of dissection.

"Content in pieces to be cut,
Though sultry were the summer skies,
Pleased between flannel I'd be put,
And after bathed in jellied size."

"Though to be squeezed and hanged I hate"—

This line lets us into an extraordinary piece of taste on the part of the Knight. He does not like to be hanged. *Non porrigit ora capistro.*

"For thee, sweet girl, upon my word"—

Vivide et εναργως.

"When the stout press had forced me flat"—

"The *stout* press :"—*Stout*, indeed, when even Sir John's quartos have not broken it down.—"Had *forced* me *flat* :"—Sir John, we see, is of opinion that great force would be requisite to make him *flat*. For my part, I think that he is quite flat enough already, and that he has rather communicated his own flatness to the press, than derived that quality from it.

"I'd be suspended on a cord."

This is gallantry indeed : for the sake of the lovely Miss W. Sir John would even suffer the suspension of

And strummed one strain, 'twixt flat and sharp,
Till all the strings were broken.

---

his outward man, notwithstanding his singular antipathy to the process.

"And then when dried"—

Cut first, sir, and *dried* after, like one of his own cut and dried anecdotes, introduced so very apropos, as "a curious circumstance that happened to *me*."

—"and fit for use"—

By dint of cutting up and hanging Sir John is made useful. Presently he will be ornamental.

"Eliza! I would pray to thee"—

We see Sir John does not think of praying till after he has been hanged, contrary to the usual process on similar occasions.

"If with thy pen thou wouldest amuse,
That thou wouldest deign to write on me."

Nay, nay, Sir John, not on you. "*Verse* must *be dull on subjects so d—d* dry."

"Gad's bud!"—

A classical exclamation, equivalent to the *medius-fidius* of Petronius, the *Ædepol* of Terence, and the *νη τον ουρανον* of Aristophanes.

"Gad's bud! how pleasant it would prove
Her pretty chit-chat to convey:"

The world is well aware of Sir John's talent for conveying the pretty chit-chat of his acquaintance into his dapper quartos; but how pleasant the operation has proved to any one but himself, I am not prepared to decide.

"P'rhaps—"

An Attic contraction.

"P'rhaps be the record of her love,
Told in some coy enchanting way."

If this should ever be the case, I can furnish the young

Like modish bard, intent to please
The sentimental fair,
He strung conceits and similes,
Where feeling had no share.*

---

lady with a suitable exordium from an old Italian poet:

Scrivend' io già mio forsennato amore
Su duro foglio d' asinina pelle.

"Or if her pencil she would try
On me, oh may she still imprint
Those forms that fix the admiring eye,
Each graceful line, each glowing tint."

I know not what success the lovely Miss W. might have in making Sir John ornamental. Gillray, we all know, *tried his pencil* on him very successfully, and fixed a *glowing tint* (of anger, not of shame) on the cheek of the exasperated Sir John.

"Then shall I reason have to brag,
For thus, to high importance grown,
The world will see a *simple* rag
Become a treasure rarely known."

So ends this miserable shred of what Sir John calls *badinage*. "Away! thou rag! thou quantity! thou remnant!" And so much for the *Poems* of Sir John Carr.

ἁλις δε οἱ· αλλα ἑκηλος
Ἐῤῥετω· εκ γαρ οἱ φρενας εἱλετο μητιετα Ζευς.

Let him in peace the depths of Lethe gain,
Since all-wise Jove hath robbed his sconce of brain.

* *Non multum abludit imago* from Mr. W. R. Spenser, a writer of fantastical namby-pambies and epigrammatico-sentimental madrigals, on the clasp of a waist or the tie of a garter, on the ancle of Lady H——k, or the bosom of Lady J——y, &c. &c. &c. Mr. S. trespasses so often on forbidden ground, that the reader begins to anticipate strange things, and is almost ready to exclaim, *Quos agor in specus?*

The fashionable world has its own luminaries of taste and genius. *Solem suum sua sidera norunt.* But they

At last, in cap with border red,
A Minstrel seemed to stand,
With heather bell upon his head,
And fiddle in his hand ;

---

have more of the meteor than the star, and even of the meteor more of its transience than its lustre. The little lustre they possess is indeed meteoric, for it shines within a narrow circle, and only a feeble report of its existence passes the limits of its sphere. *Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.* The solitary philosopher reads in some critical ephemeris that such a meteor has been observed : he notices the subject for a moment, and returns to the contemplation of those stars, which have shone and will continue to shine for ages.

There are no results of human art, in which the *fluxum atque caducum* is so strikingly exemplified as in those productions which constitute what may be denominated fashionable literature. This is one of the affairs of men in which there is no tide. There is no refluence in fashionable taste. It is an everflowing stream, which rolls on its inexhaustible store of new poems, new romances, new biography, new criticism, new morality, —to that oblivious gulph, from which a very few are redeemed by the swans of renown. The few so redeemed cease to be fashionable, and to the really literary part of mankind they scarcely begin to be known, when to the soi-disant literati of the fashionable world they are already numbered with the things that were ; with Dryden, and Drayton, and Spenser, and other obsolete worthies ; of every one of whom the fashionable reader may exclaim : *Notus mihi nomine tantum !* and who have been rudely thrust aside to make way for these new-comers, as the choicest productions of Greek and Roman taste were trampled into the dust on the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, or as the statues of Apollo, Venus, and the Graces were thrown down and demolished by the more barbarous fanatics of the dark ages, in order that St. Benedict, and St. Dominic, and St. Anthropophagos might be placed upon their pedestals.

The great desideratum in fashionable literature is

And such a shrill and piercing scrape
Of hideous discord gave,
That none but Johnny's ear could scape
Unfractured by the stave.

---

novelty. The last publications which have issued from the press in the department of the belles lettres must cooperate with the last princely fête, the last elegant affair of crim. con., the last *semivir* imported from Italy, in filling up that portion of fashionable conversation, which is not engrossed by pure no-meaning, by party, or by scandal. These publications are caught up wet from the press, and thrown carelessly on the table, the sofa, or the ottoman, to furnish a ready answer to the certain questions of the lounging visitor: *Is this Mr. S.'s new poem? Have you seen Mr. L.'s romance? Have you met with Miss M.'s puritanical novel? Have you fallen asleep, as I did, over the last* Battle? till some newer effusion of fancy dispossess them of their post of honor, and send them to a private station on the shelves of the library, to sleep with those that have been mighty in their day, with the *Tales of Wonder* and the *Botanic Garden*, with the flowery *Wreath* of Della Crusca and the barren *Landscape* of Knight, with the *Travels* of Sir John Carr, the *Biography* of Mr. Shepherd, and the *Criticism* of Dr. Drake.

This undistinguishing passion for literary novelty seems to involve nothing less than a total extinction of every thing like discrimination in taste and nature in imagination: and it would be rendering no slight service to the cause of sound criticism and philosophical literature, to hold up Banquo's mirror to the readers of the fashionable world, and shew them, at one view, the phantoms of those productions which they have successively admired and forgotten, from the days of love-sick marygolds and sentimental daffydowndillies, to these of pathetic ruffians, poetical bandits, and "maids that love the moon." If, in the execution of this office, it should sometimes be necessary to perform the part of a resurrection-man in criticism, and compel the canonized form of many a would-be poet and pilferer of old romances to burst the cerements of his literary

Old Poulter's mare, in sudden fright,
Forgot all John had taught her;
And up she reared, a furious height,
And soused him in the water.

---

sepulchre, the operation would not be wholly without its use. The audible *memento* which these spectres would thunder in the ears of the indefatigable scribblers of the day would operate *in terrorem* on the side of common sense, and by stifling in its birth many a crude embryo of nonsense, save many a groan to the press, many a head-ache to the critic, and much perversion of intellect to the rising generation.

Praise, when well deserved, should be freely given: but in cases so desperate as the present, the severity of justice should not be tempered by the least degree of unmerited mercy.—Common sense and taste can scarcely stem the torrent of doggrel and buffoonery, which is daily poured forth by the press,

"Even as Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
"Rolls the large tribute of *dead dogs* to Thames."

The gardens of Parnassus are over-run with weeds, which have been suffered to fatten in obscurity by the mistaken lenity of contempt. To bruise their heads is useless: they must be torn up by the roots before any wholesome plant can have room to flourish in the soil.—If we desire that Philosophy may re-enter the temple of Apollo, we must not hesitate to throw down the Corycian Cave the rubbish that defiles its courts and chokes its vestibule. I would apply to subjects of taste the severe morality of Sophocles:

Χρην δ' ευθυς ειναι τηνδε τοις πασιν δικην,
Ὁστις περα πρασσειν γε των νομων θελει
ΚΤΕΙΝΕΙΝ· ΤΟ ΓΑΡ ΠΑΝΟΥΡΓΟΝ ΟΥΚ ΑΝ ΗΝ ΠΟΛΥ.

SIR PROTEUS

III.

OR CHI SEI TU?

TEN thousand thousand fathoms down
  Beneath the sea he popped:
At last a coral cracked his crown,
  And Johnny Raw was stopped.*

Sir Proteus came, and picked him up,
  With grim and ghastly smile;
And asked him to walk in and sup,
  And fiddled all the while.†

So up he got, and felt his head,
  And feared his brain was diddled;
While still the ocean o'er him spread,
  And still Sir Proteus fiddled.

And much surprised he was to be
  Beneath the ocean's root; ‡
Which then he found was one great tree,
  Where grew odd fish for fruit.

* "Ten thousand thousand fathoms down he dropped;
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,
Foul Arvalan is *stopped*."
Southey's *Curse of Kehama.*

† Sir Proteus, having fixed himself in the shape most peculiarly remote from taste and nature, that of a minstrel of the Scottish border, continues to act up to the full spirit of the character he has assumed, by fiddling with indefatigable pertinacity to the fall of the curtain.

‡ For a particular description of the roots of the ocean, see Mr. Southey's *Thalaba.*

And there were fish both young and old,
  And fish both great and small;
And some of them had heads of gold,
  And some no heads at all.

And now they came, where Neptune sate,
  With beard like any Jew,
With all his Tritons round in state,
  And all his Nereids too:

And when poor Johnny's bleeding sconce
  The moody king did view,*
He stoutly bellowed, all at once:
  "Pray who the deuce are you?

"That thus dare stalk, and walk, and talk,
  Beneath my tree, the sea, sir,
And break your head on coral bed,
  Without the leave of me, sir?"

IV.

ΟΜΑΔΟΣ Δ' ΑΛΙΑΣΤΟΣ ΟΡΩΡΕΙ.

Poor Johnny looked exceeding blue,†
  As blue as Neptune's self;
And cursed the jade, his skull that threw
  Upon the coral shelf;

* "Up starts the moody Elfin King,"
  &c. &c. &c. *Lady of the Lake.*

† Though in blue ocean seen,
  Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
  In all its rich variety of tints,
  Suffused with glowing gold.
  Southey's *Madoc.*

And thrice he cursed the jarring strain,
  That scraping Proteus sung,
Which forced his mare to rear amain,
  And got her rider flung.

His clashing thoughts, that flocked so quick,
  He strove in vain to clear;
For still the ruthless fiddlestick
  Was shrieking at his ear,

A piercing modulated shriek,*
  So comically sad,
That oft he strove in vain to speak,
  He felt so wondrous mad.

But seeing well, by Neptune's phiz,
  He deemed the case no joke,
In spite of all the diz and whiz,
  Like parish-clerk he spoke †

A wondrous speech, and all in rhyme,
  As long as *Chevy Chase*,
Which made Sir Proteus raise his chime,
  While Glaucus fled the place.

He sung of men, who nature's law
  So little did redoubt,

* "A long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry."
Southey's *Madoc*.

† This would be no ill compliment to the author last cited, a professed admirer and imitator of Sternhold and Hopkins.

They flourished when the life was raw,
  And when the brain was out ; *

Whose arms were iron spinning-wheels,
  That twirled when winds did puff,
And forced Old Scratch to ply his heels,
  By dint of usage rough.
Grim Neptune bade him stop the peals
  Of such infernal stuff.

But when once in, no art could win
  To silence Johnny Raw :
For Nereid's grin, or Triton's fin,
  He did not care a straw ;
So still did spin his rhyming din,
  Without one hum or haw,
Though still the crazy violin
  Kept screaming : " Hoot awa' ! "

* There is a gentleman in this condition in Mr. Southey's *Curse of Kehama,* who is nevertheless perfectly alive and vigorous, makes two or three attempts to ravish a young lady, and is invariably repelled by a very severe fustigation. *The times have been, that when the brain was out the man would die ;* but, with so many living contradictions of this proposition, we can scarcely rank the dead-alive Arvalan among the most monstrous fictions of Hindoo mythology ; whatever we may think of the spinning-wheel arms of Kehama, who contrives to split himself into eight pieces, for the convenience of beating eight devils at once : for which profane amusement he is turned to a red-hot coal. *Voilà la belle imagination !*

Till all the Tritons gave a yell,
  And fled, in rout inglorious,
With all the Nereids, from the spell
  Of Johnny's stave laborious,
And Neptune scouted in his shell,
  And left stout Raw victorious.

V.

ASPRO CONCENTO, ORRIBILE ARMONIA

But Proteus feared not Johnny's tongue,
  And vowed to be the master;
And still the louder Johnny sung,
  Bold Proteus scraped the faster;

And raised a rhyme of feudal time,
  A song of moonlight foray,
Of bandits bold in days of old,
  The Scott, the Kerr, the Murray.

Who, by their good King James desired
  To keep up rule and order,
Like trusty guardians, robbed, and fired,
  And ravaged, all the border.

Then sung he of an English Peer,*
  A champion bold and brawny,
Who loved good cheer, and killed his dear,
  And threshed presumptuous Sawney.

* "The good Lord Marmion, by my life!"

Then Roderick, starch in battle's brunt,
  The changing theme supplied ;
And Maid, that paddled in a punt
  Across Loch Katrine's tide :

And horse, and hound, and bugle's sound,
  Inspired the lively lay,
With ho ! ieroe ! and tallyho !
  And yoicks ! and harkaway !

Then much he raved of lunar light,
  Like human conscience changing ; *
And damsel bright, at dead of night,
  With bold Hibernian ranging ;

* Sir Proteus appears to borrow this part of his many-changing melody from the exordium of Mr. Scott's *Rokeby*, which is in manner and form following :

The moon is in her summer glow ;
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud.
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes like a guilty dream,
When Conscience with remorse and fear
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seemed now the blush of shame,
Seemed now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow ;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees.

It would not be easy to find a minstrel strain more opposite, in every respect, to taste and nature than this. What is the summer *glow* of the moon ? *Glow* is *heat*,

And buccaneer, so stern and staunch,
Who, though historians vary,
Did wondrous feats on tough buck's haunch,
And butt of old Canary.

---

or the *appearance of heat*. But there is no heat in the moon's rays, nor do I believe that the face of that planet ever presented such an appearance. The cloud, which *racks* over the face of the moon, and varies the tincture of her shroud, is a very incomprehensible cloud indeed. By *rack* I presume Mr. Scott to understand the course of the clouds when in motion. This, Mr. Tooke has shewn, is not the true meaning of the word. *Rack* is merely *that which is reeked :* a vapour, a steam, an exhalation. It is the past participle of the Anglo-saxon verb, ȝecan, *exhalare :* but to talk of a cloud reeking or steaming over the face of the moon would be downright nonsense. But whether *rack* signify *motion* or *vapour*, what is the shroud of the moon, of which the cloud varies the tincture ? It cannot be the cloud itself, for in that case the cloud would be said to vary its own tincture. It plainly implies something external to the moon and different from the cloud, and what is that something ? Most assuredly nothing that ever came within the scope of meteorological observation. The moon, thus *clouded* and *shrouded*, reflects on her disk various mental phænomena, which are seen by the warder. Now it is most probable, that the warders of past days, like the centinels of the present, were in the habit of looking at nature with the eyes of vulgar mortals, and not of remarking mental phænomena in the disk of the moon. Had the poor little pitiful whining Wilfrid discovered these chimæras, it would at least have been more in character. The dark-red appearance, which would characterise the flame of anger and the glow of apprehension, the moon never assumes but when very near the horizon, and in that position her *tincture* does not *vary*. " Shifting a shade to come and go " will scarcely pass for good English on this side of the Tweed. The *livery of sorrow*, if it mean any thing, must mean a *mourning coat*, and what idea is conveyed to the mind, by the figure of a black livery dying in darkness ?

The fiddle, with a gong-like power,
  Still louder, louder swelling,
Resounded till it shook the bower,
  Grim Neptune's coral dwelling :

And still Sir Proteus held his course,
  To prove his muse no craven,
Until he grew completely hoarse,
  And croaked like any raven.

They might have thought, who heard the strum
  Of such unusual strain,
That Discord's very self was come,
  With all her minstrel train,

Headlong by vengeful Phœbus thrown,
  Through ocean's breast to sweep,
To where Sir Bathos sits alone,
Majestic on his wire-wove throne,
  Below the lowest deep.*

* Τηλε μαλ', ῇχι ΒΑΘΙΣΤΟΝ ὑπο χθονος εστι βερεθρον,
Τοσσον ενερθ' Αἴδεω, ὁσον ουρανος εστ' απο γαιης.

VI.

COLÀ DOVE È IL FINIMONDO

THOUGH Johnny prized the Jew's-harp twang
  Beyond old Homer's harp,*
He little loved the barbarous clang
  Of fiddle cracked and sharp :

And when the names Sir Proteus said
  Of Murray, Kerr, and Scott ;
The sound went crashing through his head,
  Like Van Tromp's famous shot,†

* Our hero is not singular. The harp of Israel is exalted above the lyre of Greece by the poetical orthodoxy of the bards of the lakes :

> *Mæonium* qui jam soliti contemnere *carmen*,
> *Judaicos* discunt *numeros*, servantque, coluntque,
> Tradidit arcano quoscumque volumine Moses !

which accounts for the air of conscious superiority and dignified contempt they assume towards those perverted disciples of Homer and Sophocles, who are insensible to the primitive mellifluence of patriarchal modulation. It is not less creditable to the soundness of their theology than to the purity of their taste, that they herein differ *toto cælo* from the profane Frenchman, who concludes his poem with a treaty between the principal personages of the ancient and modern religions of Europe, by which it is stipulated, that the latter shall continue throned in glory on *Mount Sinai*, while the former shall retain the exclusive and undisturbed possession of *Mount Parnassus*.

† This shot, I am informed, is still to be seen at Sheerness.

Which, like some adamantine rock,
  By Hector thrown in sport,
Plumped headlong into Sheerness dock,
  And battered down a fort.

Like one astound, John stared around,
  And watched his time to fly ;
And quickly spied, amid the tide,
  A dolphin sailing by ;—

And jumped upon him in a crack,
  And touched him in the fin,
And rose triumphant, on his back,
  Through ocean's roaring din :

While Proteus, on his fiddle bent,
  Still scraped his feudal jig ;
Nor marked, as on his ballad went,
  His bird had hopped the twig.

So Johnny rose mid ocean's roar,
  And landed was full soon,
Upon a wild and lonely shore,
  Beneath the waning moon.

He sate him down, beside a cave
  As black as hell itself,
And heard the breakers roar and rave,
  A melancholy elf :

But when he wanted to proceed,
  And advertise his mare,
In vain he struggled to be freed,
  Such magic fixed him there.

Then came a voice of thrilling force:
  "In vain my power you brave,
For here must end your earthly course,
  And here's Oblivion's cave.

"Far, far within its deep recess,
  Descends the winding road,
By which forgotten minstrels press
  To Pluto's drear abode.

"Here Cr—k—r fights his battles o'er,
  And doubly kills the slain,
Where Y . . . no more can nod or snore
  In concert to the strain.

"Here to psalm tunes thy C—l—r—dge sets
  His serio-comic lay:
Here his grey Pegasus curvets,
  Where none can hear him bray.

"Here dreaming W—rds—th wanders lost,
  Since Jove hath cleft his deck: *
Lo! on these rocks his tub is tost,†
  A shattered, shapeless wreck.

* ——— ΝΗΑ ΘΟΗΝ *αργητι κεραυνῳ*
ΖΕΥΣ *ελσας εκεασσε, μεσῳ ενι οινοπι ποντῳ.*

† See page 289, *sqq*.

In such a vessel ne'er before
Did human creature leave the shore.
But say what was it?—Thought of fear!
Well may ye *tremble* when ye hear!
A household tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes!
Wordsworth's *Poems*, vol. ii. p. 72.

" Here shall Corruption's *laureate wreath*,
By ancient Dullness twined
With flowers that courtly influence breathe,
Thy votive temples bind.

" Amid the thick Lethean fen
The dull dwarf-laurel springs,*
To bind the brows of venal men,
The tuneful slaves of kings.

" Come then, and join the apostate train
Of thy poetic stamp,
That vent for gain the loyal strain,
Mid Stygian vapours damp,
While far below, where Lethe creeps,
The ghost of Freedom sits, and weeps
O'er Truth's extinguished lamp."

* The *dwarf-laurel* is a little stunted plant, growing in ditches and bogs, and very dissimilar to that Parnassian shrub, " *which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore ;* " as in the *Carmen Triumphale for the year 1814*, mellifluously singeth the Protean bard, *Robert Southey, Esquire, Poet-Laureate ! ! !*

Χαιρε μοι, ω ΠΡΩΤΕΥ· σῃ δ' ουκετι τερψεαι οιος
Τεχνῃ · ΜΙΣΘΟΦΟΡΕΙ ΓΑΡ 'Ο ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΜΟΡΦΟΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

L'ENVOY

Good reader! who have lost your time
In listening to a noisy rhyme!
If catgut's din, and tramping pad,
Have not yet made completely mad
The little brains you ever had,—
Hear me, in friendly lay, expressing
A better than the Bellman's blessing:
That Nature may to you dispense
Just so much share of common sense,
As may distinguish smoke from fire,
A shrieking fiddle from a lyre,
And Phœbus, with his steed of air,
From poor old Poulter and his mare.

THE

ROUND TABLE;

OR,

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST.

Embellished with Eighteen Engravings.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN ARLISS
Juvenile Library,
No. 9, Old Change, St. Paul's Church-yard:
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INTRODUCTION

King Arthur is said to have disappeared after the battle of Camlan, and to have never been seen again; which gave rise to a tradition, that he had been carried away by Merlin, a famous prophet and magician of his time, and would return to his kingdom at some future period.—The Welch continued to expect him for many hundred years; and it is by no means certain that they have entirely given him up. He is here represented as inhabiting a solitary island, under the influence of the prophet Merlin; by whose magic power he is shown all the kings and queens who have sat on his throne since his death, and giving to them a grand feast, at his old established round table, attended by their principal secretaries, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, poets, and a long train of courtiers. The kings are of course mentioned in the order of succession. The allegory is illustrated as concisely as possible in the notes. So many histories of England being published for the use of young persons, we have only attached the names of the kings, and to such instances as might not be considered sufficiently explanatory.

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST

THE ROUND TABLE

King Arthur sat down by the lonely sea-coast,
As thin as a lath, and as pale as a ghost :
He looked on the east, and the west, and the south,
With a tear in his eye, and a pipe in his mouth ;
And he said to old Merlin, who near him did stand,
Drawing circles, triangles, and squares on the sand,
" Sure nothing more dismal and tedious can be,
Than to sit always smoking and watching the sea :
Say when shall the fates re-establish my reign,
And spread my round-table in Britain again ? "

Old Merlin replied : " By my art it appears,
Not in less than three hundred and seventy years ;
But in the mean time I am very well able
To spread in this island your ancient round table ;
And to grace it with guests of unparallelled splendour,
I'll summon old Pluto forthwith to surrender
All the kings who have sat on your throne, from the day
When from Camlan's destruction I snatched you away."

King Arthur's long face, by these accents restored,
Grew as round as his table, as bright as his sword ;

While the wand of old Merlin waved over the ocean,
Soon covered its billows with brilliant commotion ;
For ships of all ages and sizes appearing,
Towards the same shore were all rapidly steering,
Came cleaving the billows with sail and with oar,
Yacht, pinnace, sloop, frigate, and seventy-four.

King Arthur scarce spied them afar from the land,
Ere their keels were fixed deep in the yellow sea-sand ;
And from under their canopies, golden and gay,
Came kings, queens, and courtiers, in gallant array,
Much musing and marvelling who it might be,
That was smoking his pipe by the side of the sea ;
But Merlin stepped forth with a greeting right warm,
And then introduced them in order and form.

The Saxons * came first, the pre-eminence claiming,
With scarce one among them but Alfred worth naming.
Full slily they looked upon Canute † the bold,

* The Saxons invaded England, and dispossessed the Britons. The most famous of the Saxon kings was Alfred.

† The Danes, under Canute, conquered the Saxons. The sons of Canute died without children, and the government returned to the Saxon kings.

And remembered the drubbing he gave them of old :
Sad Harold * came last ; and the crown which he wore
Had been broken, and trampled in dust and in gore.

Now the sun in the west had gone down to repose,
When before them at once a pavilion arose ;
Where Arthur's round table was royally spread,
And illumined with lamps, purple, yellow, and red.
The smell of roast beef put them all in a foment,
So they scrambled for seats, and were ranged in a moment.

The Conqueror † stood up, as they thought, to say grace ;
But he scowled round the board with a resolute face ;
And the company stared, when he swore by the fates,
That a list he would have of their names and estates ; ‡
And lest too much liquor their brains should inspire
To set the pavilion and table on fire,
He hoped they'd acknowledge he counselled right well,
To put out the lights when he tinkled his bell. §

* The last of the Saxon kings was Harold II., who was killed in the battle of Hastings, when William, Duke of Normandy, gained a decisive victory.

† William I. the Conqueror. ‡ Doomsday Book.

§ The curfew.

His speech was cut short by a general dismay ;
For William the Second * had fainted away,
At the smell of some New Forest Venison † before him ;
But a tweak of the nose, Arthur said, would restore him.

But another disturbance compelled him to mark
The pitiful state of poor Henry Beauclerk ; ‡
Who had fallen on the lampreys with ardour so stout, §
That he dropped from his chair in the midst of the rout.
Old Arthur, surprised at a king so voracious,
Thought a salt-water ducking might prove efficacious.

Now Stephen,|| for whom some bold barons had carved, ¶
Said, while some could get surfeited, he was half-starved :
For his arms were so pinioned, unfortunate elf ! **
He could hit on no method of helping himself.

* William II. Rufus.

† Accidentally killed by an arrow while hunting in the New Forest.

‡ Henry I. Beauclerk. § Died eating lampreys.

|| Stephen, of Bloix.

¶ Held in subjection by the barons.

** And so restricted in his authority, that he had little more than the name of a king.

But a tumult more furious called Arthur to check it,
'Twixt Henry the Second * and Thomas-a-Becket.†
" Turn out," exclaimed Arthur, " that prelate so free,
And from the first rock see him thrown in the sea."
So they hustled out Becket without judge or jury,
Who quickly returned in a terrible fury.
The lords were enraged, and the ladies affrighted;
But his head was soon cracked in the fray he excited;
When in rushed some monks in a great perturbation,
And gave good King Henry a sound flagellation;
Which so coolly he took, that the president swore,
He ne'er saw such a bigoted milk-sop before.

But Arthur's good humour was quickly restored,
When to lion-heart Richard ‡ a bumper he poured·
Whose pilgrim's array told the tale of his toils,
Half-veiling his arms and his Saracen spoils; §

* Henry II. Fitz-Empress.

† Quarrelled with his minister, Thomas-a-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was compelled to fly the country; but afterwards returning, was murdered by some followers of the king; for which Henry was forced to do penance, and was whipped by the monks at Becket's tomb.

‡ Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

§ Returned in a pilgrim's disguise through Europe from his wars in the Holy Land.

As he sliced up the venison of merry Sherwood,
He told a long story of bold Robin Hood,*
Which gave good King Arthur such hearty delight,
That he vow'd he'd make Robin a round-table knight.

While Merlin to fetch Robin Hood was preparing,
John Lackland† was blustering, and vapouring, and swearing,
And seemed quite determined the roast to be ruling; ‡
But some stout fellows near him prepared him a cooling;
Who seized him, and held him, nor gave him release,
Till he signed them a bond for preserving the peace. §

While Henry the Third, || dull, contemned, and forsaken,
Sat stupidly silent, regaling on Bacon,¶
The First of the Edwards ** charmed Arthur with tales
Of fighting in Palestine, Scotland, and Wales; ††

* In his time lived Robin Hood, the celebrated robber of Sherwood Forest.

† King John, surnamed Lackland.

‡ Ambitious of absolute power.

§ Forced by his barons to sign Magna Charta.

|| Henry III. of Winchester.

¶ A weak and foolish king, in whose reign lived Friar Bacon.

** Edward I. Longshanks. †† Gained many victories.

But Merlin asserted his angry regards,
Recollecting how Edward had treated the Bards.*
The Second,† whose days in affliction had run, ‡
Sat pensive and sad 'twixt his father and son.
But on the Third Edward § resplendently glance
The blazons of knighthood, and trophies of France; ||
Beside him his son in black armour appears,
That yet bears the marks of the field of Poictiers. ¶

From the festival's pomp, and the table's array,
Pale Richard of Bourdeaux ** turned sadly away;
The thought of that time his remembrance appals,
When Famine scowled on him in Pomfret's dark walls.††

Beside him sat Bolingbroke,‡‡ gloomy and stern,
Nor dared his dark eyes on his victim to turn; §§
The wrinkles of care o'er his features were spread,
And thorns lined the crown that encircled his head. ||||

* Massacred the Welch Bards.
† Edward II. of Caernarvon.
‡ Murdered by his wife's knowledge in Berkeley Castle.
§ Edward III.
|| Conquered France in conjunction with his son, the Black Prince.
¶ The Battle of Poictiers.
** Richard II. of Bourdeaux.
†† Killed in Pomfret Castle.
‡‡ Henry IV. Bolingbroke.
§§ Obtained the crown by rebelling against Richard II.
|||| Was miserable all his reign.

But Harry of Monmouth * some guests had
brought in,
Who drank so much liquor, and made such a din,†
(While Arthur full loudly his mirth did disclose
At Falstaff's fat belly and Bardolph's red nose)
That he turned them all out with monarchial
pride, ‡
And laid the plumed cap of his revels aside,
And put on the helmet, and breastplate, and shield,
That did such great service on Agincourt's field. §

And now rang the tent with unusual alarms,
For the white and red roses were calling to arms ; ||
Confusion and tumult established their reign,
And Arthur stood up, and called silence in vain.

Poor Harry the Sixth,¶ hustled, beaten, and
prest,
Had his nosegay of lilies ** soon torn from his
breast ;

* Henry V. of Monmouth.

† Led a very dissolute life while Prince of Wales, and kept a set of drunken companions, to whom Shakspeare has given the names of Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.

‡ Discarded them when he came to be king.

§ And gained great victories in France, particularly the battle of Agincourt.

|| The civil wars of York and Lancaster, of which respective parties the white and red roses were the emblems.

¶ Henry VI. of Windsor.

** Lost the kingdom of France.

And, though Margaret, to shield him, had clasped him around,*
From her arms he was shaken, and hurled to the ground; †
While Edward of York ‡ flourished over his head
The rose's pale blossoms, and trampled the red;
Though Warwick strove vainly the ill to repair,
And set fallen Henry again on his chair.

The children § of Edward stood up in the fray,
But, touched by cruel Richard, || they vanished away;
Who, knowing none loved him, resolved all should fear him,
And therefore knocked every one down who was near him.
Till him in his turn Harry Richmond ¶ assailed,
And at once, on his downfall, good order prevailed;

* Supported by his queen, Margaret.

† Overcome by the York party, and made a prisoner in the Tower.

‡ Edward IV., raised to the throne by the aid of the Earl of Warwick; who afterwards quarrelled with Edward, and endeavoured to restore Henry, but without success.

§ Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, died while children, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle Richard.

|| Richard III., a cruel and sanguinary tyrant.

¶ Conquered in the battle of Bosworth by Henry of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.

And Richmond uplifted, to prove the strife ended,
A wreath where the white and red roses were blended.*

With his Jane, and his Annes, and his Catherines beside,
Sat Henry the Eighth,† in true Ottoman pride,
And quaffed off with Wolsey the goblet's red tide;
But over the head of each lady so fair
An axe was impending, that hung by a hair.‡

Bold Arthur, whose fancy this king had not won,
Look'd with hope and delight on young Edward § his son;
But had scarcely commended his learning and grace,
Ere he found his attention called off || to the place

* Being himself of the house of Lancaster, married Elizabeth, sister of Edward V., who was of the house of York; thus uniting the two houses, and ending the civil wars.

† Henry VIII.

‡ Had six wives—one Jane, two Annes, and three Catherines, in the following order:

1. Catherine of Arragon, whom he divorced.
2. Ann Boleyn, whom he beheaded.
3. Jane Seymour, who died in giving birth to Edward VI.
4. Ann of Cleves, whom he sent back to her parents.
5. Catherine Howard, whom he beheaded.
6. Catherine Parr, who outlived him.

§ Edward VI., a very promising young prince.

|| Died in his sixteenth year.

Where the infamous Mary * polluted the feast,
Who sat drinking blood from the skull of a priest. †

But he struggled his horror and rage to repress,
And sought consolation from worthy Queen Bess, ‡
Who had brought Drake and Raleigh her state to sustain, §
With American spoils and the trophies of Spain;
While Shakspeare and Spenser, || with song and with fable,
Enchanted King Arthur and all round his table.

Now the First of the James's ¶ complained of the heat,
And seemed ill at ease on his ricketty seat;
It proved, when examined (which made them all stare),
A gunpowder barrel instead of a chair.**

* Mary. Cruel Queen Mary. Daughter of Henry the Eighth.

† Burned three hundred persons for not being of her opinion in religion.

‡ Elizabeth. A wise and fortunate queen.

§ Her admirals, among whom were Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, sailed round the world, settled colonies in North America, defeated the Spanish Armada, &c.

|| In her reign lived many eminent authors, particularly Shakspeare and Spenser.

¶ James the First.

** The gunpowder plot, 5th November, 1605.

The First of the Charles's * was clearing the dishes,
Taking more than his share of the loaves and the fishes,†
Not minding at all what the company said,
When up started Cromwell, and sliced off his head.‡

Charles the Second, § enraged at the villainous deed,
Tried to turn out old Cromwell, but could not succeed;
But he mastered young Dick, and then cooled his own wrath
In syllabub, trifle, and fillagree broth. ||

James the Second,¶ with looks full of anger and gloom,
Pronounced nothing good but the cookery of Rome; **
So begged of King Arthur, his dear royal crony,
To make all the company eat macaroni; ††

* Charles I.

† Overstrained his prerogative; encroached on the liberties of the people, and on the privileges of parliament. The consequence was a civil war and the loss of his head.

‡ The commonwealth succeeded, at the head of which was Oliver Cromwell. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who was displaced by the restoration of Charles II.

§ Charles II.

|| A frivolous and dissolute king.

¶ James II.

** A bigoted Roman Catholic.

†† Used violent measures to establish that religion in England.

But Arthur bade Mary an orange present,*
At which James grew queasy, and fled from the tent.
So she placed on his seat honest William,† her spouse,
And with laurel and olive encircled his brows ; ‡
Wreath of glory and peace, by young Freedom entwined,§
And gave him a key to the lock § of the mind.

Now as Arthur continued the party to scan,
He did not well know what to make of Queen Anne ; ||
But Marlborough,¶ he saw, did her credit uplift,
And he heartily laughed at the jokes of Dean Swift.**

* Was obliged to fly the country ; and the crown devolved to his daughter Mary, and her husband, William, Prince of Orange.

† William III.

‡ His reign was distinguished by foreign victories and domestic prosperity.

§ By being the origin of the present form of the English constitution, in the glorious revolution of 1688 ; and by the life and writings of the philosopher Locke.

|| Anne.

¶ Her general, the Duke of Marlborough, gained several great victories in France.

** Many eminent literary characters flourished in her time, particularly Swift and Pope.

Then shook hands with two Georges,* who near
    him were seated,
Who closed in his left, and the circle completed;
He liked them both well, but he frankly averred,
He expected to prove better pleased with the
    Third.

* The House of Hanover.
George I.
George II.
George III.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND TEXTUAL NOTES

The original texts of the poems here reprinted are to be found in the following volumes.

Palmyra, and other Poems, was probably published late in 1805 (see next paragraph); the original title page is reproduced in facsimile on page 1. The book is a foolscap octavo, collating [A]^4, [B]–K^8, pp. viii + 141; the title page (faced by an engraved frontispiece, reproduced as frontispiece to the present volume) forms sig. [A] (*verso* blank), followed by the 'CONTENTS.' (sig. [A 2]), and 'TO | THE REVIEWERS:' (sigs. [A 3–4], [A 4] *verso* being blank). Sig. [B], p. [1], is the fly-title to *Palmyra*; the *verso* is blank, and the text begins on sig. [B 2]. There are fly-titles to *The Visions of Love*, *Maria's Return*, *Fiolfar*, *Miscellanies*, *Nugæ*, and the *Notes* which follow the text of *Palmyra* and of *Fiolfar*. The text concludes with the end of *A Fragment* on sig. [K 7], p. 141, after which is printed 'THE END.', and in left hand corner, at foot, 'T. Bensley, Printer, | Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.' Sigs. [K 7] *verso* and [K 8] are blank. Pagination is at outer top corner; running titles vary according to contents.

The date of *Palmyra, and other Poems* is given on the title page as 1806. At the foot of its frontispiece is inscribed '*Fittler Sc.* | PALMYRA. | *Page 5* * | *Published Nov.r 1805 by W. J. & J. Richardson Royal Exchange.*' In the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1806 there appears at p. 508, in the '*Quarterly List of New*

* *i.e.* p. 8 of the present volume, 'Awe-struck, I hear,' *etc.*

Publications, From 10. October 1805, to 8. January 1806.', the entry 'Palmyra, and other Poems. By T. L. Peacock. foolsc. 8vo. 7s.' In *The English Catalogue of Books published from 1801 to 1836* (Peddie and Waddington: London, 1914) there appears at p. 438 the entry, derived from an unnamed source, '*Peacock (Thomas Love)—Palmyra, and other poems. Fcp. 8vo., 7s. Richardson, Dec. '05.*' It is probable that the book was published in November or early in December 1805, and that the publisher, following a practice common in the early nineteenth century when a book was issued late in the year, post-dated its title page. It was reviewed in the *Critical Review* for February 1806, the *Monthly Review* for March 1806, and the *British Critic* for January 1808.

The volume was issued with all edges uncut, in full paper boards; copies are known in pink,* light brown, blue-grey, and olive-green. The end papers are white. Leaves of uncut copies measure $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ in. There was a paper label (probably white) on the spine, but no copy retaining the original label is available for description.

The Genius of the Thames was first published, late in May or very early in June,† in 1810; the original title page is reproduced in facsimile on page 99. The book is a post octavo, collating $[A]^4$ B–K^8 L^2, pp. viii + 147 ([L2] *verso* being blank and unpaged). Pagination is at top of page, in centre; there is no running title. Sig. [A] is the half-title, 'THE | GENIUS | OF THE | THAMES.' In the left hand bottom corner of the *verso* (otherwise blank), and also of the last page of the *Notes* (sig. [L 2], p. 147) after 'THE END.', is the name of 'T. Bensley, Printer, | Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.'

* A copy of this issue in my possession has the signature of Mary [Ellen] Peacock on the fly-leaf.—H. F. B. B.-S.

† Peacock had recently received a number of letters of congratulation on it when he sent Hookham a list of errata, in a letter of June 12, from Tanybwlch.

[A 2] is the title (*verso* blank); [A 3–4] contain the 'PROŒMIUM.' ([A 4] *verso* blank). Sig. B is the fly-title to the poem; sig. I the fly-title to the *Notes*. The book is printed on a stout opaque white paper bearing the watermark 'E & P | 1807'; sheet [A], however, is frequently * printed on paper of similar texture watermarked 'BUTTANSHAW | 1808'.

In all known copies of this volume the title page is a cancel, pasted (more or less obviously) on to the stub of the original leaf.

The volume was issued, with all edges uncut, in boards, with white end papers and a paper label on the spine lettered in black as follows, between double rules (the outer thicker than the inner) at head and foot:—'GENIUS | OF THE | THAMES. | [short rule] | 7*s*. boards.' Copies are known in full brown boards (white label), in blue-grey boards backed with light brown (white label), in grey-green boards † backed with blue (white label), and in light buff boards backed with pink (pink label). Leaves of uncut copies measure $7\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{11}{16}$ in.

There was also a separate issue of this edition, with a different imprint and on different paper. The words 'AND MANNERS AND | MILLER, EDINBURGH.' are replaced by 'AND MUNDELL, DOIG, | AND STEVENSON, EDINBURGH.', and the paper (used also for the end papers) is a coarse greenish ribbed paper without watermark.

* Eleven copies have been examined; in five of them the Buttanshaw watermark is found on one or more (including the cancel title) of the four leaves of sheet [A]; in three others no watermark is visible on any of the four leaves; and in three the E & P watermark is found on one leaf (the cancel title of that in the British Museum, the half-title of that corrected by Peacock for a second edition—see p. 338—and of that mentioned in the next note).

† By the courtesy of Messrs. Ingpen & Stonehill I have been able to examine a copy in original green boards (rebacked), containing, at the top of the *recto* of the fly-leaf before the half title, the signature 'William Lloyd' (probably 'Mr. Lloyd' of Maentwrog), and lower on the page, in Peacock's hand, 'The Gift of "the Author"'.—H. F. B. B.-S.

This issue was bound in full brown boards; the only copy known to the editors * has traces of a paper label on the spine. The book is reduced to a quarto shape; the leaves, which have been trimmed (though in original boards, as the end papers show) measure $6\frac{7}{16} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

In his letter of June 12, 1810, Peacock sent Hookham a list of seven errata in the text and notes of the poem. Four of these were corrected in the second edition of 1812, and the other three have now been rectified, one (a turned letter) tacitly, and two with acknowledgement (see Textual Notes, p. 101, l. 3, and p. 161, last line).

The Genius of the Thames was reviewed in the *British Critic* for August 1810, the *Satirist* for August 1810, the *Anti-Jacobin Review* for September 1810, and the *Monthly Review* for June 1811.

An important copy of *The Genius of the Thames*, 1810, corrected throughout in the author's hand, is in the possession of Mr. C. E. Jones.† There are various scribblings and quotations on the fly-leaf and half-title, and the subsequent corrections show minute care in preparing the work for the press. The title page has been altered to the form adopted (with a few variations in the imprint) in the second edition of 1812, and the *Contents* of that edition have been added on a leaf of note paper inserted before the *Proœmium*, which is cancelled. (Peacock originally assigned page 1 to the first piece; the pagination of the rest he added later in a darker ink, no doubt with the paged proofs of the second edition before him.) The first three pages of

* No other has been heard of. It is in my possession.—H. F. B. B.-S.

† Mr. Jones purchased it in 1923 from a New York bookseller; on April 26, 1920, it had formed lot 842 of the Forman sale at the Anderson Galleries, New York. The copy is uncut, but in modern binding. On the inside of the front cover is a forged copy, in *photogravure*, of H. Buxton Forman's bookplate, which was *etched* (information supplied by Mr. T. J. Wise).

the text of the poem are struck out, with a note '∂/ 36 lines', and for them are substituted in ink, on the first page, the eight lines which form the first page of the poem in the 1812 version. In the second line 'willowy' is struck out, and 'reed-fringed' substituted in the margin, in pencil; an alteration not maintained in the 1812 text. The copy is very clean, and bears no marks of having been inside a printer's office, but almost all of its emendations were adopted in the text of 1812, together with a very few others which are not indicated in it. Occasionally it shows earlier forms of the alterations of 1812; for example, the lines of 1810,

> The Druids looked, with eyes of fear,
> From Mona's woods of gloom severe:

were altered first to

> From haunted Mona's sylvan gloom,
> The Druids watched the impending doom;

but this also was struck out in favour of the couplet printed in 1812 (p. 121 of the present volume). Sometimes, also, an alteration found in Peacock's corrected copy was retouched before its final appearance in 1812; thus the 'lonely mazes' of his manuscript correction became 'dreary mazes' in the ultimate text (p. 122 of the present volume). It may be assumed without question that the text of 1812 represents his considered and final judgement, but the corrected copy of 1810 is of interest as showing some of the stages of his revision. In one passage four lines were added (and subsequently rejected) for which this copy is the only authority; they would have been inserted between ll. 6 and 7 of p. 144 of the present volume, as follows:—

> Love, that, with feeling's tenderest flow,
> To rapture turns divided woe,
> And brightens every smile of fate,
> That kindred souls participate:

and it is perhaps worth noting, for the convenience of any reader who may desire the reference, that Peacock,

in adding the quotation from Ariosto which will be found on p. 162 of the present volume, originally wrote at its foot, and subsequently struck out, the words '*Orlando Furioso*. II. 34.'

The Genius of the Thames Palmyra and other Poems was published, probably in April, in 1812; the original title is reproduced in facsimile on page 103. The book is a foolscap octavo, collating [a]^2, A–M^8; sheet [a] is unsigned and unpaged; pagination (normally in outer top corner) runs from [1] to 189 ([M 7], end of the *Notes*); [M 7] *verso* and [M 8] *verso* are blank; [M 8] *recto* contains the advertisement 'BY THE SAME AUTHOR: | THE PHILOSOPHY OF MELANCHOLY, | A POEM IN FOUR PARTS: WITH A MYTHOLOGI- | CAL ODE. 4TO. 18s.' Facing the title is an engraved frontispiece, reproduced opposite page 103 of the present volume; below it is inscribed '*Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved by Heath* | *The Druid.* | *See Page 41.* [*i.e.* p. 126 of the present volume] | *London: Published by Gale & Curtis, Paternoster Row. April 1. 1812.*' Sig. [a] is the title; at foot of the *verso* (otherwise blank) below a double rule, and at foot of p. 189, after 'THE END.', below a single rule, is printed 'EDINBURGH: | Printed by James Ballantyne & [on p. 189 'and '] Co.' Sig. [a 2] contains the 'CONTENTS.'; *verso* blank.

This volume contains Peacock's revised versions of *The Genius of the Thames*, *Palmyra*, *Fiolfar*, and *Stanzas, written at Sea*, and following them the hitherto unpublished *Inscription for a Mountain-Dell*; each is preceded by a fly-title, as are the *Notes*, which are now placed together at the end.

The volume was issued with all edges uncut, in a quarter binding of grey-blue paper boards backed with drab, with white end papers and a white paper label on the spine lettered as follows, between double rules at head and foot: 'THE | GENIUS | OF | THE THAMES | AND | OTHER POEMS | BY | T. L. PEACOCK |

[short rule] | SECOND EDITION | [short rule] | *Price 7s boards.*' Leaves of uncut copies measure $6\frac{13}{16} \times 4\frac{3}{16}$ in.*

At a date considerably later than 1812, probably towards the year 1817, copies of the 1812 edition were issued in a quarter binding of green-grey paper boards backed with dark blue grained binder's cloth, bearing on the spine the same white paper label as the issue of 1812. Discolouration of paper in the only copy † known to the editors shows that the sheets had been stored for some length of time; a number of the original labels were evidently stored with them. The leaves of this copy are trimmed at fore-edge and foot, measuring $6\frac{11}{16} \times 4\frac{1}{16}$ in.; this shortening at foot has left hardly a trace of the last line of the inscription below the frontispiece. The issue of 1817 (see next paragraph) would seem to fix the latest date for the binding here described, though it is of course conceivable that a number of 1812 initial quarter-sheets were overlooked in 1817 and issued later.

In 1817 the remaining sheets of the 1812 edition were issued with a new initial quarter-sheet, printed on thinner paper, replacing that of 1812. The wording and line-arrangement of the 1812 title is preserved, but the date is altered to 1817, different founts of type are used, and punctuation is liberally added. At foot of the *verso*, below a double rule, are the words 'Printed by James Ballantyne & Co. Edinburgh.' The Contents page, though also re-set, follows faithfully that of 1812. The frontispiece is set lower on the page, so that the last line of the inscription does not appear. The volume was issued with all edges uncut (leaves of uncut copies measure $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ in.), in a full binding of light brown paper boards, with a long white paper label on

* A copy bound in calf, and inscribed on the fly-leaf in Peacock's hand 'Miss G. James | from Uncle Thomas | June 1834' is in the possession of Mr. R. W. Chapman. Miss James is not otherwise known to the editors.

† In the possession of Mr. C. E. Jones.

the spine lettered in black, with a wavy rule at head and foot, as follows: 'THE | GENIUS | OF THE THAMES | AND | Other Poems. | BY | T. L. PEACOCK. | [short rule] | SECOND EDITION. | [short rule] | *Price 5s. Boards.* | 1817.

The Philosophy of Melancholy was published in February 1812; the original title page is reproduced in reduced facsimile on page 183. The book is a large quarto, collating [A]–Q^4, R^3, pp. viii + 125, sig. R being a half-sheet with a single leaf, [R 3], added as a paste-on. Sigs. [A], [A 2] and [A 3] are occupied respectively by the title page, 'CONTENTS.' and general fly-title (each with *verso* blank); sig. [A 4] contains the 'GENERAL ANALYSIS.' There is a fly-title to each of the four *Parts* of the poem, to the *Notes* which follow it, and to *The Spirit of Fire* and its *Notes*, which conclude on sig. [R 3], p. 125, with 'THE END.' and in left hand corner at foot, below a single rule, 'London: Printed by W. Bulmer & Co. | Cleveland-row, St. James's.' In the middle of sig. [R 3] *verso* (unpaged) is printed 'BY THE SAME AUTHOR: | THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES, PALMYRA, AND | OTHER POEMS. | THE SECOND EDITION. FOOLSCAP 8vo. 7s.' Pagination is normally at outer top corner; running titles vary according to contents.

The volume was issued, printed on a stout opaque unwatermarked paper, with all edges uncut, in a quarter binding of green-grey paper boards backed either with green-grey or with grey-blue, with white end papers and a white paper label on spine lettered as follows, between single rules at head and foot: 'THE | PHILOSOPHY | OF | MELANCHOLY | &c. | [short rule] | BY | T. L. PEACOCK. | [short rule] | *Price* 18*s. boards.*' Leaves of uncut copies measure 12 × 9¾ in.

The volume was reviewed in the *Anti-Jacobin Review* for April, after having been announced in the *Monthly List of Publications* in the *British Critic* for February

1812, and in the *List of New Publications in March* in the *Monthly Magazine* for April 1812. It had, however, been published in February, for in a letter (preserved among Mrs. Clarke's papers) of Feb. 25, addressed, from 4 Inner Temple Lane, to Mrs. Pope, 14 Old Bond Street, Horace Twiss stated that he had been 'reading the poem which you have been so good as to send me', and announced that he would 'recommend it to Mr. Gifford with all possible earnestness, and endeavour to get it set down upon the list of publications to be reviewed' [in the *Quarterly*]. He added, 'If Mr. Jeffrey comes to London, I shall gladly present it to his fostering patronage. From what I know of his mind, I think him likely to admire this poem extremely.'

The poem has never been reprinted from 1812 until now, but Peacock evidently contemplated a second edition, and a copy of the first, corrected for the press by his own hand, is preserved among Mrs. Clarke's papers. Peacock seems first to have made marginal corrections in pencil; most of them he has confirmed in ink. Some of the corrections are trivial; 'co.' in the title page is replaced by 'COMPANY,' and all stops in the Contents page and the fly-title (p. 185) are struck out in ink, with a pencil note on the latter, 'No punctuation in this page.' All, however, are of interest; they show the author's views on spelling ('fantastic' is regularly struck out in favour of 'phantastic'); they systematically alter such forms as 'past' and 'dropt' to 'passed' and 'dropped'; and they occasionally alter the wording of the text. These corrections (except those of the title, Contents page and fly-title above mentioned) will be found in the Textual Notes, but two 'author's corrections' of printer's errors—*ομβρῳ* for *ομβρω* on p. 232, l. 11, and *ᾧ* for *ὡ* on p. 246, l. 4—have been embodied in the present text. Also on p. 253 the indentation of ll. 7-12, which were set too far to the right in the edition of 1812, has been rectified in accordance with Peacock's pencilled indications.

Sir Hornbook ; or, Childe Launcelot's Expedition was probably issued late in 1813 ; the original title page is reproduced in facsimile on page 261. The price was one shilling and sixpence with coloured illustrations, one shilling with plain. The book is a small square octavo, collating A–B^8. Sig. [A] is the title ; at foot of the *verso* (otherwise blank) is printed, below a single rule, 'Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, | Goswell-Street, London.' The text begins on sig. A 2, p. [3], and concludes on sig. [B 7], p. 29, the last stanza being followed by 'THE NDE.' (first issue), or 'THE END.' (second issue), and at foot, below a single rule, 'Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.' Sig. [B 7] *verso* is blank, and [B 8] (unpaged) contains advertisements of Sharpe and Hailes's publications and stock. The volume is illustrated by eight full-page plates, on stouter paper, each with running title 'SIR HORNBOOK.', pagination in outer top corner, the quotation illustrated (two or three lines) below the plate, and at foot '*Published 1 June 1813 by Sharpe & Hailes, Piccadilly.*' The plates are not included in the signatures or pagination of the two sheets of text ; the *verso* of each is blank, and its pagination is that of the page of text which it should face.

The volume was issued, stabbed, in stiff paper wrappers, drab-grey outside, white inside ; the lettering of the front cover is identical with that of the title page, except that in the first issue the Gothic type of line 3 is smaller on the title ; the text of the back cover is re-set, but otherwise agrees with that of the advertisements on sig. [B 8] *verso*. A square rope-pattern border encloses front and back covers. The leaves and wrapper, which are trimmed, measure $5\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Two issues of the first edition of *Sir Hornbook* are known. The first issue is distinguished from the second by the misprint 'NDE' on p. 29, by having the sub-title Childe Launcelot's Expedition in smaller Gothic type on the title page than on the front cover

(occupying a length of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. instead of $3\frac{3}{16}$), by having on the back wrapper a different division of the four lines introduced by *** than that of the four lines identical in wording and similarly introduced on sig. [B 8] *verso*, and by being printed on paper watermarked 1809 (second issue 1813). The watermark of the plates, in both issues,* is 1811.

No reference to the composition of *Sir Hornbook* has been discovered, but the date at the foot of the illustrations shows that the ballad was written before June 1813. During the summer of 1813 Peacock was on a visit to North Wales. The date when he set out is not known, but presumably *Sir Hornbook* was already completed. Of his literary occupations between the spring of 1812, when *The Philosophy of Melancholy* and the second edition of *The Genius of the Thames*, etc., were published, we know only that during the winter months he translated a number of Greek choruses. In view of his open-air habits in the summer months, the probable period of composition is from the autumn of 1812 to the spring of 1813.

Publication of *Sir Hornbook* seems to have been considerably delayed. The date of the title page is 1814. In the early nineteenth century, booksellers were accustomed to give to their November and December publications the date of the following year, and the little volume must have been held back until at least the beginning of the Christmas book-selling season of 1813. In the absence of evidence to the contrary—except the perhaps negligible fact that the only traced review of *Sir Hornbook* is found in the *British Critic* for May 1814—this may well be taken as the date of

* The following copies have been examined, in public libraries or by the courtesy of the owners. First issue, Bodleian Library and the Hon. Oliver Brett (plain plates); Mr. C. E. Jones (coloured plates). Second issue (all with coloured plates), British Museum, Messrs. Bernard Quaritch Ltd. (two copies), and Mr. C. T. Owen.

issue of a work whose chief sale would be to adults seeking presents for children. Peacock's other book for children, *The Round Table*, it may be noted, was acknowledged under the heading of '*Quarterly List of New Publications, From August to November 1817.*', in the *Edinburgh Review*, dated Nov. 1817, which appeared about Christmas three years later.

The illustrations of *Sir Hornbook* are unsigned. Cole, in his *Biographical Notes*, p. 28, ascribes them to Corbould: Edith Nicolls repeats his ascription in her *Biographical Notice* (*Works of Thomas Love Peacock*, ed. Cole, 1875, vol. I, p. xxxvi). As Cole was the 'Felix Summerly' to whom Peacock gave permission to include *Sir Hornbook* in the *Home Treasury* series (1838 and later: see below, p. 347), there seems to be every reason to accept his statement; he probably derived the ascription from Peacock himself.

The later editions of *Sir Hornbook* are numerous, but are of no textual importance, and may be catalogued briefly. A Second Edition,* printed for John Sharpe, was issued in buff paper wrappers in 1815; the text is unchanged except for a very few minor alterations in punctuation and an occasional small typographical variation. A third edition,† without change in the

* Copies have been examined by the courtesy of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes (coloured plates) and of Mr. C. T. Owen (uncoloured).

† A copy, with coloured plates, has been examined by the courtesy of Mr. C. T. Owen, who also possesses a booklet (which has been bound with loss of any wrapper or title page) containing coloured illustrations and a set of doggerel verses on the lines of *This is the House that Jack built*, beginning *This is the Coach that Nap ran from.* The verses are preceded by a ticket of admission 'to the Exhibition of Buonaparte's Military Carriage, at the London Museum,' dated January 1, 1816, and are followed by an advertisement of the publication 'this day' of the third edition of *Sir Hornbook*, illustrated with eight coloured engravings, price 1s. 6d., and a statement that 'The Reviews have pronounced this Jeu d'Esprit to be

text of the ballad, was printed for Sharpe in the same year, and issued in light brown paper wrappers. A fourth edition must have appeared in 1816 or 1817, but no copy of or reference to it has been traced. A fifth edition was printed for N. Hailes in 1818, and issued in pale salmon-pink wrappers, without change in the text of the ballad; the plates, in all copies seen, are coloured, and are watermarked 1818. The original design of the front cover and title page is used in the second, third and fifth editions; they are all printed on paper watermarked 1813, and their plates retain the publisher's imprint, dated June 1, 1813, which appears in the first edition.

In her *Biographical Notice* prefixed to Cole's edition of Peacock's *Works*, 1875, vol. I, p. xxxvi, Edith Nicolls states that her grandfather 'allowed the book to be reprinted in Felix Summerly's "Home Treasury," in 1838.' No copy of, or other allusion to, an edition of 1838 has been discovered, but 'Home Treasury' illustrated editions of *Sir Hornbook* were published by Joseph Cundall in 1843 and 1845, and by Chapman and Hall in 1855. They are of no textual importance.

Sir Proteus: a Satirical Ballad was first published in or about March 1814; the original title page is reproduced in facsimile on page 277. The book is a foolscap octavo, collating [A]^4 B–E^8 F^5 (sheet [A] being unsigned and unpaged), as follows. Sig. [A] is the half-title, 'SIR PROTEUS: | A Satirical Ballad.'; at foot of the *verso* is printed 'Vigurs, Printer, 14, York Street, Covent Garden, London.' Sig. [A 2] is the title, [A 3] the dedication, and [A 4] the Contents page (pp. 277, 279 and 280 of the present volume), the *verso* of each being blank. The text begins on sig. B, p. [1], and ends on

the best Production of the Kind since the Appearance of the far-famed "Peacock at Home," by Mrs. Dorset.'

One other copy of the third edition, also with coloured plates, is known to the editors.

sig. [F 4] *verso*, p. 72. Sig. [F 5],* unpaged, contains on *recto* 'L'ENVOY.', followed at foot by 'The End.,' and on *verso*, in centre, 'PRINTED BY F. VIGURS, | 14, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.'

The volume was issued, with all edges uncut, in full blue paper boards printed in black, with white end papers. The wording of the title page was repeated on the front cover, with the substitution of '&' for 'AND', and the addition, between the publisher's address and the date, of 'BY F. VIGURS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.'; there were also certain alterations in type and punctuation. The back cover bears an advertisement of four New Works printed for the Hookhams; among them are Hogg's *Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff* ['BY JOHN BROWN, ESQ.'], and Lawrence's *The Empire of the Nairs*. Both covers are enclosed within a Greek key-pattern rectangular frame. The spine is lettered lengthwise from head to foot 'SIR PROTEUS. [space] *Price 3s. 6d. boards.*' Leaves of uncut copies measure $6\frac{13}{16} \times 4\frac{3}{16}$ in.; the paper bears the watermark 'O M | 1812'.

It seems probable that the dedication to Byron was an afterthought; the leaf on which it is printed is certainly a cancel. The half-title and title form a complete quarter-sheet, but the dedication leaf, the paper of which is similar to that of the rest of the volume, but slightly stiffer, and (in the copies examined) unwatermarked, is narrower than the Contents leaf and attached to it as a paste-on. The Contents leaf (carrying the dedication leaf with it) is pasted either on to the back of the title, or on to the first leaf of sheet B.

In the *British Critic* for March 1814, *Sir Proteus* is announced in the *Monthly List of Publications*. No other contemporary reference to it is known to the editors, but internal evidence shows that its composition may be assigned to the days or weeks immediately

* There is no sig. [F 6]; sig. F. is a single leaf; sigs. [F 2–5] consist of one half sheet folded twice.

following January 8 of the year of publication. Peacock, as his notes to *Sir Proteus* show, followed with disgusted interest the articles of *The Courier*: in that newspaper, on January 8, 1814, appeared the first four stanzas of Southey's *Carmen Triumphale for the commencement of the year 1814*. Indignant reference to this production of the 'Protean bard' is made at the beginning and the end of *Sir Proteus*—in notes to line eleven and to the tenth line from the end—and it was evidently the immediate cause of the whole ballad.

Sir Proteus was first reprinted in Cole's edition of Peacock's *Works*, 1875.

The Round Table was first published, probably between August and November, in 1817; the original title page is reproduced in facsimile on page 315. The book is a duodecimo, collating [B]–E^6, pp. 48 (sheet [B] being unsigned). Pagination is at outer top corner; running title of text is 'THE ROUND TABLE.' and of pp. 8-9 'INTRODUCTION.' On sig. [B] is printed, between double rules, the half-title 'THE ROUND TABLE. | [short rule] | WITH ENGRAVINGS.' The *verso* is blank, as is sig. [B 2], on the *verso* of which is a full page woodcut frontispiece with 'The Round Table.' at head and 'KING JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.' at foot. Sig. [B 3] is the title page (*verso* blank); the *Introduction* occupies sigs. [B 4–5], pp. [7]-9; at foot of sig. [B 5] is a printer's ornament of a bow and quiver of arrows; the *verso* is blank. Sig. [B 6] contains, between double rules, the fly-title 'KING ARTHUR'S FEAST.'; *verso* blank. Sigs. C, D and E (pp. [13]-48) are occupied by the text; sixteen woodcut engravings, uncoloured and unsigned, each enclosed within a double circular border of outside diameter 2⅝ in., occupy the upper part of pp. [13], 16, 17, 20, 21, 23, 26, 27, 31, 33, 37, 39, 42, 43, 46, 48. At foot of p. 48 is printed 'FINIS.', and (below a single rule) 'J. Arliss, Printer, 9, Old Change, London.'

The volume was issued in a quarter binding of yellow-

buff paper boards backed with red. The front cover is lettered, within a border of concentric circles enclosed in a rectangular frame, 'NEW SERIES, | FROM | J. ARLISS' JUVENILE LIBRARY. | [double rule] | [publisher's pictorial device, 'JOHN ARLISS EDITION'] | THE | Round Table; | OR, | ARTHUR'S FEAST OF THE KINGS. | [short rule] | *WITH BEAUTIFUL WOOD CUTS.* | [short rule] | Price 1s.' The back cover contains, within an identical border, advertisements of thirteen sixpenny children's books just published by John Arliss, and of another publication, 'A NEW SCHOOL FOR ADULTS'. There is no label or lettering on the spine; the end papers are white. The book is printed on unwatermarked paper; the leaves, which are trimmed, measure $5\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{7}{16}$ in. On the inside of the back cover of the only copy * known to the editors is written in pencil 'Designed by George Cruikshank Engraved by John Thompson (a Pupil of Bewick).' No other authority for these ascriptions has been discovered.

The Round Table is undated and bears no indication of authorship. The publisher must, however, have advertised it as written by the author of *Sir Hornbook*, since the *Quarterly List of New Publications, From August to November 1817*, in the *Edinburgh Review* for November 1817 (p. 253), includes 'The Round Table; or, King Arthur's Feast of the Kings since his Reign. By the author of "Sir Hornbook." With eighteen embellishments.' No other contemporary announcement of, or reference to, the poem is known to the editors,†

* This copy has been examined by the courtesy of Messrs. James Tregaskis & Son (who have very kindly allowed, and given facilities for, the reproduction of the title page), and previously by that of Mr. C. T. Owen.

† If, however, *The Round Table* was already begun, or contemplated, in the early summer of 1816, Shelley may have alluded to it on July 17 of that year, when he wrote to Peacock from Geneva :—'Tell me of . . . your own employments, your historical studies.'

and it is next heard of on September 13, 1873, when Henry Cole, then engaged in preparing his edition of Peacock's *Works*, published an inquiry about it in *Notes and Queries* (4th S. xii. pp. 207-8). Cole describes the book, says that it has been sent to him 'as having been written by Thomas Love Peacock', agrees that this is likely, and asks for any light on the subject, especially as to the year of publication. No answer to this inquiry is to be found in the files of *Notes and Queries*, but Cole, though obviously ignorant in 1873 of the notice in the *Edinburgh Review*, was by 1874 sufficiently satisfied of the authenticity of *The Round Table* to print it without comment in the third volume of the *Works*. Edith Nicolls, however, did not mention it in her *Biographical Notice* prefixed to the first volume, and no copy of or reference to it was found among the Peacock papers and early editions which came into her hands on her grandfather's death. The poem was evidently unknown in 1873, not only to the reading public, but to Peacock's relatives and descendants, and Cole's reprint was the first to appear since the original edition of 1817.

THE TEXT

The poems contained in the present volume are taken from the following editions.

Pp. 3-46, 61-92 from *Palmyra, and other Poems*, 1806.

Pp. 47-59, 93-8, 103-181 from *The Genius of the Thames Palmyra and other Poems*, 1812.

Pp. 99-102 from *The Genius of the Thames*, 1810.

Pp. 183-260 from *The Philosophy of Melancholy*, 1812.

Pp. 261-276 from *Sir Hornbook; or, Childe Launcelot's Expedition*, 1814.

Pp. 277-313 from *Sir Proteus: a Satirical Ballad*, 1814.

Pp. 315-334 from *The Round Table; or, King Arthur's Feast* [1817].

Corrections and variant readings are given in the Textual Notes following, but certain general principles regulating the text of the present volume may here be specified.

It was Peacock's habit, until late in life, to omit accents and smooth breathings in Greek quotations; this practice, found in all the texts here represented, has been respected. Uncials, however, in which Greek names and quotations were occasionally printed in the originals, have been discarded, except where used for emphasis or other special purposes, as on pp. 165, 282-3, 286, 290, 300, 308 and 311-2.

In most of his early volumes of verse Peacock printed certain words and phrases, both in mottos, text, and

notes, in roman capitals, but his practice was inconsistent; *Sir Proteus* and *Sir Hornbook* are crowded with examples, the *Palmyra* volume of 1806 affords a good many, the *Genius* and *Philosophy of Melancholy* volumes of 1812 supply plenty of instances in their notes but very few in their text, and *The Round Table* yields no examples. The practice of the present edition is to replace the smaller capitals by lower case letters; thus 'GOD OF LIGHT' becomes 'God of Light', but 'CAULIFLOWER WIG' retains no capitals at all. The word 'THE' has, however, been allowed to retain its small capitals on p. 292, l. 6 of note 1, in order to mark the degree of emphasis, and so has 'LITTLE' in l. 2 of note 2 on the same page, in order to mark the allusion to the attempted duel between Tom Moore ('Thomas Little') and Jeffrey in July 1806. A few words originally printed entirely in small roman capitals have also been differentiated, in order to conform with the author's obvious intention, either by the retention of an initial capital (*e.g.*, in *Palmyra*, 'Disease' and her allies on p. 16, 'Queen of Cities' on p. 19, and 'He' [the Deity] on p. 22; in *Sir Proteus* the words 'Triton', 'Nereid' and 'Bellman', and on p. 299 'Battle'; and in *Sir Hornbook* 'Halloo' at I. 7, 'Vocal', 'Double', 'Liquids' and 'Mute' at II. 2, 'Numbers', 'Cases' at IV. 7 and 'Roots' at VII. 9), or by being printed in lower case italics (*e.g.*, in *Sir Hornbook*, '*the*', '*a*' and '*an*' on page 266 note 1; and in *Sir Proteus*, '*finished*' on p. 286 note 1, '*we*' in the lines from Cowper on p. 288, and '*Mount Parnassus*' on p. 309 note 1). The phrase 'BOW THEN TO HIM', on p. 22, has been italicised to mark its emphatic repetition, and the quotation from Collins, 'IN YONDER GRAVE A DRUID LIES!' (p. 147), and the inscription, 'RESPECT THESE BRANCHES, NOR PROFANE THE DEAD.' (p. 213), have also been distinguished by italics.

The citations of names of authors and their works, in Peacock's notes, have been made typographically

consistent; names of authors have been reduced, where necessary, from roman capitals, and titles of works of literature are distinguished by italics (as opposed to roman capitals, quotation marks, or no differentiation at all, in the originals). Italics have also been used for the reference words from the text, prefixed to Peacock's notes. In his notes to *Sir Hornbook*, the illustrative phrases or sentences were usually printed in italic, with emphatic words in roman, but occasionally in roman with emphatic words in italic; the former method has been adopted throughout the present reprint of the poem, and in two places where the first printer of *Sir Hornbook* printed quotation marks after instead of before the dash at the end of a line (III. 11 and V. 18) the slip has been rectified. In *Palmyra* (first version) and *Sir Proteus* an occasional 'it's' (possessive), ''mid' and ''till' has been deprived of its apostrophe to conform with the more frequent 'its', 'mid' and 'till'. The original compositor of *The Round Table* appears to have been unwilling to print a comma next to the full stop which follows the roman numeral after the name of a king; such commas have been supplied on p. 323, note 1; p. 329, notes 3 and 5; and p. 330, notes 1 and 4.

The following notes contain, besides a few editorial corrections, variant readings (exclusive of his changes in spelling, use of capitals, punctuation and type) from Peacock's 1806 text of *Fiolfar*, and his 1810 text of *The Genius of the Thames* and *Stanzas Written at Sea*. They also contain such paragraphs of his printed notes on the second version (1812) of *Palmyra* as have not already been reproduced among his printed notes on the first version (1806), and they record the manuscript corrections made by Peacock, with a view to a second edition, in his own copy of *The Philosophy of Melancholy* (see above, p. 343). In Peacock's printed note to this poem on p. 233, l. 14, the word 'tract' aroused suspicions, which were confirmed by reference to vol. II,

p. 86 of Hoare's *Giraldus Cambrensis*, 1806, where it was found to be 'track'. On the same authority the word 'Teurgo' on p. 232, l. 26, has been altered to Hoare's 'Tango', from a manuscript transcript of which it was no doubt misprinted; and on p. 234, l. 33, a comma after 'which', not found in the 1783 or 1805 editions of Ferguson, has been deleted as a misprint.

TEXTUAL NOTES

P. 12, l. 16. **roar'd** : *a comma, not found in the first edition (where it probably dropped out owing to the length of the line) has been supplied after this word.*

P. 47. *Peacock's revised text of 1812 substituted the lines from Menzini for the motto from Horace used in the first edition of 1806, viz. :—*

. . . . . agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu.—HOR.

P. 48. *The explanatory matter here prefixed to the poem was substituted in 1812 for the more extensive Notes which had followed it in 1806, viz. :—*

NOTES.

Though the names of Odin and Thor, the Fatal Sisters, and the Hall of Valhalla, be familiar to the readers of English poetry, yet, as the minutiæ of the Gothic Mythology are not very generally known, I have subjoined a few short explanatory notes, which, though they cannot be expected to afford much insight into the general system, will, I trust, be sufficient to enable my readers to comprehend such parts of it, as are alluded to in this poem.

DELLINGER,—day.

HRIMFAX,—the steed of the evening twilight.

NIORD,—the God of the sea and wind.

NORVER,—Night.

LOK.—Lok, though he ranked amongst the Scandinavian Deities, had all the attributes of a demon. He was the enemy of Gods and Men, and the author of crimes and calamities.

VALFANDER,—a name of Odin, the chief of the Gods.

To Loda's dark circle, and mystical stone.

The Circle of Loda, or Loden, was a rude circle of stones, used as a place of worship amongst the Scandinavians.

THOR,—the Gothic Mars.

VALHALLA,—the hall of Odin, where the spirits of heroes who died in battle drank mead and beer from the skulls of their enemies.

With strong coruscations of vibrating light.

It is well known with what superstitious anxiety the *Aurora Borealis* was formerly regarded. Ignorance and credulity readily discerned in its brilliant phenomena the semblance of aërial battles : and it is not surprising, that from such a source the valiant should draw prognostics of victory, and the timid of defeat and destruction. Thus Lucan, in describing the prodigies which preceded the civil war :

Tum ne qua futuri
Spes saltem trepidas mentes levet, addita fati
Pejoris manifesta fides, superique minaces
Prodigiis terras implerunt, æthera, pontum.
Ignota obscuræ viderunt sidera noctes,
Ardentemque polum flammis, cœloque volantes
Obliquas per inane faces, crinemque timendi
Sideris, et terris mutantem regna cometen.
Fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno,
Et varias ignis tenso dedit aëre formas ;
Nunc jaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas
Emicuit cœlo.

Fantastical arrows and jav'lins were hurl'd.

The northern lights which appeared at London in 1560 were denominated *burning spears.*

HILDA and MISTA,—two of the Valkyræ, or fatal sisters.

BALDER,—the Scandinavian Apollo, the son of Odin. He was the most amiable and beautiful of all the Deities; and drove the chariot of the sun, till, being killed by Hoder through the machinations of Lok, he was compelled to fix his residence in the palace of Hela, when his office was transferred to Dellinger.

HELA,—the Goddess of Death. She presided over Nilfhil, or Nistheimr, the hell of the Gothic Nations, which was situated in the frozen regions at the north pole. At the south pole was the region of fire, inhabited by Surtur, the enemy of Odin, and his attendant genii and giants, by whom, in the twilight of the Gods, the world is to be consumed.

DUERGI,—dwarfs.

FREYER,—the son of Niord.

P. 49, l. 5. **The moon's silver crescent shone feebly:** The moon with pale lustre was shining *1806.*

P. 49, l. 10. **wide-foaming breakers:** foam-cover'd billows *1806.*

P. 51, l. 1. **That a sable-clad stranger stood:** A sable-clad form standing *1806.*

ll. 2-3. **Majestic . . . the deep:** *not found in 1806.*

l. 22. **To Loda's dark circle and mystical stone:** *see note to p. 48 for Peacock's explanation.*

P. 52, ll. 4-5.—"**From the throne . . . paths of renown:**

—" The mountains of Lochlin shall ring with alarms,
For the heroes of Norway are rising in arms;
The heroes of Norway destruction shall pour
On the wide-spreading plains of the bold Yrrodore.
Valfander! look down from thy throne in the skies!
Our suppliant songs from thy altar arise: *1806.*

P. 52, ll. 9-12. **As the torrent . . . of the foe :**

As the white-beating stream from the rock rushes down,
Fiolfar's young warriors will speed to renown. *1806.*

l. 16. **conflict :** battle *1806.*

ll. 17-20. **When Lochlin . . . of our king :**

When the raven shall hover on dark-flapping wing,
And the eagle shall feed on the foes of our king ! "—
1806.

P. 53, l. 4. **With strong coruscations of vibrating light :** *see note to p. 48 for Peacock's explanation.*

l. 8. **Fantastical arrows and javelins were hurled ;** *see note to p. 48 for Peacock's explanation.*

P. 54, l. 3. **The falchion resounded :** The swórd clatter'd fiercely *1806.*

ll. 11-16. **For Norway . . . frost-loosened rock :**

For, strong as the whirlwinds the forest that tear,
And strew with its boughs the vast bosom of air,
The Norwëyans bore down with all-conquering force,
And havoc and slaughter attended their course. *1806.*

P. 54, l. 21—P. 55, l. 14. **Till he mowed . . . rock-founded walls :**

Through the thickest of battle he hasten'd at length
Where Yrrodore stood in the pride of his strength :
—" Turn, traitor ! " he cried, " thy destruction is nigh !
Thy soul to the regions of Hela shall fly,
Where the base and the guilty for ever are toss'd
Through Nilfhil's nine worlds of unchangeable frost ! "—
—" Vain boaster ! no ! never shall Yrrodore yield ! "—
But the sword of Fiolfar had shatter'd his shield :
Indignantly Yrrodore sprung on the foe,
And rear'd his strong arm for a death-dealing blow,
But the monarch of Norway impatiently press'd,
And sheath'd the bright steel in his enemy's breast.
1806.

P. 56, ll. 5-10. **Till the tempest . . . of the world :**

Till the day when existence and nature shall end,
When the last fatal Twilight on earth shall descend,
When Fenris and Lok, by all beings accurst,
Their long-galling chains shall indignantly burst,
When the trump of Heimdaller the signal shall peal
Of the evils Creation is destin'd to feel,
And Surtur shall scatter his ruin-fraught fire,
And earth, air, and ocean, burn, sink, and expire ! *1806.*

l. 11. **shone the broad moon on :** dreary and dark was *1806.*

l. 12. **Where :** For *1806.*

l. 14. **The dead :** Where the dead *1806.*

l. 16. **wild visions :** idea *1806.*

l. 21. **When, with hope-breathing wonder :** When sudden, through twilight *1806.*

l. 22. **That the sable-clad stranger stood :** The sable-clad form standing *1806.*

P. 57, l. 4. **no more :** *this speech was continued in 1806 for another four lines, as follows :—*

The monarch of Lochlin, enrag'd at her scorn,
Confin'd her in Deuranil's caverns forlorn,
Nor dar'd he endeavour, though deeply he sigh'd,
By force to obtain what affection denied."—

P. 57, l. 15—P. 58, l. 6. **destroy, . . . unbreathing repose :**

destroy :
Then follow, Fiolfar ! I lead thee to joy ! "——
As flow'd the deep accents mysterious and stern,
Fiolfar felt hope to his bosom return ;
He follow'd the stranger, by vale and by flood,
Till they pierc'd the recesses of Deuranil's wood :
Through untrodden thickets of ash and of yew,
Whose close-twining boughs shut the sky from their view,
Slow-toiling they wound, till before them arose
The black-yawning caves of Nitalpha's repose. *1806.*

P. 58, l. 12. **chilled their veins**: glaz'd their eyes *1806*.

P. 58, l. 21—P. 59, l. 18. **By the ghosts . . . Yrrodore died**:

By the ills which the guilty and dastardly share;
By Hela's dominions of pain and despair;
By Surtur's wide regions of death-spreading fire;
Hence, children of evil! Duergi, retire!"—
The Duergi with yells made the caverns resound,
As, reluctantly yielding, they sunk through the ground;
And the youth felt his breast with anxiety swell,
While thus the magician concluded the spell:
—"Fair maid, whom the tomb's dreary confines surround,
Whom the dark, iron slumber of magic has bound,
Let life and delight re-illumine thine eyes,
Arise, star of beauty! Nitalpha, arise!"—
The vapor-flame died in a bright-beaming flash;
The tomb burst in twain with an earth-shaking crash;
All wonder, Nitalpha arose in her charms,
She knew her Fiolfar, she flew to his arms,
And he found ev'ry shadow of sorrow depart,
As he clasp'd the dear maiden again to his heart. *1806*.

P. 67, l. 7. **honour'd**: *almost certainly a misprint of the compositor of 1806 for Peacock's usual* honor'd; *cf. page 66, l. 1.*

P. 87, l. 15. **shtick**: *emended from the obvious misprint* shtich *of 1806*.

P. 95. *This poem was first printed among the notes to* The Genius of the Thames, 1810, *as a note to the third and fourth lines of Part II* (*p. 133 of the present volume*), *with the introductory sentence:—*

I am induced to insert in this place, as in some measure connected with the subject, a little poem written during the absence alluded to in the text.

P. 97, l. 14. **ray**: blush *1810*.

Pp. 101-2. *Found only in the edition of 1810; there is no* Proœmium *to the revised text of 1812.*

P. 101, l. 3. **wreath**: *the colon is not found in the text of 1810, but in his letter to Hookham on June 12, 1810, Peacock noted its absence as one of the misprints.*

P. 108, ll. 1-2. **Thames. Eulogium**: *between these words 1810 has* Retrospect of early associations.

P. 109, ll. 1-8. **The moonlight . . . eddying blast**:

The woods are roaring in the gale,
  That whirls their fading leaves afar;
The crescent moon is cold and pale,
  And swiftly sinks the evening star.
High on this mossy bank reclined
I listen to the eddying wind,
While Thames impels, with sinuous flow,
His silent-rolling stream below;
And darkly waves the giant oak,
  That broad, above, its stature rears;
On whose young strength innocuous broke
  The storms of unrecorded years.

Ye phantoms of enraptured thought,
By wild-inspiring fancy taught,
That oft the care-worn mind employ
In paths of visionary joy!
Oh! bring again your genial aid,
In all your former charms arrayed,
As when you came, with life and love
  The day-dreams of my youth to bless,
And led my sportive steps to rove
  Through fairy-worlds of happiness.
Then, while the cloudless morning smiled
  Along the flower-enamelled shore,
I watched the waves, that, circling wild,
  Passed onward, and returned no more:
And when the hollow-murmuring gale
  Despoiled the treasures of the wood,
I loved to see the dry leaf sail,
  Light-eddying down the silver flood.

By youth, and hope, and fancy blest,
The darkening thought ne'er touched my breast,
That all my promised joys should fly,
Swift as those waves were hastening by,
And fancy's golden dreams be past,
Like leaves on the autumnal blast ! *1810.*

P. 111, ll. 4-5. *Between these lines the text of 1810 contains a separate verse-paragraph, as follows :—*

Were mine the art, with glowing hand
  The flood of deathless song to pour,
That lyre should call the fairy band,
  To press, oh Thames ! thy willowy shore ;
And weave for thee, with spells sublime,
The magic wreath of boldest rhyme,
And consecrate to latest time
  The sweetly-changeful melody :
For never yet a nobler theme
Has filled the poet's midnight dream,
Than thy serenely-winding stream,
  The stream beloved of liberty !

P. 113, ll. 19-20. **O'er deserts, . . . fiery waves :**

O'er deserts vast of trackless sand,
Where famine leads her yelling band,
And death-blasts rush, on wings of fire,
To bid the thirst-crazed wretch expire ; *1810.*

P. 114, l. 7. **confluent :** gathering *1810.*

P. 115, l. 1. **romantic :** the sounding *1810.*

ll. 2-3. **war : Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing :**

war ;
Down whose blood-empurpled water
  Mightiest chiefs, in death-cold sleep,
Victims stern of mutual slaughter,
  Rolled towards the Atlantic deep :
Where soft Peneus, smoothly flowing, *1810.*

P. 115, l. 31—P. 116, l. 1. *Between these lines the text of 1810 contains the lines :—*

When every wandering blast is breathing
A fearful tale, by woe inspired,
How, beneath the death-lash writhing,
Afric's injured sons expired :

P. 116, l. 28. **isles** : *the semi-colon has been supplied from the text of 1810 ; it probably dropped out by accident in that of 1812, in which* isles *is the last word on the page.*

P. 118, l. 6. **plain** : field *1810.*

ll. 8-17. **The lonely . . . charm the mind** :

The oak, in lonely grandeur free,
Lord of the forest and the sea ;
The spreading plain, the cultured hill,
The tranquil cot, the restless mill,
The lonely hamlet, calm and still ;
The village-spire, the busy town,
The shelving bank, the rising down,
The fisher's boat, the peasant's home,
The woodland seat, the regal dome,
In quick succession rise, to charm
The mind with virtuous feelings warm, *1810.*

P. 120, ll. 11-12. **None dared . . . of loneliness** :

None dared to pierce, with step profane,
The darkness of its inmost reign, *1810.*

P. 121, l. 11. **the** : its *1810.*

ll. 19-26. **The Druids . . . had been** :

Gaunt superstition howling fled,
With all her train of monsters dread :
The gods of terror, death, and gloom,
Cowered to the mightier gods of Rome.
The Druids looked, with eyes of fear,
From Mona's woods of gloom severe :
They saw the foe advancing near,
The death-fires blazing high :
Till on their groves of ancient oak

The smouldering flames of ruin broke,
And rolled abroad the volumed smoke
Like storm-clouds on the sky.
When desolation's fiery blast
O'er Mona's sacred groves had past;
When circles rude of shapeless stone,
With lichens grey and moss o'ergrown,
And ashes black, remained alone,
To point the mystic scene,
Where once the Druids poured the hymn,
In sacrificial vestments grim,
What time the morning-radiance dim
Shot through the branches green;
1810.

P. 122, l. 20. **man**: *this word in 1810 was followed by a semi-colon and the lines:—*

And tangling boughs and briars impede
The progress of his toiling steed.
The sun had sought the western deep:
No wind was heard the leaves to sweep:

ll. 23-9. **Till night . . . undefined**:

Till primal night, and central shades,
O'erhung those melancholy glades.
Sudden, a blaze of lurid flame
With awful lustre flashing came
The matted foliage through:
Well could the astonished youth survey
The knotted trunks and branches grey,
That gleamed, as in Tartarean day,
With mystic radiance blue.
Startled the steed, with mane outspread,
Ears couched, and eye-balls straining red:
And feelings, wild and undefined, *1810.*

P. 123, ll. 22-7. **Guided by . . . canopy**:

The Roman urged his steed in vain,
Whose course the matted briars restrain:
The rider sprang to ground;

And strove to pierce the forest-maze,
Guided by those sulphureous rays,
And that harmonious sound.
He forced his way with toil and pain :
At length his efforts passage gain ;
And opened then a narrow plain,
Which lowering oaks confine ;
Oaks, that their infant buds unfurled,
To greet the birth-day of the world,
When night's long reign, to ruin hurled,
Saw the first morning shine.
Embosomed in that lonely wood,
Of massy stones a circle stood ; *1810.*

P. 124, ll. 29-30. **Awhile . . . wood :**

Half-doubtful, he the scene surveyed :
At length he left the friendly shade, *1810.*

P. 126, ll. 9-10. **And on . . . held :**

And dashed his arm aside :
Ill-fated Druid, doubly-foiled !
Full on himself his steel recoiled,
And from his deep-struck bosom boiled
The life-blood's crimson tide. *1810.*

P. 127, ll. 11-12. **Triumph . . . rest :**

Triumph not : awhile delayed
Sleeps the storm in central shade, *1810.*

P. 129, ll. 11-12. **From the rage . . . to life :**

But the morning breaks again :
Peace resumes her ancient reign ;
Science holds her sacred sway
In the fields of orient day.
Long from earth by discord driven,
Where shall freedom build her home ?
Where shall peace, the child of heaven,
Rest at last, and cease to roam ?
Where the conquered ocean roars
Round my country's chalky shores ; *1810.*

P. 129, l. 13. **morning** : fostering *1810.*

P. 132, ll. 10-11. **Nuneham . . . Cliefden** : General character of the scenery from Iffley to Cliefden. *1810.*

P. 133, l. 18. **troubled** : turbid *1810.*

P. 134, ll. 15-16. **Sublime . . . reign** :

These have their charms, sublimely-dread ;
For nature on the mountain's head *1810.*

P. 135, ll. 3-6. **While Danube's . . . people's toil** :

While Danube rolls, with blood defiled,
And starts to hear, on echoes wild,
The battle-clangors ring ;
Thy pure waves wash a stainless soil,
To crown a patriot people's toil,
And bless a patriot king. *1810.*

P. 136, ll. 21-9. **Adorns . . . meads** :

Above the tranquil valley swells ;
Where wild flowers wave, in rich attire,
Their starry cups and pendent bells ;
In fields, with softest beauty bright;
Thy crystal sources rise to light ;
While many an infant Naiad brings
The treasures of her subject springs :
And simply flows thy new-born stream,
Where brighter verdure streaks the meads,
Half-veiled from the meridian beam
By spear-grass tall, and whispering reeds.
1810.

P. 138, l. 2. **hail its evanescent** : revel in its transient *1810.*

l. 25. **momentary** : transitory *1810.*

P. 139, l. 8. **though** : if *1810.*

ll. 18-9. *Between these lines the text of 1810 contains the following four lines, and after them the space that marks the end of a verse paragraph :—*

Flow on, and still behold combined,
The peasant, warrior, prince, and sage,
With hand, and heart, and will, and mind,
Uphold their ancient heritage !

P. 141, l. 9. **unavailing** : ineffectual *1810.*

P. 142, ll. 20-1. *Between these lines the text of 1810 contains the following separate verse-paragraph :—*

Long, Oxford ! may the nations see
A second Athens rise in thee !
Long see thy favored sons explore
The darkest paths of ancient lore !
Long hear thy gifted bards prolong
The voice of rapture-breathing song !
While future Lockes, with ken refined,
Explore the labyrinth of mind ;
And Newtons pass, on wings sublime,
The barriers of the solar clime,
To trace, in spheres afar,
The mighty cause, the eternal One,
Whose spirit glows in every sun,
And lives in every star.

P. 144, ll. 7-8. **Love, whose . . . gales** :

Love, sweetest link of nature's chain,
True source of pleasure, balm of pain !
Whose spicy breath and dewy wing
Give fragrance to the gales of spring ; *1810.*

See also above, p. 339.

l. 11. **voice of music cheers** : tender accents cheer *1810.*

l. 13. **magic** : heavenly *1810.*

P. 144, l. 30—P. 145, l. 1. *Between these lines the text of 1810 contains the following separate verse-paragraph :—*

When the northern breezes blow,
When the ground is white with snow,
There the distant traveller sees
The smoke curl high o'er bending trees ;
While beauty, by the social fire,
Awakes to life the artless lyre,
And sweetly pours, with fond employ,
The simple lays of rural joy.

P. 145, ll. 12-3. *Between these lines the text of 1810 contains the couplet :—*

From beauteous Iffley's rustic height
To Cliefden's springs of liquid light,

P. 145, l. 15—P. 146, l. 4. **O'er Nuneham . . . poverty :** *not found in 1810.*

P. 146, l. 21. **While flowers . . . flow :** While freedom's pristine fire shall glow, *1810.*

P. 148, l. 11. **stormy :** leeward *1810.*

l. 12. **mountain-breaker's :** mountain-billow's *1810.*

P. 152, l. 24. *After this line the text of 1810 contains the following separate verse-paragraph :—*

The days, that swiftly-circling run,
May see on Britain's western sun
Portentous darkness rise ;
And hear her guardian Nereid's dirge
Float o'er the hollow-sounding surge,
While fast from ocean's heaving verge
The last faint splendor flies :
And thou, dear stream ! beloved in vain
By sacred freedom's chosen train,
Whose banks wealth, pomp, and beauty fill !
Reft of the wise, the brave, the good,
Like them may'st roll, a lonely flood,
Deserted, drear, and still.

P. 152, l. 25—P. 153, l. 8. **Perchance . . . low.** *In the text of 1810 this paragraph follows the paragraph ending* Kings and Kingdoms pass away (*p. 154, l. 6 of the present volume*).

P. 155, ll. 3 and 7. **thine :** thy *1810.*

P. 157, l. 1—P. 158, l. 16. *This note replaced, in 1812, the following much more extensive note, which occupied ten pages of the edition of 1810 :—*

Tall reeds around thy temples play :
Thy hair the liquid crystal gems :
To thee I pour the votive lay,
Oh Genius of the silver Thames !

"Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
Populeas inter senior se adtollere frondes
Visus: eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crines umbrosa tegebat arundo."
Virg. *Æ.* VIII. 31.

THE belief in tutelary Genii, or ΔΑΙΜΟΝΕΣ, originated, in the infancy of mythology, from a superstitious reverence paid by mankind to the spirits of their kindred, whom they supposed to be invested by the gods with immortality, and to dwell invisibly on the earth, the good guardians of their race:

Εσθλοι, επιχθονιοι, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων.
Hesiod.

But the agency of these Genii became, in succeeding ages, more extensive and complicated, and retained no trace of its origin.

In the Roman mythology, the Genii of persons were beings, mortal like the individuals whom they guarded, and to whom they were inseparably attached:

"....Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturæ deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater."
Hor. *Ep.* II. 2. 187.

They had a degree of supernatural power, which they were supposed to exert in favor of their mortal charge, whose happiness they promoted, and whose injuries they avenged. Hence it became customary to swear by the Genius of another. *Ignoscet mihi* Genius *tuus*," says the ridiculous Trimalchio, "*noluisses e manu illius panem accipere.*"—"*Ego si mentior*," says Niceros his guest, "Genios *vestros iratos habeam.*" They delighted in days of festivity, which were sacred to them; and were rendered placable and beneficent by copious libations of wine:

"Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati.....
Cum sociis operum, pueris et conjuge fidâ,

Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte, piabant;
Floribus et vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi."—

"Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major."
Hor. *Ep.* II. I. 139. *A.P.* 208.

The lover sacrificed to the Genius of his mistress, and implored his favor for the success of his addresses. Tibullus, on a similar subject, says:

"Mutuus adsit amor; tua per dulcissima furta,
Perque tuos oculos, per Geniumque rogo.
Magne Geni, cape thura libens, votisque faveto."

But though the tutelary Genius was mortal, he was not supposed to be annihilated on the decease of the individual to whom he was attached. When the spirit of his earthly companion passed the nine interfusions of the Styx, the *umbra* of the Genius continued to hover around the spot where the terrestrial remains were interred, and to watch, in silence and solitude, over the ashes of the departed. The survivors poured out libations of milk and wine to the Genius *of the Sepulchre*, and scattered flowers on the shrine rendered sacred by his presence.

Some have supposed two Genii to have been attributed to each individual: *unus qui hortatur ad bona, alter qui depravat ad mala.*—Servius, ad *Æn.* VI. 743.

Every natural scene had likewise its presiding Genius, whose mysterious influence diffused itself over all who entered the precincts of his dominion. The rivers, rocks, and woods, were animated with ethereal intelligence; and the creative fancy of the poet expatiated in the fields of imaginary being, which popular credence invested with the influence of real existence, and which the gravest philosophy scarcely ventured to reject. The tutelary ΔΑΙΜΩΝ of Socrates was not a simple chimera:

it was a firm conviction of the presence of a supernatural being, that held sensible communication with his mind, and directed its decisions.

The Genius Loci was pleased with the homage of mortals, and testified his approbation by diffusing new charms on the scenery over which he presided. The rivers flowed with softer murmurs, the flowers exhaled more delightful fragrance, and the woods waved with more beautiful undulations.

Sometimes even the Genius Loci became visible to human sight. Such appears to have been the serpent (a form held by the ancients in particular veneration), which appeared to Æneas at the tomb of his father.

> "Hoc magis incepto genitori instaurat honores,
> Incertus, Geniumne loci, famulumne parentis,
> Esse putet."——*Æn.* v. 94.

Numa took advantage of this branch of popular superstition, to impose on the Romans his nocturnal conferences with the nymph Egeria. "*Lucus erat, quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aquâ: quo quia se persæpe Numa sine arbitris, velut ad congressum Deæ, inferebat, Camœnis eum lucum sacravit; quod earum ibi concilia cum conjuge suâ Egeriâ essent.*" Liv. I. 21.

The influence of the Genii Locorum was not confined to the scenes of nature, but extended to the dwellings of men. "*Ita* tutelam *hujus loci habeam propitiam,*" says one of the *conliberti* in the *triclinium* of Trimalchio, "*ut ego, si secundum illum discumberem, jam illi alapam duxissem.*"

Of all these fabulous beings, the Genii and Nymphs of rivers and fountains received the largest portion of human adoration. In them, the imagination of the polytheist readily discerned the agency of powerful and benevolent spirits, diffusing wealth and fertility over the countries they adorned.—"Rivers are worshipped," says Maximus Tyrius (*Dissertatio* VIII. Ει θεοις αγαλματα

ἱδρυτεον), "on account of their utility, as the Nile by the Egyptians; or of their beauty, as the Peneus by the Thessalians; or of their magnitude, as the Danube by the Scythians; or of mythological traditions, as the Achelous by the Ætolians; or of particular laws, as the Eurotas by the Spartans; or of religious institutions, as the Ilissus by the Athenians."

The antiquity and universality of the worship of rivers are illustrated by Mr. Bryant, in the *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*. "The ancient Cuthites, and the Persians after them, had a great veneration for fountains and streams; which also prevailed among other nations, so as to have been at one time almost universal. Of this regard among the Persians Herodotus takes notice: Σεβονται ποταμους των παντων μαλιστα: *Of all things in nature they reverence rivers most.* The natives of Egypt had the like veneration. *Other nations*, says Athanasius, *reverenced rivers and fountains; but, above all the people in the world, the Egyptians held them in the highest honor, and esteemed them as divine.* Julius Firmicus gives the same account of them: *Ægyptii aquæ beneficium percipientes aquam colunt, aquis supplicant.* From hence the custom passed westward to Greece, Italy, and the extremities of Europe. In proof of which, the following inscription is to be found in Gruter:

VASCANIÆ IN HISPANIA
FONTI DIVINO.

How much it prevailed among the Romans we learn from Seneca: "*Magnorum fluviorum capita veneramur—coluntur aquarum calentium fontes; et quædam stagna, quæ vel opacitas, vel immensa altitudo sacravit.*"

To this may be added the authority of Cicero: "*Fontis delubrum Maso ex Corsicâ dedicavit; et in augurum precatione Tiberinum, Spinonem, Almonem, Nodinum, alia propinquorum fluminum nomina videmus.*"—*De Nat. Deor.* III. 20.

Sir William Jones, in his *Discourse on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*, remarks, that "the notion of Dr. Musgrave, that large rivers are supposed, from their strength and rapidity, to be conducted by gods, while rivulets only were protected by female deities, is, like most other notions of grammarians on the genders of nouns, overthrown by facts. Most of the great Indian rivers are feminine: and the three goddesses of the waters, whom the Hindus chiefly venerate, are Gangà, who sprang, like armed Pallas, from the head of the Indian Jove; Yamunà, daughter of the Sun; and Sereswatì."

Beings, similar to the Genii of classical mythology, may be found in almost every other mythological system. Their importance in that of the Hindus is evident from what has been said above: there are some traces of them in various parts of the *Zend-Avesta*: and many authorities concur to shew that they entered into the religious tenets of the disciples of Confucius.

"Numberless divinities," says Sir William Jones, in the discourse cited above, "have been created solely by the magic of poetry; whose essential business it is, to personify the most abstract notions, and to place a Nymph and a Genius in every grove, and almost in every flower."

The philosopher, who imagines the silent energy of the Deity continually exerted on all that surrounds him, who sees, in the expansion of the leaves of the forest, in the everlasting flow of the rivers, in the eternal cohesion of the mountains, and in all the phenomena of the mental and material world, so many manifestations of the existence of God, has a more exalted idea of the universe than the enthusiast of old, who assigned to every individual place and person its own presiding spirit; but the sensations of the latter were infinitely more enviable than those of the modern observer of nature, who sees around him only a splendid picture, which he acknowledges to be the work of a

divine artist, but in which he feels not the sublime consciousness of an ever-present intelligence.

P. 158, l. 21. **confluent**: gathering *1810.*

ll. 30, 33. *The edition of 1810 gives the references more precisely,* 'Virg. G. IV. 371.', *and* 'Heyne, ad loc. cit.'

P. 158, foot. *The edition of 1810 contains the following note* (*omitted in 1812*) *on* p. 115, l. 1, Guadalquiver :—

> "Glassy water, glassy water,
> Down whose current clear and strong
> Chiefs confused in mutual slaughter,
> Moor and Christian, roll along."
>
> Johnson.

P. 159, ll. 1-32. *Not found in 1810.*

ll. 33-4. *The edition of 1810 contains the following note* (*omitted in 1812*) *on* p. 115, l. 7, Alpheus :—

The river Alpheus was enamoured of Arethusa, a nymph of Diana. The goddess, to save her from his pursuit, changed her into a fountain, and opened a passage for her under the sea to the island of Ortygia near Syracuse. The impetuous river followed by the same channel, and rose in the same place. "*Fons est* (Arethusa) *in quo visuntur jacta in Alpheum amnem, Peloponnesiaco litori infusum : unde ille creditur non se consociare pelago, sed subter maria terrasque depressus, huc agere alveum, atque hîc se rursus extollere.*"—Pomponius Mela, *De Situ Orbis*, l. II. c. 9.

P. 159, foot. *The edition of 1810 gives the reference more precisely,* 'Moschus, *Id.* VII.' *It also contains the following note* (*omitted in 1812*) *on* p. 115, l. 23, Veeshnu's tenth return :—

The three principal Indian deities are Brahma, Veeshnu, and Seva. Veeshnu has been nine times incarnated for the preservation of the world. The tenth, or Calci, Avatar, will produce the total dissolution and subsequent renovation of nature. "For the

destruction of all the impure," says the poet Jayadeva, "thou drawest thy cimeter blazing like a comet (how tremendous !), oh Cesava, assuming the body of Calci : be victorious, oh Heri, lord of the universe ! "

P. 160, ll. 13-19. **We may here . . . Orlando Innamorato.** *Non nostrum tantas componere lites. 1810.*

ll. 27-9. **Several lines . . . Ger. Lib. XIII. Pr.** *The edition of 1810 gives the passages in full, as follows :—*

Several lines in this description being imitated from Virgil, Lucan, and Tasso, I subjoin at large the passages to which I am indebted.

"Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.
Jam tum relligio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci ; jam tum silvam, saxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
Quis deus incertum est, habitat deus : Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem, quum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque cieret."
Virg. *Æn.* VIII. 346.

Lucus erat, longo nunquam violatus ab ævo,
Obscurum cingens connexis aëra ramis,
Et gelidas alte submotis solibus umbras.
Hunc non ruricolæ Panes, nemorumque potentes
Silvani Nymphæque tenent : sed barbara ritu
Sacra deûm ; structæ diris feralibus aræ ;
Omnis et humanis lustrata cruoribus arbos.
Si qua fidem meruit superos mirata vetustas,
Illis et volucres metuunt insistere ramis,
Et lustris recubare feræ : nec ventus in illas
Incubuit silvas, excussaque nubibus atris
Fulmina : non ullis frondem præbentibus auris,
Arboribus suus horror inest : tum plurima nigris
Fontibus unda cadit ; simulacraque mæsta deorum
Arte carent, cæsisque exstant informia truncis.

Ipse situs, putrique facit jam robore squalor
Adtonitos ; non vulgatis sacrata figuris
Numina sic metuunt : tantum terroribus addit
Quos timeant non nosse deos. Jam fama ferebat
Sæpe cavas motu terræ mugire cavernas,
Et procumbentes iterum consurgere taxos,
Et non ardentis fulgere incendia silvæ :
Roboraque amplexos circumfluxisse dracones.
Non illum cultu populi priore frequentant,
Sed cessêre deis. Medio cum Phœbus in axe est,
Aut cœlum nox atra tenet, pavet ipse sacerdos
Accessus, dominumque timet deprendere luci.
Luc. *Phars.* III. 399.

Sorge non lungi alle cristiane tende
Tra solitarie valli alta foresta,
Foltissima di piante antiche, orrende,
Che spargon d'ogn' intorno ombra funesta.
Qui, nell'ora che'l sol più chiaro splende,
È luce incerta, e scolorita, e mesta,
Quale in nubilo ciel dubbia si vede,
Se 'l dì alla notte, o s'ella a lui succede.

Ma, quando parte il sol, qui tosto adombra
Notte, nube, caligine, ed orrore,
Che rassembra infernal, che gli occhi ingombra
Di cecità, ch'empie di tema il core.
Nè qui gregge od armenti a'paschi, all'ombra,
Guida bifolco mai, guida pastore ;
Nè v'entra peregrin, se non smarrito,
Ma lunge passa, e la dimostra a dito.
Tasso, *G. L.* XIII. 2. 3.

ll. 29-30. *The edition of 1810 contains the following note (omitted in 1812) on* p. 121, ll. 21-2 :—

Till on their groves of ancient oak
The smouldering flames of ruin broke.

The conquest of Mona by Suetonius Paulinus, the destruction of the sacred woods, and consequent

dispersion of the Druids, took place about the year of Rome 814. See Tacitus, *Ann.* XIV. 29.

P. 161, l. 19. **Livius** : Liv. III. 48. *1810.*

l. 31. **Tacitus** : Tacitus. *Hist.* IV. 54. *1810.*

ll. 31-2. *The* Notes on the Second Part *in the edition of 1810 open with a note on* p. 133, ll. 3-4, Once more . . . reign, *which consists of the first printed version of* Stanzas written at Sea, *prefaced by the sentence already quoted in the note on* p. 95 (*page 361* supra).

P. 161, last line. **Horatius** : Hor. *Carm.* II. 3. *1810, in which the misprint* ' III.' *for* ' II.' *was pointed out to Hookham in Peacock's letter of June 12, 1810.*

P. 162, ll. 5-20. *Not found in 1810.*

l. 30. **Horatius** : Hor. *Ep.* II. 2. *1810.*

P. 163, l. 1. **Robert** : Radcote bridge is a very ancient structure : the period of its foundation is unknown. Robert *1810.*

ll. 2-3. **the vicinity of Radcote** : this vicinity *1810.*

ll. 15-8. **This nunnery . . . as a saint** : *in place of this paragraph the edition of 1810 contains the following passage :—*

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of Rosamond. The principal circumstances of her story are thus related by Stowe : " Rosamond, the fair daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Eleanor, as some thought) died at Woodstock (A.D. 1177), where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderful working ; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house, after some, was named Labyrinthus, or Dædalus work, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a maze : but it was commonly said, that lastly the queen came to her by a clue of thread, or silk, and

so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow, in a house of nuns, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tomb:

Hic jacet in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

After her death, she appears to have been considered as a saint, from the following inscription on a stone cross, which, Leland says, was erected near the nunnery:

Qui meat huc, oret, signumque salutis adoret,
Utque sibi detur veniam, Rosamunda precetur.

P. 163, foot. *The edition of 1810 contains the following note (omitted in 1812) on* p. 146, ll. 5-6.

The Norman king's embattled towers
Look proudly o'er the subject plain.

"The earliest and most authentic notice of Windsor is found in the instrument of donation, which King Edward the Confessor made thereof, among other lands, to the monastery of Saint Peter, Westminster. It did not, however, continue long in their possession; as William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, being enamoured of its pleasant situation, prevailed on the abbot and monks of Westminster to exchange it for Wokendane, Fenings, and other places in the county of Essex. Indeed, no sooner was he in possession of the place, than he built a royal seat, or castle, on the summit of the hill: for as early as the fourth year of his reign, it is recorded that he kept his court, and ordered a synod to be held here at Whitsuntide."

History of the River Thames.

P. 164, l. 22. **Sanazzaro**: Sannazarius *1810. The edition of 1810 appends references to the quotations in this note, viz.* Sannaz. *De part. Virg.* II. 213., *and* Tasso, *G.L.* XV. 20.

P. 165, l. 9. **Homerus**: Hom. *Il.* Φ. 130. *1810.*

Pp. 169-175. *It has seemed unnecessary to print* in extenso *the notes which Peacock appended in 1812 to his revised and reduced version of* Palmyra, *as they consist chiefly of illustrative quotations which have already been reprinted* (*from his notes to the earlier version of 1806*) *on pp. 23-6 of the present volume. But his use of these quotations is indicated in the following notes, in which any new matter in his notes of 1812 is given in full.*

P. 169, ll. 21-2. **Where, half-sunk . . . expand** : *Peacock's note on this couplet consists of the quotation from Grainger* (*p. 25 of the present volume*), *followed by the four paragraphs from Wood,* 'Palmyra is . . . Arabia,' 'That Solomon . . . Josephus,' 'Of several . . . Arabs,' *and* 'On the fourteenth . . . prospect' (*pp. 23-5*), *followed by the original French,* 'Sans doute la sensation d'un pareil spectacle . . . et d'autels souillés de poussière,' *of the passage from Volney's* Voyage en Syrie *which he had printed, in an English translation, in 1806* (*p. 24*).

P. 171, l. 2. **The noblest . . . race** : *Peacock's note on this line consists of the paragraph from Gibbon,* 'At the time when . . . Arab of Palmyra' (*pp. 25-6*).

ll. 13-4. **Even as . . . desert-throne** : *Peacock's note on this couplet consists of two consecutive paragraphs from Gibbon, followed by a paragraph summarising the later history of Zenobia. The first paragraph,* 'Aurelian had . . . sublime Longinus.', *will be found on p. 26 ; the note continues as follows :—*

"This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who from a private station raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting ; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears ; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to

fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs."—Gibbon.

Odenathus, with his son Herod, being treacherously murdered by his kinsman Mæonius, Zenobia revenged the death of her husband, assumed the government of the East, and, extending her empire by the victories of her general Zabdas, rendered the before obscure city of Palmyra the powerful rival of Rome: "but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory." When Zenobia had reigned about five years over Syria, Egypt, and the East, Aurelian turned his arms against her, and, having gained two successive victories at Antioch and Emesa, and taken Palmyra after a laborious siege, led the queen of the East in captivity to Rome, where she was the brightest ornament of his magnificent triumph. She terminated her days in obscurity and retirement, in an elegant villa at Tibur, the gift of Aurelian.

P. 175, l. 19. **Necessity's mysterious sway**: *Peacock's note to this line consists of the quotation :—*

Αρχαιου μεν πρωτα χαους ατεκμαρτον αναγκην.
Orpheus.

Pp. 189-246. *The readings followed by 'T. L. P.', in the notes to these pages, represent Peacock's autograph corrections in his copy of the first edition of 1812* (*see p. 343* supra). *The corrections* (*unless described as pencilled*) *are drafted first in pencil, and confirmed in ink.*

P. 189, l. 7. **tost**: tossed *T. L. P.*

P. 190, l. 21. **past**: passed *T. L. P.*

P. 195, l. 14. **fantastic**: phantastic *T. L. P.*

l. 29. **past**: passed *T. L. P.*

P. 198, l. 1. **those**: the *T. L. P.*

l. 7. **the gloomy grandeur**: in the wild sublimity *T. L. P.*

ll. 16-7. **as in the Electra of Sophocles, the Medea**: in the Alcestis *T. L. P.*

l. 18. **Shakespear**: Shakespeare *T. L. P.*

P. 200, l. 9. **crost**: crossed *T. L. P.*

l. 23. **fantastic**: phantastic *T. L. P.*

P. 201, ll. 7-8. **But when revenge . . . murderous stroke**:

But when Alcestis, from the tomb restored,
Looks, in fond silence, on her mournful lord;
T. L. P.

l. 13. **imprest**: impressed *T. L. P.*

P. 203, l. 7. **drest**: dressed *T. L. P.*

P. 204, l. 19. **imprest**: impressed *T. L. P.*

P. 211, l. 24. **dropt**: dropped *T. L. P.*

P. 212, l. 2. **wreathes**: *Peacock has struck out the second* e *in pencil* (*with a pencilled cross in the margin*), *but has not confirmed the correction in ink.*

l. 7. **fantastic**: phantastic *T. L. P.*

P. 213, l. 9. **repaid**: repayed *T. L. P.*

P. 214, l. 21. **past**: passed *T. L. P.*

P. 227, l. 33. **sat**: *Peacock has pencilled* sate *in the margin.*

P. 228, l. 17. **Haud**: *Peacock has pencilled* . . . haud *in the margin.*

TEXTUAL NOTES

P. 232, l. 11. **ομβρῳ** : *Peacock's correction of the original misprint* ομβρω.

P. 234, l. 26. **forbid** : *Peacock has pencilled* forbidden *in the margin.*

P. 238, ll. 22-3. **Quel dolce . . . non lascia** : *Peacock has filled in the words omitted, altering* che *to* e *in l. 23, so that the lines read :—*

> Quel dolce fremer di pietà, che ogni alto
> Cor prova in se ; che a vendicar gli oltraggi
> Val di fortuna ; e più nomar non lascia

P. 244, l. 24. **skulls** : *Peacock has pencilled* sculls *in the margin.*

ll. 29-30. **or watchman** : *Peacock has struck out, in pencil, these two words and the commas before and after them.*

P. 246, l. 4. ῴ : *Peacock's correction of the original misprint* ὦ.

P. 265, l. 12. **bowers** : *the full stop following this word in the early editions (1814-1818) has been replaced by a comma.*

l. 14. **aid** : *the colon of the editions of 1815-1818 has been adopted in place of the semi-colon of the first edition.*

P. 266, notes † and ‡. *These two notes have been placed in their correct order ; in the early editions (1814-1818) they were reversed.*

P. 269, last line of note. **he** : *this word was erroneously printed in italics in the early editions (1814-1818).*

P. 270, l. 8. **Childe** : *in this line—and nowhere else in the poem—the early editions (1814-1818) printed this word (erroneously, it is presumed) in italics.*

P. 270, l. 25. **could I** : *the comma, erroneously placed after* could *in the first edition, was placed correctly after* I *in the second and thereafter.*

TEXTUAL NOTES

P. 276, l. 4. *The reading* Muse's *of the early editions (1814-1818) has been corrected to* Muses' *on the analogy of II. 16 and VII. 4 and 15.*

P. 290, note *, l. 2. **not** : *it would be more logical for this negative to precede* as *in the previous line, but there is no need to postulate a printer's error ; as the note stands, the negative must be taken in an adversative sense, as though preceded by 'but' or 'yet.'*

P. 299, note *, l. 6. **no-meaning** : *the hyphen was supplied in Cole's edition of the* Works. *Its omission in the first edition of* Sir Proteus, *in which* no *is the last word of a line, was probably accidental.*

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